THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Weekly
Benj. Franklin

Vol. 192, No. 49. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

June 5, '20

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

George Kibbe Turner – George Weston – Henry Payson Dowst
Boice DuBois – Charles Brackett – Thomas Beer – Roland Pertwee

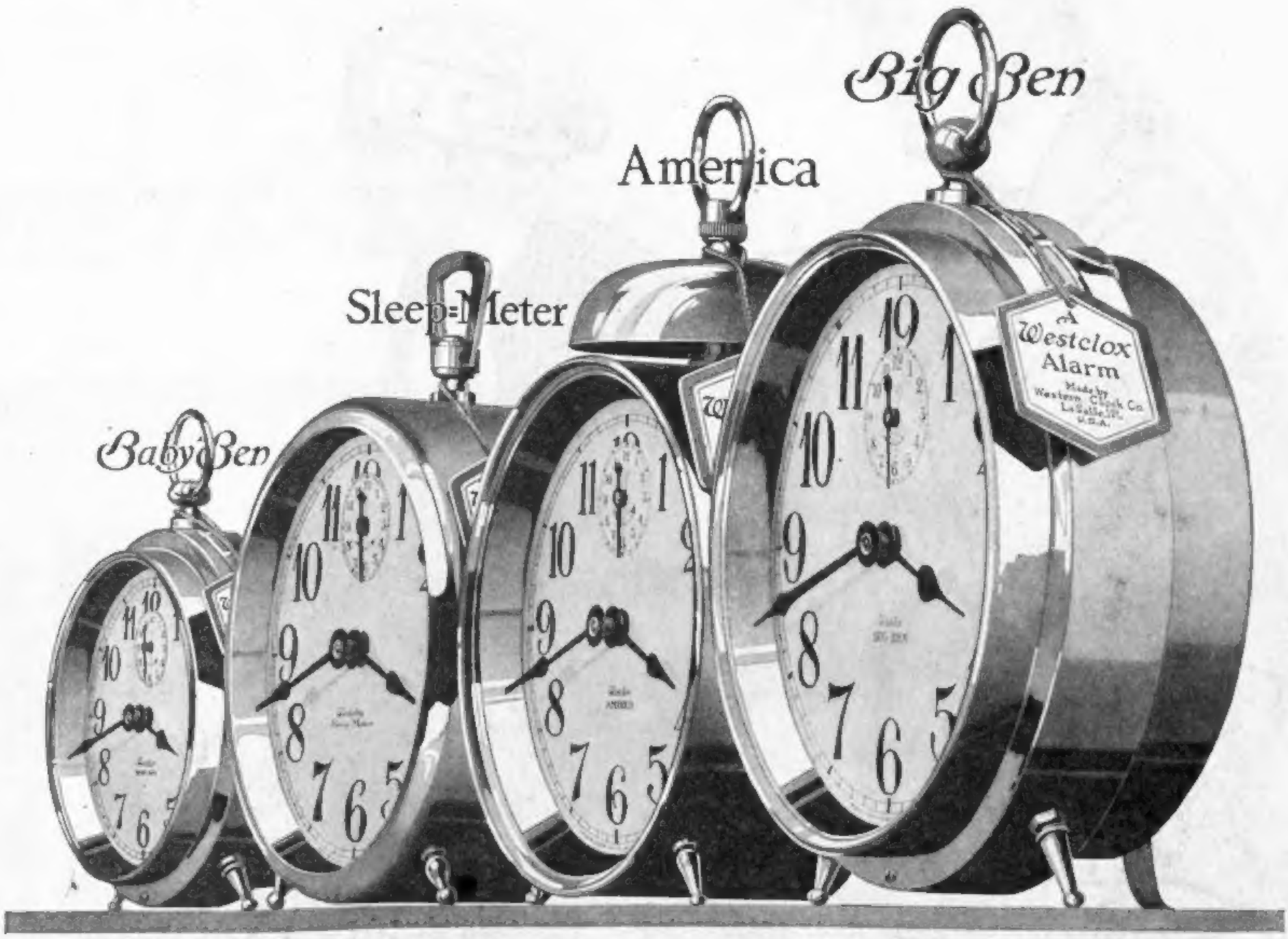
Little Indian — Sioux or Crow,
Little Frosty Esquimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh, don't you wish that you were me?

You have curious things to eat
I am fed on — CREAM OF WHEAT

Apologies to R.L.S.

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

Copyright 1920 by Cream of Wheat Co.



Four well-known Westclox

YOU like an honest clock for the same reason you like an honest man. You can depend on what it says.

Westclox alarms make and hold so many friends because they run and ring *on time*.

The secret of their dependability is inside the case—Westclox construction.

The wheels turn on needle-fine pivots of polished steel. Friction is greatly reduced; the clock runs more smoothly and gives you longer service.

Big Ben, America, Sleep-Meter and Baby Ben are the four top-notchers of the Westclox line. But all Westclox alarms have this same construction. The men who make Big Ben take pride in making every Westclox right.

It will pay you to look for the Westclox mark of good timekeeping on the dial and tag of the clock you buy. Then you will have a timekeeper that you can depend on for honest, faithful service.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

Makers of *Westclox:* Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o' Lantern

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont.

Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes wear more days for every dollar spent—that means they cost less than other clothes—money back if you aren't satisfied

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 0, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1920, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

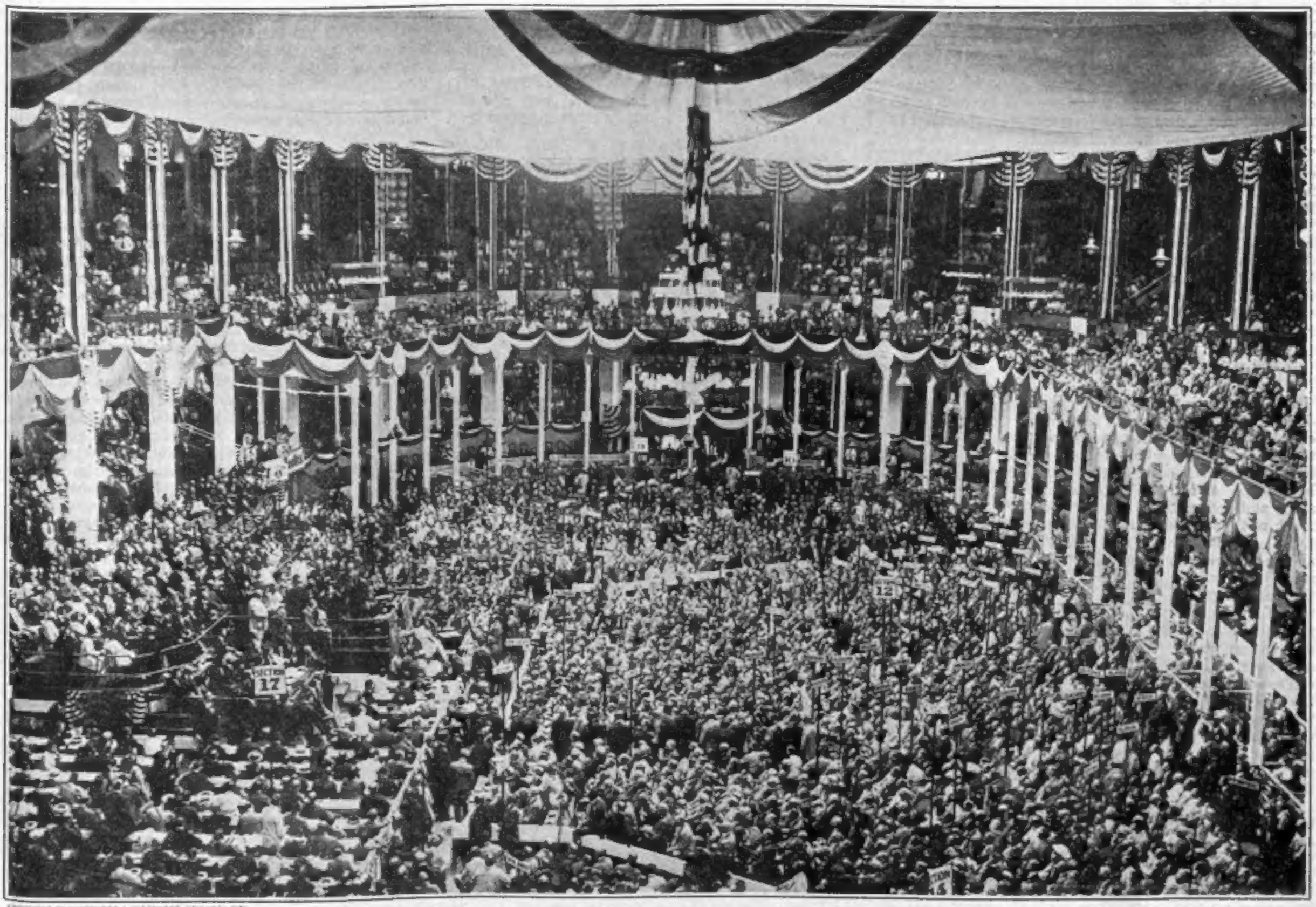
Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 192 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 5, 1920 | $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 49

"MISTE-ER CHAIRMA-AN!"

By IRVIN S. COBB



Interior of the Coliseum, St. Louis, Showing the 1916 Democratic National Convention in Session

FOUR years ago the Kentucky delegates to the Chicago convention opened their headquarters in the Congress Hotel with corkscrews. This year they will open it with prayers—prayers for a good soaking spell after this drought; prayers for fat years of Federal patronage to follow on these eight lean ones; and, most of all, prayers for themselves. A thrifty politician always prays for his own well-doing before directing the attention of the Almighty to lesser matters. A superthrifty one couples works with faith, having learned the truth of the great lesson so adequately expounded by the colored brother down South—undoubtedly a fellow Republican, because colored and because down South—who said that when he asked the Lord to send him a chicken he didn't always get the chicken, but when he asked the Lord to send him after a chicken the plea invariably was favorably answered before morning.

Four years ago the Tammany delegates traveled to St. Louis on a special train with a baggage car containing Leader Charley Murphy's leather hat box with Mr. Murphy's auxiliary high hat in it, the rest of the space in the car being filled up with case goods. This year Mr. Murphy, following his custom, will wear his everyday or lounge high hat on the train and, as before, will carry his other high hat along for special parading purposes and formal evening wear. Some people are born to high hats, some achieve high hats, and some, so to speak, have high hats thrust upon them for some such festive occasion, say, as a friend's wedding or an enemy's funeral. I traveled over the country one year on a so-called lecture tour in the company of a reformed theatrical manager who was one of those who are born wearing high hats. Nine days after he was born a rabbi came to the house and ironed his hat. To my knowledge, he was never thereafter without it. In warmish weather he wore it just so. In cold weather he co-starred it with his theatrical or fur-lined overcoat. Indoors he was distraught unless holding it on his knees, where he might stroke its pretty nap. Outdoors, lacking it, he would have felt as John Philip Sousa on parade would feel without his medals—that is to say, practically nude. When we arrived in a town—and we arrived in a different town nearly every day—the first thing he would do would be to go and have his hat ironed. With care he was able to get an enormous amount of mileage out of the same hat.

But Mr. Murphy, now, is one who achieved to high-hatdom in his maturer years, after he ceased to be a member of the proletariat and took up statecraft as a regular profession. With him a high hat is not an inherited trait; it's a habit; and so, to be on the safe side, he will carry his full battery across the continent to San Francisco. To this extent the Tammany delegation will be regular and orthodox, but the space in the

baggage car—or luggage van, as Mr. Murphy himself would call it—where all those delectable case goods used to be stored will be an aching void, a vacancy tenanted only by fond memories.

Even so, this does not presuppose that the New York City Democrats will travel in what is absolutely an arid state, personally. Here and there undoubtedly will be one of them with a breath like a hot Sultana roll, but his sources of supply necessarily must be, as it were, self-contained. A New York City statesman who makes the mistake of sitting down too hard will probably be picking broken glass out of himself all the way home. But hospitality both in Chicago and San Francisco must be dispensed from the flank rather than from the sideboard. There will be none of that old-fashioned open-house stuff with three mixers busy in the front room of the headquarters suite and a lot of invited guests rallying to the center to give three rousing hiccups for old Mr. Pepper of Bourbon County, and a distinguished veteran journalist of the old school over in one corner making soft slumbering sounds from his upper register. Times will be different from the days when the mint might be smelled before you ever started upstairs in the elevator, and when the action of a Southern gentleman in reaching his right hand back suddenly toward his hip pocket was a threat and not a promise.

Because of these changes, because no longer the gray-haired deans of the daily press will wing their way to Kentucky headquarters straight as the Old Crow flies—or once flew; because about the only thing the Tammany crowd at San Francisco will have to pay corkage on is a hot-water bottle; because no more the Scotch influence will be so pronouncedly evidenced among the Irish Democrats; because of all these things some people will argue no doubt that a deal of the former picturesqueness has vanished from our national politics. They'll be saying, regretfully or with exultation as the case may be, that a national convention never again can hope to be as a national convention was in those bygone days—and how excessively bygone they do seem!—before the Eighteenth Amendment put the nineteenth hole out of business and with it many of the social features of our daily life, including the demand for cloves at five P. M. on the way home from the office.

Ram Lam's Letter

INDEED the more pessimistically inclined will go farther than this and declare that first the direct-primary system took a lot of the kick out of politics as practiced locally, and that now the hydrant-headed specter of Prohibition has come along and delivered the death stroke to much of the local color that made a national convention in the past so fragrant and so picturesque. They can't see the steam roller and the water wagon rumblingthrough the Republican convention two abreast; they can't seem to see the Tiger mating with the camel. Or rather they feel that they do not care to see these sights.

But I don't know. Picturesqueness is in the point of view anyway. The Easterner making his first trip West calls the red men picturesque. The Northerner making his first trip South exclaims delightedly at the native picturesqueness of the colored race. But do you hear the Westerner or the Southerner rhapsodizing over the picturesqueness of these, the two great leisure classes of America? The Englishman thinks our slang is picturesque. To us it's not picturesque; it's merely the way we talk. To the Occidental eye the Far East is supposed to sum up what is most fascinatingly picturesque. I wish I understood Hindustani. I'll venture any sum within reason that a visiting East Indian, writing home his impressions of the anthracite regions, burbles just as deliriously as the tourist from Pittsburgh burbles about the Punjab. Can't you just shut your eyes and translate a few extracts from a letter by the eminent Ram Lam Chowda to his kinsman in Simla?

"Ah, my cousin, could you but look upon this wondrous place and its curious peoples you full well would know how the indefinable yet ever-compelling lure of it has laid its beguiling spell upon my willing spirit. All here is so utterly different from the dullness of our own prosaic and colorless city. The garb of the races who inhabit these parts is not as the garb we wear—no commonplace turbans, no trite draperies, no prosaic sandals such as our unimaginative ancestors wore and which we, their descendants, wear in slavish imitation of an ancient and unromantic mode.

"Wherever I turn I behold among these nations adornments fit to gladden the eye of a lover of the spectacular, the distinctive and the unusual. Particularly have I been impressed by the beauty of a certain gear of harness with which, customarily, the male adult here bedecks his upper body. 'Tis a quaint and striking device of straps fashioned in various hues from a fabric most plastic and yielding to the movements of the form and having, moreover, a curious resiliency. Rising in a graceful effect from his middle it spans his shoulders, then to cross at his back and descend in a bifurcated arrangement to his rear waistline. It is ornamented with leather strappings and with gleaming buckles and altogether is infinitely more gorgeous than the war girthings of a rajah. Believe me, though, this thing is devised not for ornamentation purely. With the decorative it has a practical purpose, for by virtue of it the nether housings of the wearer adequately are upheld; and thus, to a measure undreamed of among our sad breed, is beauty yoked to usefulness.

"On occasion a native will be seen attired in a marvelously picturesque habiliment known in his harmonious tongue as 'overalls.' It is of blue, a wonderful hue of blue, like unto the sky, and it is set off with fastenings or clasps of bronze or brass or steel, and by its color and cut it presents a most vivid contrast to the close-fitting jerkin, or 'shirt,' as he would say, with which he covers his trunk For this shirt commonly is of another color—perhaps gray, perhaps brown, perhaps white."

The Land of Eating Tobacco

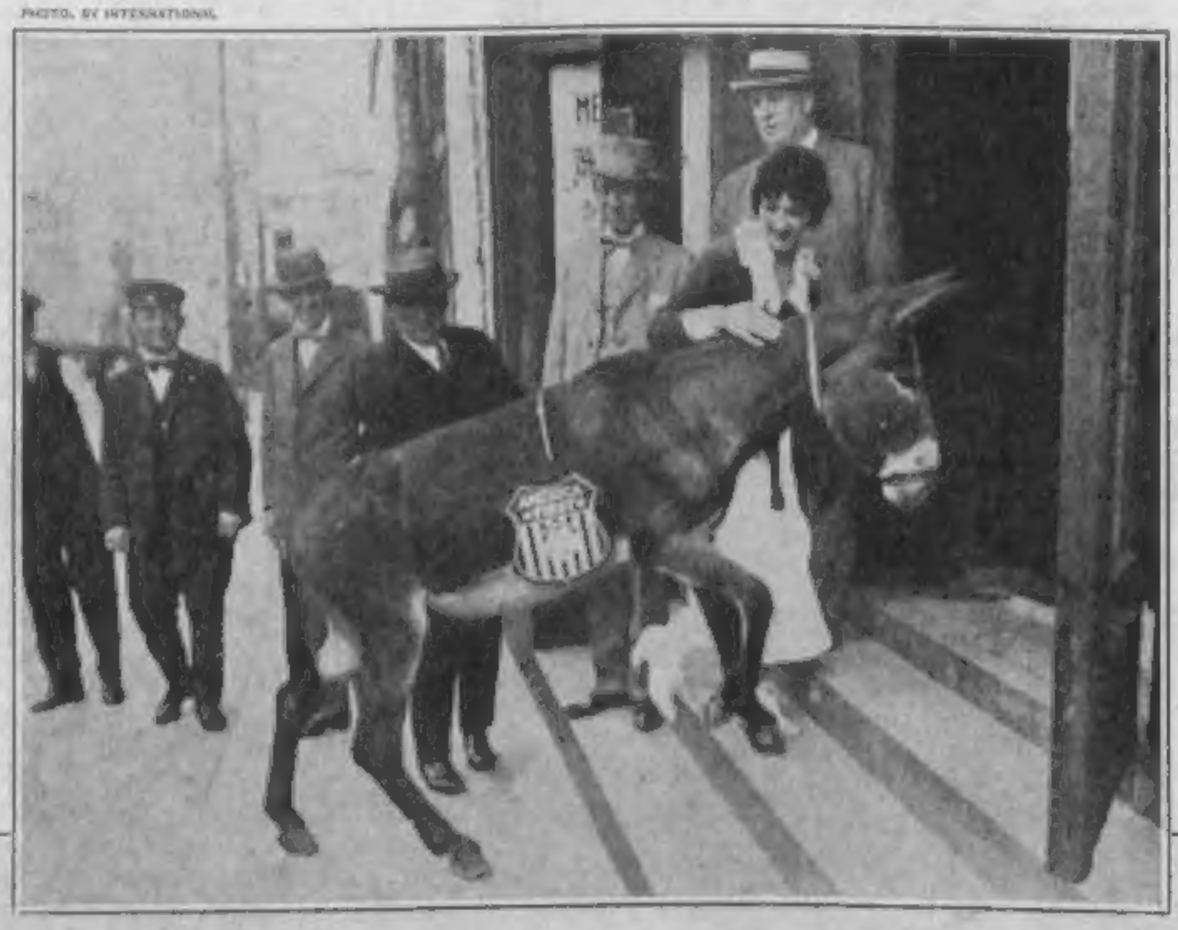
"YET, mark you, these garments are not for festive wear; they constitute but the common garb of the artisan at his labors and the peasant in his fields. On holidays or rest days and on feast days such a one mayhap covers his head with an indescribably striking object, which is shaped like unto the domed roof of a mosque. This he calls a 'derby.' And upon his wrists are not poor cheap bracelets of silver, but instead are dazzlingly white circlets glittering most marvelously in the sun, and made of a strange substance which neither is a metal nor yet a woven stuff and which is termed 'celluloid.'

"But enough, O cousin, for this time, of the apparel of this interesting race. Another time shall I tell you tales of their lives which you will be hard put to it to believe—tales of their public buildings most utterly unlike the tawdry architectural lines of our uninspired temples and fanes; tales of their mysterious methods of transportation; tales which will the better make you realize and appreciate the influence which possesses my every mood. In India we repeat the fables of our Egyptian brethren touching on the compelling spell of the lotus. It is as nothing, for I tell you that once a man from our world has tasted the eating tobacco of this land, once he has breathed the soft, languorous, aromatic air of the coal region, sooner or later, no matter how far he may fare, the lure of it all will renew its hold upon him and turn his footsteps back again to picturesque Shamokin."

The visiting East Indian doubtlessly would be enthralled by the spectacle of a national convention, providing it happened to be the first one he had ever seen. The processions of marching clubs; the outbursts of mad acclaim marking the first mention of the name of this or that statesman who hopes to be the choice of the people since already he is his own; the uprooting of the standards and the march round and round the hall at the moment of impending nominations; the blarings of the massed bands; the flow of the oratory—and gosh almighty how it does flow!—the flying pencils of the representatives of the press; the mad outburst; the fierce denunciation; the sudden dénouement; the mad climax; the culminating demonstration—all these would fill him with a thrilled amazement, the more especially as he, poor alien, would have no way of knowing that the outburst had been carefully rehearsed, that the unbridled enthusiasm was really halterwise, that the demonstration which so

(Continued on Page 50)

PHOTO. BY INTERNATIONAL



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Auditorium in San Francisco Where the Democratic National Convention is to be Held. Above—A Little Color at the Last St. Louis Democratic Convention

HIDDEN PROFITS

"Now I Know Why It Is You Never Get So You Can Call a Man From Boston by His First Name and Feel Comfortable"

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

ON AUGUST 13, 1919, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the glass door marked "Private" opened in the glass inclosure and Mr. J. Belgrave Fisher came out into the already smoky room. He stood for a moment gazing across at the party-colored wall above the heads of the sitters in the chairs. He was a short man, very smooth and round and smoothly dressed, who gave the first impression that he and his clothes had been woven all in one piece, without seam or wrinkle. He held his eyeglasses against his chest and his head high in the manner of one accustomed to command. And as he looked he nodded.

"She's strong," said one of the sitters, another rather short man, getting up and coming over toward him.

"Strong! Strong!" assented Mr. Fisher, giving the farther wall a general survey through his raised eyeglasses.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Augustus J. Halpin, the other watcher, in reply. This man had a different way of observing the stock board from that of Mr. J. Belgrave Fisher. Instead of surveying it generally, full-faced, with his head back, to see that it was doing what he told it to, he stood sidewise to the board usually when he talked and only glanced up now and then under his eyebrows at it while speaking, as if to say: "You see it's there, just as I said it would be!" As he looked up he fingered his watch chain.

A short man, standing astride, looking obliquely up, fingering something on his lower vest, there was unquestionably something in his manner suggestive of the first Napoleon. He was, in fact, it was understood, quite a collector of Napoleonana—a great admirer of the great emperor of the French.

"Yes, sir, she's strong to-day," he repeated.

"How can she help herself?" asked Mr. Fisher after he had looked the current figures over.

Mr. Halpin did not answer; merely nodded and looked down upon the floor with that cardonic smile which Napoleon often had.

"Fundamentals are right," said Mr. Fisher. "Right!"

"You can take any of them," added Mr. Halpin, looking up again furtively at the boys with the leather life belts full of green tickets moving round the board. "Help yourself! You can't go wrong!"

"Why?" inquired Mr. Fisher. "Fundamentals are right—that's why!"

Lowering his glasses, he went back and closed the door marked "Private" after him again. Augustus J. Halpin went back and sat down again before the stock board.

"There's a man who knows his Wall Street," he stated to the dark, lean young man with unnaturally long legs and long head beside him.

"Is that correct?" inquired the long young man with a somewhat rigid accent.

"He's a student," said Mr. Halpin, handling his watch chain and darting up that furtive and suggestive look which collectors of Napoleonana know so well. "He's a student of Wall Street. And when I say that I say a good deal.

"When I say that," said Mr. Halpin, for though temperamentally taciturn, he could talk well enough when he chose to—for a purpose. And this young man puzzled him—and had all day. "When I say that," continued Mr. Halpin, looking with a significant glance at the active lower legs of the board boys, "I say a mouthful. For when Wall Street speaks you'll do well to listen. The best minds of the country are here, focused on it all of the time. You get here for nothing the composite opinion of the best brains of the country, looking months and months ahead. You can see for yourself, watching the board. It discounts in advance the financial movements of the country by at least six months. What Wall Street says is right nine times out of ten, if you are only wise enough to catch it. And the man who knows his Wall Street knows this country from A to Z—and six months in advance. Six months at least."

"You may be right," replied the young man beside him, looking at him in a noncommittal manner over his long, thin, rather formal nose.

Mr. Halpin merely nodded sharply and looked down, raising his eyes again, however, in a few moments with that quick, piercing, oblique glance of his from under his eyebrows.

"What are you interested in on the board?" he asked.

For this man puzzled him. He had himself been a man active in Wall Street for years, an acute observer there, a persistent, dogged, secretive mind. His wife was a rich woman; it was not necessary for him to work. Yet for years he had kept regular office hours in the rooms of J. Belgrave Fisher & Co., observing Wall Street men and movements. But this man puzzled him. He could not seem to place him.

"What are you interested in on the board?" he asked, trying him out—to get some clew.

"Nothing—as yet," said the precisely speaking young stranger in the next chair.

For a moment both Mr. Halpin and the other were still. It was the young stranger who unexpectedly opened the conversation then, clearing his throat rather markedly and twisting in his chair before doing so.

"What do you advise?" he inquired.

"Advise!" said Mr. Halpin tentatively, raising his quick, sharp, crafty glance again.

"For a plunge," said the lean, brown and serious-looking young man, gazing steadily at him.

Mr. Halpin gave a slight involuntary movement of surprise before answering. In all of his experience with young speculators he did not recall one who had approached the subject in just this manner.

"A deep plunge, with a fair chance of winning," continued the stranger in a measured voice.

"Oh, anything! Anything!" replied Mr. Halpin, now in control of himself again. "In the motors and oils especially," he said then, darting his sharp, significant glance toward that department of the board.

"Spurp is good," he said then, "if you want quick action. Spurp common."

"Spurp?" said the stranger inquiringly with a slight upward inflection of the voice.

"That's what we call Superior Petroleum here on the Street," explained Mr. Halpin—"from its abbreviation on the tape."

The other observer of the board seemed unable to locate the security.

"There it is," said Mr. Halpin, assisting him, "among the oils. There's an oil," he said, "that will make a killing. There's a great campaign on there. I wouldn't be surprised to see that jump up forty points any time in the next two weeks."

"That's what I want exactly," stated the other man.

"What?" inquired Mr. Halpin in the short, snappy way he had of asking questions.

"Quick action," answered the younger man in his more measured speech. "One way or the other," he added.

"You'll get it there," replied Mr. Halpin—with, however, a still puzzled look upon his face. He was silent now, waiting, while the other started to twist himself about in his seat once more and at the end of his twisting to focus his grave eyes on his new friend again.

"May I ask you a question?" he then inquired.

"Certainly."

"Does your Mr. Fisher, whom you have such confidence in, also think highly of this stock?"

"He does—yes," said Mr. Halpin—"I believe."

At the end of this statement Mr. Halpin observed the younger man, after a silence, start twisting his long body in his chair. Apparently, like a baseball pitcher in a way, he had to wind himself up just so much before his delivery of a question.

"Do you," he asked, leaning far out over the heavy arm of his chair—"do you think if I should desire to do so I could arrange to buy this Spurp, so called, which you point out, or any other stock giving me quick action, on as low as a ten-point margin?"

"You might—I don't know," replied Mr. Halpin, glancing quickly at him again as if undecided. "It's unusual,

in a way, for a house of such high standing as this, and yet it might be done. It might be arranged."

"Would you feel," inquired the young man again after a sufficient period for the physical preliminaries of speech, "that you could sound your friend, the proprietor here, and arrange for me to discuss this matter—if feasible?"

"Why, yes, certainly," said Mr. Halpin, starting to rise and then dropping back again.

"Though your face is familiar," he stated, "I don't know that I know your name."

"John Henry Payne, Third," said the other.

"Oh, yes."

"Of Boston."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Augustus J. Halpin.

He rose and went back to the rippled-glass door marked "Private." In a short time it opened and Mr. Fisher came out. For a moment more the two men stood and whispered, Mr. Fisher looking, with head very erect, in the direction of Mr. Payne.

"Certainly," he said then in a loud, distinct voice. "Bring him in. Glad to see him. Glad to!"

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Payne," he said when Mr. Halpin came piloting the grave long stranger in. "The Paynes of Boston—yes, yes! I know the Paynes of Boston well. Have a cigar, Mr. Payne. Take a seat. So you have decided to locate in New York? Well, you are wise. New York's the place for enterprising and brainy men," he stated, slightly advancing his chest—"where they all come.

"Now you ask me the present conditions in the stock market," said Mr. Fisher after biting off and disposing of the end of his cigar. "Or rather our mutual friend here does for you. I will tell you, Mr. Payne.

"I will tell you, Mr. Payne," he said, lighting up. "I am primarily, myself, not a speculator. I am a student. I am in a way like an office lawyer. Other men may speculate and take chances if they wish. But I am a student of Wall Street. Figures are my fad, and statistics. There's where I get my real pleasure and satisfaction in life. I am a student of Wall Street. Yes, I am more than that, I think I can say without self-conceit. I am a student of economic conditions. But what Wall Street says, I find, nine times out of ten is right. Nine times out of ten, if you can only understand it. I listen to it, watch it, interpret it," he said, and stopped.

And Mr. Payne noted mentally the similarity of his views on Wall Street to Mr. Halpin's.

"Now at the present time," said Mr. Fisher, putting his thumbs in his armholes and pushing his rounded chest still farther forward—"take to-day, the present time, as an example. Wall Street says to buy. I say to buy too. Why? Because fundamentals—fundamentals are right."

Mr. Payne now cleared his throat and twisted in his chair preparatory apparently to evolving another question. But Mr. Fisher was going on.

"The situation now is simple," he said—"perfectly simple. We've had this war. Europe, this country, the world, is devoid—stripped of goods. They've got to have them, that's all. You'll hear in some quarters talk of inflation. There may be inflation technically, yes. But let me ask you this—let me ask you," he said, extending two fingers and a cigar, "how can there be any real inflation when the world is bare of goods? How can there be a falling market when demand exceeds the supply? Not only exceeds it—cries aloud with a world-wide hunger for goods. When the demand exceeds the supply one hundred, two hundred, five hundred per cent! Supply and demand!" said Mr. Fisher. "You can't get round them!

"Now then," he said, nodding to Mr. Halpin, who had looked up several times sharply, fingering his watch chain, "you ask me, as I understand it, for a stock that will give quick action. I should say ——"

"Spurp!" interjected Mr. Halpin, coming in finally.

"Well—well—yes," said Mr. Fisher, weighing every word. "Spurp is good. There are excellent possibilities in Spurp—for a man of foresight and courage. But if you ask me the premier stock—to-day—for a rise ——" he said. His eyes were very small in his round, smooth face naturally; when he was engaged in thought they grew still smaller. And as he talked he gently, without haste, wagged his eyeglasses against his chest. "But if you ask me where the great possibilities in the market lie to-day, I should say the motors."

Coming slightly closer to where Mr. John Henry Payne, Third, of Boston, was seated, he looked down at him.

"Are you familiar," he asked, "with the statistics of the automobile trade?"

Young Mr. Payne writhed in his chair preparatory to answering, but did not have time to do so.

"There are 5,945,442 machines in this country to-day," Mr. Fisher told him. "The demand for the coming year is for at least one-third of that, which is at least one-third more than can be produced. This is not guesswork. These are statistics. The automobile industry is swamped to-day—positively swamped!"

"What do you think of Agmo common?" asked Mr. Halpin keenly.

"That's what I was coming to," said Mr. Fisher. "Now I am primarily," he said, "understand, a student of the market of fundamental tendencies. I seldom trust to tips on the market. But I had information to-day—if I told you," he said to Mr. Halpin in an aside, "where it came from—well, you'd be surprised, that's all. I had this tip. No, an inside statement, I should say. Not a tip, a very different thing—a statement of statistics," he said, and paused.

"On what?" Mr. Payne now succeeded in asking.

"Now I say this for a reason," continued Mr. Fisher, beating time significantly with his glasses. "I say this advisedly because Agmo, of all the stocks I know, contains the qualification which will be the feature of the Wall Street market from now on."

He stopped again in an impressive pause, broken only by Mr. Halpin's sharp, upward, interrogatory glance and an unborn question which Mr. Payne was physically unable to bring forth in time.

"Hidden profits!" said Mr. Fisher, answering it. "That's what I refer to. Hidden profits or assets in the post-war period. Made and put away by the wise, far-sighted corporate managements of this country in spite of this iniquitous income tax. You have it all right here, summed up in Agmo!"

"Will it give me," asked Mr. Payne, of Boston, his lean, serious gaze fastened on Mr. Fisher's well-satisfied and markedly rosy face, "quick action—this stock?"

"It certainly will," said Mr. Fisher, "in my opinion, when its hidden profits are uncovered and understood. And that cannot be long."

"Well then," said the young man, who surprised both of his elders by the promptness and definiteness of his decision, now he had got under way, "there's only one thing more I would like to ask. Will it be possible," he continued with a very steady and sober gaze, "for me to buy 1000 shares of this if I bring in $10,000 in cash?"

"Well, Mr. Payne," said Mr. Fisher, coughing slightly, "it is not usual for a house of our standing to take orders with below a twenty-five-per-cent margin. But under the conditions, and you being a friend of Mr. Halpin's, it is possible that it can be arranged."

"Possible?" repeated the young man from Boston briskly, fastening a lean and steady gaze on him.

"Well, we'll say definitely then that we will arrange it," said Mr. Fisher, coughing.

"Another thing," continued Mr. Payne, who had now quite clearly taken charge of the conversation—"there must

"There's an Oil," Mr. Halpin Said, "That Will Make a Killing. There's a Great Campaign on There.

be no misunderstanding. I must have no illicit or questionable representations on my part. I wish you to know now in advance," said the grave young speaker, "that this is the only $10,000 which I now possess."

"But my dear young man," said Mr. Fisher, "wouldn't it be better——"

"There must be no misunderstanding," repeated the young man very definitely. "Rather than have that I would go elsewhere."

"Well," said Mr. Fisher, "under the conditions ——"

"You consent?" asked Mr. Payne, scrutinizing him still more sharply.

And Mr. Fisher then finally gave his assent.

"All right, I will arrange it. I will arrange it," he promised with a sweeping gesture of his right hand and his eyeglasses. "We will consider that done."

"Very well," said Mr. Payne, "I shall be here with the $10,000 in a certified check to-morrow morning. In the meanwhile I will not trespass longer on your time," he said, and he got up.

"By the way," he asked, "what is the full name of this Agmo, so-called?"

"It Would Keep a Good Man Scratching Twenty-four Hours a Day Just to Keep Her in Hats"

"Agricultural Motors," said Mr. Fisher, looking at him.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Payne.

"It is really the premier stock in tractors to-day, to my mind," asserted Mr. Fisher with the accent of a man who is about to speak further. "An immense field. Immense! Hardly scratched! If you wish the balance sheet—the statistics of the concern, the profits they have already hidden there, the future business," said Mr. Fisher, stepping toward another door leading apparently into another glass-lined room.

"Oh, no, no! Thank you just the same. I will trust to your judgment. Thank you just the same," replied Mr. Payne, rising somewhat hastily and starting toward the door into the outside, or customers', room. "To-morrow morning then," he said, turning back in his formal way, "I shall be in with my certified check," and backed out with the manner common to long-legged, rather punctilious-minded young men when slightly embarrassed but anxious to be gone.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, then suddenly in a louder, sharper voice, "a thousand times!"

For he had backed into a young woman, very stylishly dressed, who was about entering the glass door just behind him.

"Oh, not at all," said the young person he had stepped on.

"So sorry," he said finally, and passed on rather hastily into the outer office, taking his hat off deeply.

"Who was that?" he asked Mr. Halpin, who had come with him, after a period of staring at the stock board.

"Did you see her?" Mr. Halpin asked back in the somewhat quizzical way which the first Napoleon often adopted in looking at his friends or favorites.

"No," said Mr. Payne, growing a deep dark red—"merely her hat when I—I stepped on her."

"That's her specialty," said Mr. Halpin succinctly.

"What do you mean," asked Mr. Payne, turning toward him, surprised—"precisely?"

"Hats," said Mr. Halpin. "They're her specialty. It would keep a good man scratching twenty-four hours a day just to keep her in hats."

"But who is she?" asked Mr. Payne insistently. "You neglected to say."

"The old man's daughter—Miss Fisher."

"I see," said Mr. Payne thoughtfully. "Is she so extravagant then?" he asked in the manner of a man who has got a subject on his mind that he cannot rid it of. "Is that what you mean?"

"She's a wonder," said Mr. Halpin meaningly.

And after a moment he spoke again, changing the subject somewhat abruptly.

"You must be some speculator," he said to his companion in the next chair, studying him deeply.

"Oh, not at all," said the other in the tone of one closing a conversation politely but quite firmly. "I had certain personal reasons for taking a little plunge in Wall Street—that is all."

II

ON SEPTEMBER 26, 1919, in the late morning, Mr. J. Belgrave Fisher was going over with Mr. John Henry Payne, Third, of Boston, in his glass-lined private office the general situation in Wall Street.

"Hidden profits!" he said, looking at Mr. Payne with his head well back. "That is the keynote in this market to-day, and incidentally in this country at large. That's what Wall Street says to-day to any man who can listen. Hidden profits! Distribution! The accumulation and distribution of war and post-war profits!

"You will hear now and then different sources," said Mr. Fisher, whirling his eyeglasses on their string, "blowing hot and cold concerning inflation and high money rates. That's all right. Reactions will come—are bound to come in any market. But essentially, fundamentally, what have we been witnessing in this country the past two and a half years?

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Fisher, leading the mind of his hearer gently but irresistibly on. "I will tell you. We have

(Continued on Page 142)

"I Wouldn't be Surprised to See That Jump Up Forty Points Any Time in the Next Two Weeks"

THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IN THE years of his youth, before the accident which had placed the scars upon his forehead, Wotley had prided himself upon his classical features. But when he became butler to the Marquis of Manville he forgot all other vanities in the pride of place. Indeed he had a manner which royalty itself might well have envied, and on the afternoon when our story opens, as he stood in his pantry laying out the silverware for dinner, you might have thought that this was the master of Manville Towers, so noble, so aristocratic a mien had he.

By his side stood Newker, the footman—lean and sprightly in spite of his years—and even as the gods used to condescend to talk to mankind, so now did Wotley discuss the news of the day with Newker.

"I never was so astounded in my life," said Wotley.

"It was just my luck to miss it," said Newker, snapping his fingers with disgust. "I had gone to Brailes to fetch a parcel for Lady Diane, and when I got back"—snap snap—"it was all over!"

"Of course I had observed that the marquis hadn't been quite himself of late," continued the butler, "and 'ad ascribed it to advancing years, but I thought it extraordinary when he asked me to assemble all the female servants who were over forty-two years of age. They were equally astonished with me, and when I took them upstairs and ushered them into the marquis' study I hardly think it's too much to say that they were all of a twitter."

Newker tried to visualize how the ladies must have felt by fluttering his fingers.

"All of a twitter," repeated the butler. "But can you imagine their surprise when the marquis told them that he was going to pension them off until such times as he might need them again—paid them all three months in advance—and told them the bus would be at the door at two o'clock to take them to the village?"

"Snap! Snap!" said Newker with his thumb and finger. "And there I was in Brailes!"

"Surely enough," continued Wotley, "the bus came at two o'clock and carried away three of the most dumfounded females that ever drew breath, and when it came back again at half past three it brought their successors, those three young persons who have already changed the 'ole social atmosphere downstairs."

Newker was still snapping his fingers like castanets when the page boy came hurrying into the pantry, his three lines of round brass buttons looking like an agitated fleur-de-lis in a gale of wind.

"Well, Hernest," frowned Wotley, "is this the way I have taught you to come into my pantry?"

"The mail just came in, sir," said Ernest, holding out a newspaper as though by way of extenuating circumstance, "and the minute I opened the paper I see a letter to the editor signed 'Manville' and dated right here at the Towers. They nearly 'ad it off me downstairs when they saw the heading, and I had to run for it."

The heading of the letter was indeed provocative of perusal. "Every Man Not Married a Traitor to His Country," it read.

As you will see, a heading like that is a trumpet call.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir:—Now that the war is over, our most pressing problem is the repopulation of these Islands. Under present conditions every unmarried man is a traitor to his country. Vide Paul and the prophets.

Sir, it is my sincere conviction that after due warning and a decent interval every unmarried man should be backed against a wall and receive the attention of a firing squad. So far as posterity is concerned, he is dead already.

MANVILLE.

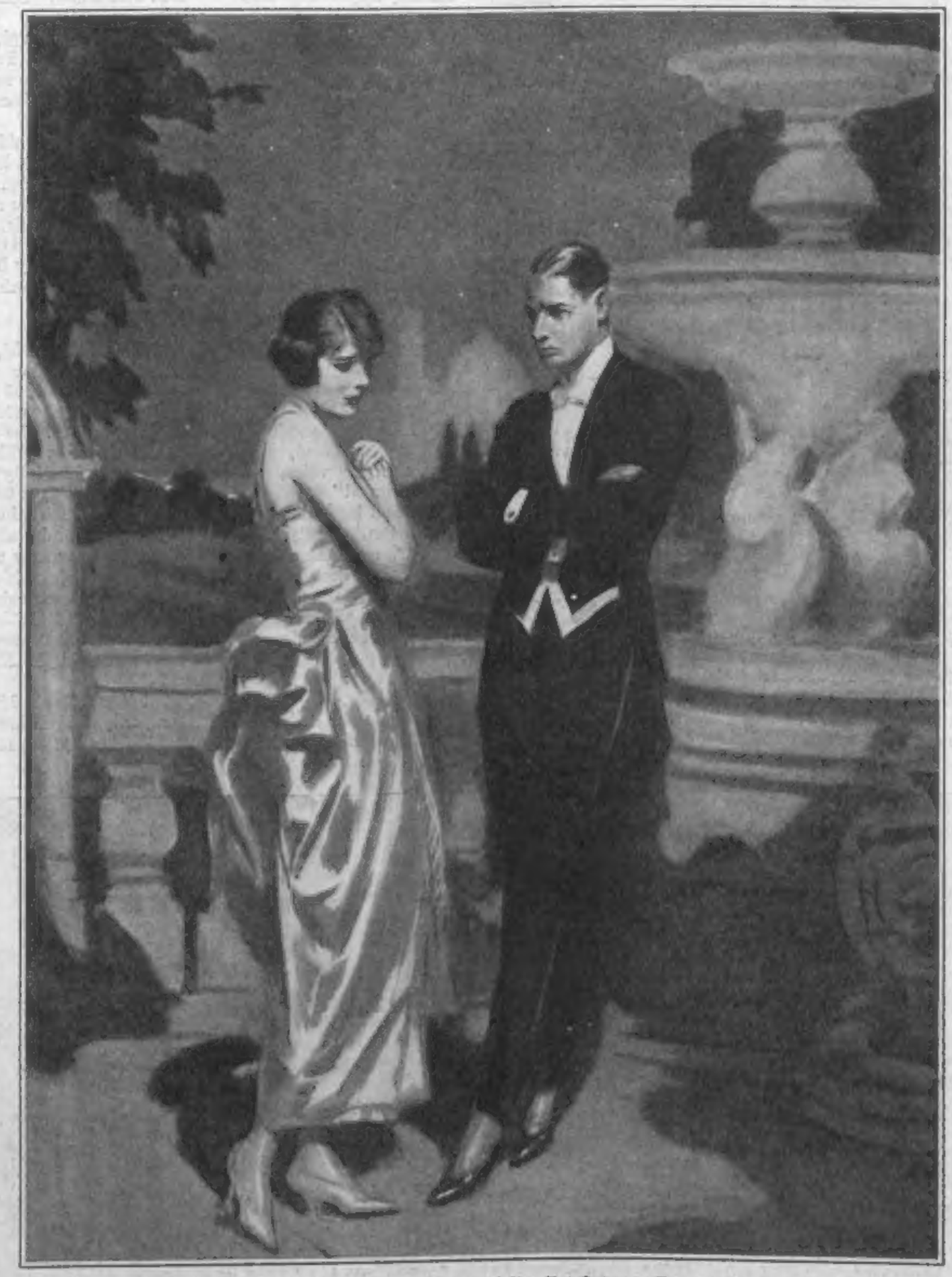
Manville Towers, Stafs.

"Balmy!" gasped Newker. "The old marquis has gone clean balmy! I'm sure of it now!"

He whistled a few low notes which Ernest drank in with greedy ears.

"And won't there be the devil to pay, and no 'ot pennies, when Lady Diane reads this?" continued Newker. "Two young gentlemen calling on her to-night, and the old marquis telling 'em both in print that they ought to be shot if they don't get married. It ain't exactly what you'd call a delicate 'int, you know."

The butler was rereading the letter—with that expression which the gifted Mr. Rice delights in describing as pop-eyed and clammy—when the more nimble-witted Newker had an inspiration which almost took him off his feet. "My Gawd!" he gasped, forgetful of the greedily listening Ernest.



"I'm Not Going to Turn You Down for Teddy; and I'm Not Going to Turn Teddy Down for You"

"In 'eavens' name, what now?" frowned the butler, looking over the top of the newspaper.

"Look here!" said poor Newker. "It's plain as day. You're a bachelor—and I'm a widower—and those three new women in the house—they are all of a marriageable hage!"

Too late then perhaps they sent Ernest away, and were still staring at each other in consternation when a bell on the pantry wall began to tinkle and in the call box a flap marked "Study" fell with a click which sounded ominously like a trigger being raised into the firing position.

"That's the study," whispered Newker. "Must be 'Is Lordship himself."

They stared at each other again, the same unspoken fear in both their thoughts.

"Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle!" said the quivering little bell.

II

THE Marquis of Manville was writing when Wotley entered the study, and it didn't take the butler long to see that an open copy of that day's Times held the place of honor on the desk. In his younger days the marquis had been a hunter of big game, as the gun racks and heads on the wall bore testimony. Of late years, however, he had grown too stout for stalking, but still trying to preserve the briskness of youth there were times when he fairly bounced as he walked and flung out his feet as though he were trying to throw his age away. For the rest of it he had a polished dome, a long, yellowish-white mustache that drooped on each side of his chin, and eyes that always stood out a little with a militant air of scrutiny.

"Wotley?" said he.

"Yes, My Lord."

"I wish to speak to the servants. Assemble them in the hall outside and bring them in—in a body."

A few minutes later a growing shuffle of feet was heard in the hall outside, and Wotley entered again to make report.

"Very well, show them in," said the marquis.

It was characteristic of His Lordship that after they were in he let them stand in silence for a few minutes while he finished the letter which he was writing.

"Now," said he, snapping off his glasses and leaning back in his chair, "I would like to engage your serious attention for a few minutes. Instead of making anything like a speech I will read you a letter of mine which appears in to-day's Times. Here it is."

The butler's heart sank as he listened to the letter, and he and Newker exchanged that immemorial glance which says "I told you so!"

"So much for that," concluded the marquis. "Now! There is only one way in which our lost population can ever be regained—only one way in the world!"

He tapped his eyeglasses on the desk and then slowly continued:

"Any servant in my employ who is married within the next six months will receive from me a bonus of fifty pounds."

If you had been there you might have noticed that the assembled ladies made no perceptible movement, but they seemed to start breathing a little more deeply, as hunters might breathe when they hear the kings of the forest being cleverly driven toward them.

"So much for that," said the marquis. "But now! Any servant of mine who is still unmarried at the end of

the next six months will receive a notice of dismissal, and will, of course, forfeit any legacy or pension which he or she might otherwise enjoy."

Again, if you had been there you might have noticed that Wotley and Newker seemed to stop breathing entirely for a few moments, as the kings of the forest possibly hold their breaths when catching their first sure sign of the hunters.

"That is all," said His Lordship curtly. "One moment, Wotley," he added as the others filed out. "Did Lady Diane tell you that we were expecting two guests this evening, each to stay a few days?"

"Yes, My Lord," said Wotley in a low voice.

"Did she tell you who they were?"

"Yes, My Lord—Mr. Schuyler, a young American gentleman, and Sir Todman Mallaby."

"Right! Er—my compliments to Lady Diane and tell her, please, that—er—I would like to see her here in the study for a few minutes at her earliest convenience."

He spoke, or tried to speak, in his usual incisive manner; but again, if you had been there you might have noticed that the marquis' voice was husky, though he tried to hide it with a cough of considerable importance. It was thus perhaps that Napoleon spoke just before he broke the news to Josephine. Or Cæsar might have coughed in some such way just before he crossed the Rubicon.

III

BETWEEN the study and the library at Manville Towers hangs a swinging door of green baize. This door fits loosely, or it would stick when it ought to swing; and anyone standing near it in the library can keep in touch with current events in the study. With this in mind, perhaps you will understand how it was that as soon as he had delivered the marquis' message to Lady Diane, Wotley went to the library to make sure that the shades were properly drawn. The last shade happened to be near the swinging door. Lady Diane had just entered the study. She was already dressed for dinner, and looking at her the old marquis could neither hide his paternal admiration nor the nervousness which he felt as he considered how best to begin.

"I think I will show you this letter first," said he.

She read it, but made no comment, and you might have wondered if she were reading the right letter if it had not been for the color which slowly rose to her cheeks.

"Now that you've seen it," said the marquis, "you are probably wondering why I, a widower and therefore a single man, have had the courage to make such a suggestion—such an exceedingly forcible suggestion."

Lady Diane first looked at her noble sire, and then at the letter, and then she gave him a glance which seemed to say: "Why should I wonder? People sometimes do the weirdest, most impossible things—like writing this letter, for instance—without any reason at all."

"In fact," continued His Lordship, "it will at once be objected that as a single man I have no right whatever to try to force others into matrimony—and remain unmarried myself."

"But, dad, you're nearly sixty!" she reminded him.

"Fifty-nine!" he sharply corrected her. "And what of that? Lord Grandon had his picture in the papers last month—a father at sixty-two! I tell you, I felt proud of him! And only yesterday I read of a shepherd who had twins—twins, mind you!—in his sixty-ninth year."

Lady Diane said nothing, which is often the most eloquent thing that any woman can say, but steadily looked at her father with a cool, questioning glance in her even eyes.

"My dear," coughed the marquis, "I—er—wish to inform you that my—er—engagement to the Honorable Mrs. Ansley will be announced next month, and that we expect to be married very shortly thereafter."

For as long as it might have taken you to count ten Lady Diane looked at the marquis as grown-up daughters have looked at marrying fathers since time immemorial, and when she spoke at last it was in a muted voice that Wotley—in the library—hardly recognized.

"I congratulate you, I'm sure," she said, and rather uncertainly turned toward the door.

"One moment, Diane," said the marquis. "I understand that Sir Todman and that young American admirer of yours are both expected to-day."

Apparently Lady Diane had recovered her composure—moonlight shining again upon a restful sea—and again she looked at her father with a cool, questioning glance.

"My dear," said he, "if for no other reason than the one set forth in this letter, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see the announcement of your forthcoming marriage immediately under my own."

"What?" said Lady Diane, her voice trembling a little as she pointed to the paper. "Marry after that?"

She might have said more, but just then the sound of an approaching motor was heard on the drive.

"Mr. Schuyler, the young American gentleman," thought Wotley, looking through the library window; and as he tiptoed out of the room and made for the entrance he stopped for a moment before the portrait of the late Marchioness of Manville, which held the place of honor over the mantel in the hall.

"Ah, My Lady," thought Wotley, "he was always lost without you—but I never thought he'd fall as low as this!"

IV

THE human countenance is truly a marvelous thing, leading men through fire and water, and changing every now and then the progress of the world. A world-wide destiny waits upon the length of Cleopatra's nose—one-half inch longer, and nineteen hundred years of history would have a different slant—and the great war probably never would have happened if men hadn't trained their mustaches and beards to have a haughty meaning. But of all the miracles of the human countenance there is probably none greater than its ability to conceal the thoughts which are everlastingly carrying on just back of the forehead and immediately underneath the crown.

Wotley, for instance, left the library with a Greek tragedy being staged in his mind.

He who had never married was now being hurled bodily into the arms of a bride, and every time he tried to hold back strong-arm thoughts took hold of him by the slack and the collar and tried to give him a sort of a bum's rush into that matrimonial outer darkness where he didn't want to go.

"Every unmarried man should be shot!" "The repopulation of these islands!" "He is dead already!" "Notice of dismissal and loss of pension and legacy!"

Did evil genii ever swing wickeder fists? And as if this weren't enough, the Honorable Mrs. Ansley was about to become the Marchioness of Manville—the Honorable Mrs. Ansley, whom Wotley liked as a certain distinguished party is said to like holy water—the Honorable Mrs. Ansley, whom everyone knew so well!

And yet such a wonderful thing is the human countenance that as the butler led Schuyler upstairs he had a dignified tranquillity that royalty itself might well have envied; and again a stranger might have been pardoned for thinking that this was the Marquis of Manville himself who was taking his guest upstairs, so noble, so aristocratic a mien had he.

"I will help you unpack your things, sir," he said when they reached the south guest chamber.

He noted with approval the contents of the bags, and he noted with equal approval the clear-cut face and figure of the young American gentleman, and the capable frown with which he watched his things being put away.

"Quite a place you've got here," said the visitor.

"Thank you, sir," said Wotley. "I believe it is quite generally admired." And desperately fishing for a possible ally he added: "Lady Diane is always partial to hearing it praised, sir."

"That so?"

"Yes, sir; particularly the roses which enjoy her own special care"

"What did you say your name was?" asked Schuyler.

"Wotley, sir."

"You're a good old scout, Wotley, do you know it?"

"Thank you, sir. You are very good, sir. Dinner is at half past seven. I will have you called."

It was a rather quiet meal, nearly everyone round the table, including Wotley and Newker, being busy with England's most pressing problem and the fate which ought to be meted out to

(Continued on Page 173)

"As a Single Man I Have No Right Whatever to Try to Force Others Into Matrimony—and Remain Unmarried Myself"

THE EXILE ON THE ISLAND

A Visit to the Former Crown Prince

By Elmer Jay Comer

THERE are three things necessary for the successful existence of any nation, and those are strength, money and might," said the ex-Crown Prince of Germany, and I said "Right-o." The ex-Prince later said, "I have a great desire to go to California and live there." And I promised to use my influence, but just how much influence or in what way, I did not say.

Let me first relate my experiences with the former Crown Prince in June of last year, and later my interview with him on March seventh last.

The armistice was signed, activities had ceased, and the month of June, 1919, found me out of the Army and traveling in Holland. On June 28, 1919, at three P. M. the treaty of peace was signed at Versailles, and the same day a report reached Holland from sources considered reliable that the ex-Crown Prince, who was interned on the Island of Wieringen off the Holland coast in the Zuyder Zee, was to make his escape at twelve o'clock that night; that a German cruiser was to be off the three-mile limit to pick him up; that a Dutch fisherman had arranged to take him to this cruiser in a small fishing boat, and that for this service he was to receive the sum of one thousand gulden, or about four hundred dollars.

As this was all very interesting and promised a bit of excitement I decided to go to Wieringen immediately. Wieringen is about 150 miles from Rotterdam and directly east of the great Dutch naval base, The Helder. Railroad accommodations to this place are rather poor and an automobile was about the only means of reaching the island quickly.

I decided to ask the help of my friend Hans Tas, a Dutchman of Amsterdam, and his automobile. After several futile efforts to telephone him I took a train and arrived in Amsterdam at 2:29 P. M. I went immediately to the Hôtel de l'Europe, where Mr. and Mrs. Tas reside, and found Mrs. Tas just ready to step into her machine to go on a shopping tour. She agreed to take me to Mr. Tas' office, and extracted a rather indefinite promise from me to dine with them that evening. I could have told her about my errand but deemed it wise to remain silent, for the time being at least.

I met Tas and told him I was out for a week-end trip and that it looked as if we might have a bit of excitement before the morning. I mentioned the Prince's proposed escape and asked him to join me with his automobile. Tas is a successful young business man and an all-round good fellow, a reserve officer on the staff of the Dutch Army, and an expert motor driver. Tas agreed, located Mrs. Tas, and had the car sent to his office. We spent some time in going over the road maps to Wieringen, as motors seldom make a trip up into that part of the country. Finally Tas, his chauffeur and I left Amsterdam at 4:35 Saturday afternoon, bound for the island of Wieringen in the Zuyder Zee. Tas decided to drive, taking the chauffeur along in case of any blow-outs or trouble that might occur.

A Game of Cross-Purposes

FAST motor driving entails great danger in Holland. The roads are just wide enough for two machines to pass and are higher than the surrounding country. On one side is a ditch and on the other a canal. In the evenings a dense haze settles over the country so that it is difficult to see ahead. The cattle that are grazing in the fields appear to be standing in water.

We were going at a speed of fifty miles an hour when suddenly there was an explosion and I saw a tire rolling on in front of us at a speed even faster than that at which we were going. It is the natural impulse for one to push and to push hard even though his feet are nowhere near the brakes, and I pushed, but thanks to Tas' ability as a driver we were not landed in the ditch or canal. With the tire replaced we proceeded, driving at full speed through several small towns and reaching Hoorn, on the coast of Holland, at about six o'clock. We stopped at a café and inquired from the proprietor if he knew where we could get a boat to Wieringen. He got into the machine with us and drove round to the harbor, but after talking with the fishermen they refused to take us to Wieringen, as the distance was too great and the storm too dangerous to venture out to sea. We returned the proprietor to his café, and went to the town of Medemblik about twenty miles farther north, to try our luck at that point.

Here is where the fun started. Mister Café-man, observing that we were driving a big German car and, as it afterward developed, taking me for a German, and because of our inquiries for a boat to Wieringen, passed the story round town that there was a Dutchman and a German

The Former Crown Prince of Germany

in a big German car en route to Wieringen to assist the Prince to escape.

This story grew as it went from mouth to mouth, until it reached the commissioner of police. Why they took me for a German or got it into their heads that I was trying to assist His ex-Royal Highness to escape was more than I could figure out.

We arrived in Medemblik about nine o'clock and ordered dinner, and afterward convinced, or rather thought we did, two fishermen that the trip to Wieringen could be made even in the storm. But after about ten minutes out they did an about turn in nothing flat, and back to shore, refusing to continue the trip.

I heaved a silent prayer of thanks, as personally I could imagine better pastimes than a voyage in a fishing boat in such a storm. There was nothing we could do but return to the hotel and remain there overnight. I realized that the storm in preventing our efforts to reach the island would also prevent anyone from leaving.

Harking back to Hoorn, the commissioner of police decided to investigate, and with four deputies started after us. They reached Medemblik about midnight, and after inquiries from the hotel man, finding the culprits safe in bed, left one deputy standing guard over our machine. The remainder started for Wieringen, arriving on the island at four o'clock Sunday morning.

The police went first to the home of the burgomaster, got him out of bed, and with him proceeded to the home of the Prince. They went up into his chamber and really pinched and awakened him to see if he was still there and if it was really he. Such interference in the wee hours of the morning with the royal sleep caused considerable comment on His ex-Royal Highness' part.

After instructing the inspector of police on the island and the burgomaster to keep a sharp watch over him they returned to Hoorn. The police were doing just what I wanted done, but of course would have been unable to do; and that was, preventing the ex-Crown Prince from escaping from his place of internment.

At five o'clock Sunday morning we were awakened. I suppose the officer grew weary of his all-night vigil over us. We were ordered to consider ourselves in his custody and to return to Hoorn with him for identification. Tas had several papers with him which proved to the policeman that he was an officer on the staff of the Dutch Army, and further that I was not a German, but an American journalist, and that we were making this trip to Wieringen in order to secure an interview with the ex-Prince, thus finally convincing him it was not our intention to kidnap him or to assist in an escape. We were then allowed to continue our journey.

After a hasty breakfast we left Medemblik at seven o'clock, going along the dikes on the north coast of Holland and arriving at the town of Ewijcksluis about 9:30, to which place the police had gone earlier in the morning. While awaiting arrangements for a boat we went into a café and engaged the woman proprietor in conversation. She informed us that at three o'clock that morning they had been awakened, and a boatman had been requisitioned to take four policemen across to the island. They understood that the Prince had escaped, but the police had found him safe in bed, had returned to Ewijcksluis about an hour before our arrival, and had gone on to Hoorn.

This was all very interesting and the first bit of real news about the police. Then came the question in my mind whether it was wise to continue farther and play into the hands of the police; but on second thought I realized we had nothing to fear other than a refusal to permit us on the island, being the innocent cause of all this excitement.

The Dutch press of July first devoted considerable space to the escape, the journalist, the police and the disagreeable moment furnished the Dutch authorities.

An Unexpected Meeting

WE TOOK a boat from Ewijcksluis about ten o'clock, leaving the chauffeur and the car on the mainland, and arrived on the island at eleven o'clock. This island, as I remarked before, is in the Zuyder Zee, east of the northernmost point of Holland, is about six miles long and about three miles wide, with one roadway running through it, from Haukes on the southern end to Den Oever on the northern end. Besides fishing the only occupation on the island is the collecting of seaweed and the drying of it for shipment to the mainland. Its population is about 400. A most weary feeling creeps over one when he first views this place. The thought of internment on such an island is intolerable. The silence and the still windmills with their outstretched arms in the shape of a cross create anything but a desire to live in such a place.

On November 14, 1918, three days after the armistice, the Prince fled from Germany by aëroplane and landed in a heap just over the Dutch border. It was reported that he was killed in this crash. The Dutch authorities chose Wieringen as the best place for him; it was not of his own choosing.

As soon as we landed on the island we were met by the inspector of police. Tas again produced his papers and explained that I was an American journalist who wanted to interview the Prince. After a few moments' talk the inspector permitted us to proceed but remarked that it was doubtful if we should be received or given an audience. But we got into a buggy which carried the mail and started for Osterland, at which place the ex-Prince is living. The mail driver told us that at four o'clock that morning the whole island was roused by a detachment of police who understood that the Prince had escaped, that nothing like this had ever occurred since his internment, and that the Prince was greatly put out over this early morning call.

Tas and I could not help laughing at all this, realizing that we were the cause of it. We had been driving along the road for a few moments when the buggy slowed up to pass a man who was leaning against his motorcycle talking to two little girls about the age of six or seven years. As we slowed down to pass, the man waved to us and said, "*Dag, Mynheern*"—Good day, gentlemen—which is the customary salutation in Holland. The driver then turned and informed us that he was the Prince. I hollered "Whoa!" and jumped out and walked back to him. He was smiling, and as I approached him I greeted him in Dutch. When within reaching distance of him, having used all my Dutch, I said to him in English, "Do you speak English?"

His smile vanished and an expression of hatred and surprise came over his face. Without answering he turned round, started his motorcycle and was away.

He was wearing a motorcyclist's coat, a cap with a receding crown, black shoes and putties. Some years ago,

when he decided to buy a motorcycle, twenty-five of the best makes in the world were sent to his castle at Potsdam, but now when his cycle needs repairing he is obliged to wait weeks before he can get the necessary parts.

I returned to the buggy and would have sold my chances for an interview for little or nothing. We stopped at the little café at Osterland, ordered dinner and then walked round the corner, passing the church and on to the Prince's house. He is living in the former home of the minister of the village, having leased it at a rental of about twenty dollars a month. It is one and a half stories in height with seven rooms, and on reaching it I observed that there was a bell on the gate. Callers are not permitted in the yard, and a ferocious-looking hound guards the doorway. In answer to the bell a German orderly came out to us. He was told that an American journalist wanted to interview the Prince. He replied that he would send the adjutant to us, and directly the adjutant, Major von Mullert, appeared.

The adjutant is about six feet two inches tall, weighs over 200 pounds, has a German square head, with a protruding nose, a receding mouth and an extremely protruding chin. His face bears many scars, indicating that he has been through the school of Kultur. He wore a green tie, a fancy white sweater with the neck cut out, tan shoes and putties, and was accompanied by the man-eating hound. When he was informed as to the reason of my visit he asked, "An American journalist?" and on being answered in the affirmative he replied that the Prince was not receiving any journalists, and bowed us out.

Well, I knew the Prince had not escaped, and if he would not see me I decided to secure some information as to what his plans were, so far as they might be known. Earlier, when we arrived on the island, we heard that a yacht was coming with friends of his and should arrive in Den Oever at about 11:30. I wanted to determine whose yacht it was and who was on board, so I hurried up to Den Oever and waited round there for an hour, but no yacht appeared. I then returned to the café in Osterland and had dinner. By previous arrangement the mail buggy was to call for me at the café, but through a mistake it called at the home of the Prince and inquired if the American journalist was ready to depart. This, I guess, was adding insult to injury, as the driver was told very firmly that they were harboring no American journalists in the Prince's home.

The driver then returned to the café and took us to the harbor of Haukes, where we had arranged to have the motorboat we came over in waiting for us. We arrived at Haukes at about three o'clock and there, tied up to the pier, was a yacht flying the German flag, with the name Diana painted on the bow.

Under Way

THIS yacht, I understand, is owned by the German consul at Amsterdam, Count Bassemheim. From information I gathered I decided it was a frequent occurrence for the Prince to have such visitors, and because of the action of the police that morning in warning the authorities and harbor masters on the island not to permit him to escape I thought it useless to wait until the Diana left. The boat we had chartered lay directly beside the Diana and as I stepped on board, there on the deck within reaching distance was a table set for luncheon. The party included six women and eight men. The Prince sat with his back toward me, but turned slightly, then turned again and smiled as much as to say: "Well, you did not get your interview after all."

The Ex-Crown Prince and the Inspector of Police at the Harbor of Haukes. Above—His Wife Visits Him at Wieringen

It was some few moments before we got under way, and my closeness to the Prince evidently caused uneasiness in the adjutant's mind, because he and the orderly walked over and stood between the Prince and me, conversing. I presume they feared that I might harm him. We reached the mainland and thence proceeded to Amsterdam without mishap or excitement.

The Prince has attempted to cultivate the friendship of the people on the island. He wears wooden shoes, takes part in their games, helps the Dutch woman scrub the floors of his home, and spends his evenings playing a violin to the accompaniment of an old organ in the village store. I was told by some that he has no intention of leaving the island, as he is quoted as having said: "There is no place I can go to." Then others believe he intends to leave as soon as possible. It was rumored that he might go to Sweden or to some South American country.

There seemed to be an undercurrent of opinion that the Crown Prince was in communication with certain factions in Germany and that a return to power of some member of his family, if not himself, was very probable. The Prince is quoted as having made the following statements at the beginning of the war, "*Der frische fröhliche Krieg*," which, translated, means The fresh and frolicsome war; and another remark, "*Wir siegen bis zum Ende*," meaning We are victorious till the end. Now the Dutch have made this statement, "*Wir ringen bis zum Tode*," meaning We wrestle till the end. Note the similarity in the first word in each sentence to the word Wieringen.

A Case of Try, Try Again

I HAD returned to Amsterdam Sunday evening, and Monday on rising was greatly surprised to hear a fresh report that the Prince had escaped from the island Sunday in a yacht. I had left him at four P. M. on the Diana, but inquiries from reliable sources indicated that the report was authentic, so I decided to go again to Wieringen.

This time I planned to avoid Hoorn, Medemblik, and the police so far as possible. I went by train to the town of Schagen, phoned to the boatman at Ewijcksluis to hold his boat in readiness for me, left Schagen by auto and arrived at Ewijcksluis at 8:30 P. M.

It was impossible for Tas to join me because of business appointments, so I called on another friend in Amsterdam who was able to converse fluently in Dutch. We left the mainland at 8:30 for the island. My first move was to question the skipper of the boat if he had seen the Prince that day, which was Monday, and was told that the last he had seen of him was on a yacht at Haukes on Sunday afternoon.

This was interesting, as the skipper remarked that he saw him daily, but had not seen him Monday. On reaching the island I got the operator out of his house and over to the switchboard and phoned to the town of Hijpolytushoef, at which point was garaged the only automobile on the island. When it arrived we proceeded to the home of the burgomaster, believing it was advisable to report our presence to the authorities, as the consequences for an American on this island at night, without good reason, might be rather unpleasant.

We were ushered into the burgomaster's home by his son. When the burgomaster entered I told him I was a journalist and had

(Continued on Page 135)

In His Attempt to Cultivate the Friendship of the People, the Ex-Prince Wears Wooden Shoes and Takes Part in Their Games

THE BOY FLAG

A Charitable Wind Came Up and Swept the Glory Along All Day, So That When Sunset Was Near the Man at Lookout Saw Martha's Vineyard Plainly

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

HE WAS born in the last year of the island's kingship over the whaling trade and so soon after his father had sailed in his famous Glory of the Isle that Mrs. Bolsover thought of a gentle joke and named him Ichabod, which means the glory is departed. But she died before Ichabod was old enough to have the jest explained, and he grew up in the fancy that his name had something to do with the waning glory of Nantucket. Also he grew up lonely in the tall house on Orange Street not far from the gold-topped church tower where the town crier watched for ships to come sliding over the bar.

This wonderful man knew the build and mast height of each whaler owned in Nantucket, and when a Bolsover ship was cried Ichabod could scuttle up to the whale walk of the roof and stare down the slope of trees and shingles to the bay. He could see the whole harbor rimmed in white sand and olive moorland and hear the wharfmen hammering the casks that paid for his fine pinafores and his Boston governess.

From this platform between the stately chimneys he saw the fire of 1846 sweep terribly up against the stars, so that sailors who made Boston and New Bedford next day reported a volcano broken out on Nantucket. The fire hurried prosperity downhill. His brothers, when their ships were in, swore at the burden of persuading crews to sign on, and Ichabod peered up at these dark heroic men from his primers and listened humbly to tales of the long hunts in the Pacific or along the edge of the Arctic ice. They brought him carved ivory dolls from China, knives from Callao and dreadful coconuts shaped like grinning heads from the South Seas which frightened him when he was alone again in the vast regal house with his drowsy tutor and the servants who fed him and dusted the proud vases of the cavernous rooms.

But in 1849 the tutor was bitten with gold fever and went to California with a thousand other adventurers from Nantucket. John Bolsover and the older sons were all at sea. The house was unbearable, shadowy, full of horrors when the fog crawled up Orange Street and the elms dripped in the garden. Ichabod marched across the town to Abel Martin's Academy for Young Gentlemen in Pearl Street and shyly announced that he wanted to be taught things. The little school was made up of small Coffins, Folgers, Starbucks, Husseys and Macys, with whom he played on the lawns and on the salt meadows about the bay. Abel Martin found the last Bolsover son a chair and was properly horrified to discover that he knew half the Bible and most of Shakspere's more gloomy plays by heart. It was the oddest equipment for the child of four generations of whaling kings, doomed to follow the trade by his birth.

"But your father shouldn't let you read such stuff," he told the boy.

"But I've only seen father twice, sir," said Ichabod truthfully.

"Then your brothers shouldn't let you," the schoolmaster gasped.

Ichabod shook his black head and patiently assured Mr. Martin that his brothers were too seldom at home to be bothered by such things.

"And anyhow," he said, "Rachael—that's my cook—says that father always takes all of Shakspere's plays to sea."

Mr. Martin knew that John Bolsover was a highly learned man, like many of the whale kings, but he refused to teach Ichabod anything at once and sent him out into the garden behind the cottage to help Huldah Martin gather pansies. Ichabod thought this an extraordinary lesson, but he rather liked Huldah, though she was an ignorant young thing of eight who had never heard of Hamlet and knew nothing of Ecclesiastes or any other section of the Old Testament. Abel Martin considered the children through a window, while his scholars scratched at their arithmetic, and decided to be the first person to meet John Bolsover when the Glory should come in. He was a Boston man and his reverence for whalers was diluted by theories on education which he boldly expounded to Bolsover a month later. The sailor walked up and down his long parlor, listening gravely, and finally interrupted:

"If I understand you, sir, you think I'm neglecting my boy?"

"I should not care to employ such a harsh expression, Mr. Bolsover," said Martin, bowing. "But I must point out that Iccy has no mother; that his brothers are at sea constantly; and that his acquaintance with his father is—let us say—limited."

"Iccy? Who calls him that, Mr. Martin?"

"It's an invention of my daughter's. She thinks Ichabod is too long, so she shortened it."

"Humph!" said Bolsover, and smiled, all the sea wrinkles deepening about his haughty nose. "Iccy! Well, all this is mightily painful. And I hear that my son George thinks of settling in California. Lonely? Why, now that's very probable. I'm obliged to you for pointing it out, sir. I must think about it."

He bowed Martin down the stone steps into the dark of the street and went upstairs through the white-paneled hall. In the light of his candle the long portraits wavered and grimaced, and he found Ichabod dutifully sitting on the sofa by his bedroom door waiting to bid him good night, but asleep. Against the white wall he was a sorrowful small thing to live alone in these chambers full of large chairs and monumental bureaus. Bolsover felt a queer guilt, facing him. The boy would be better off perhaps at sea with himself, but for that he was still too young. He meditated his own duty in the matter anxiously until the candle dripped on his hand and he swore absently. Ichabod woke and blinked up at the tall man, then jumped off the sofa.

"I hope, sir, I haven't kept you waiting. I ——"

"Good heavens," said Bolsover, "do you always talk like that? You sound like Sims' Dictionary. Why, how old are you?"

"Ten, sir," Ichabod muttered, getting red under the stare.

"Holy Jehoshaphat!" said Bolsover. "Well, come along to bed, and don't call me 'sir' any more to-night, if you please."

"Very well, sir," Ichabod assented.

Bolsover chuckled and clapped him on the back amiably. Ichabod almost fell down on the polished floor, and his eyes filled with tears of anguish, but he perceived that this stranger meant to be kind, and did his best to grin, while he wriggled his shoulder blades to straighten them out. His father led him into his room and watched him undress silently; then buttoned his nightgown and kissed him awkwardly on the nose. Ichabod had never been kissed before in his recollection, and was frightened to blushes. But he got used to the processes of tenderness in a few weeks and liked Bolsover enormously; then set him up as an idol and worshiped him devoutly and solemnly when it appeared that his father had no intention of going to sea again. A captain was appointed for the Glory of the Isle, and Bolsover settled into the peace of Orange Street, gave dinners to the other grandees of Nantucket and told

Ichabod tales while they walked about the fading town, bowing to the ladies in the early bloom of crinoline and thick silk Indian shawls.

"The boy worries me," Bolsover said to Martin. "He's chock-full of imagination. His brothers haven't imagination enough to call by the word. I never saw such a child! He says he wants to be a poet, as if he wanted to be a carpenter. My father would roll in his grave if he heard it, sir. He's written a poem about a whale. It—it seems to be a pretty good poem, too," Bolsover added uncomfortably.

"The boy's too imaginative," said the schoolmaster, "and he broods over things. He's fanciful and he ought to be amused. I'd take him fishing if I were you."

Bolsover bought the boy a catboat and took him fishing frequently, and in the autumn they went shooting on the moors of the island. Ichabod could shoot and swim better than his brothers—better, his father thought, than any other lad on Nantucket—but his fancies and his habit of writing verses still worried the whaler, and these did not vanish as he grew up studious, regarded by the town as a marvelous person.

"Send him to sea?" said Martin at a consultation. "Nonsense, sir! Send him to Harvard!"

"But good Lord of glory! All of his brothers have settled in California. Why, there isn't a Bolsover at sea these days!" Bolsover complained, half laughing. "It's scandalous! We've been whalers for four generations."

"And your next generation might as well hang itself as go whaling, sir," said the schoolmaster, reaching for the decanter of Tavery Madeira. "Petroleum! Your whale's an antiquity, captain. Its day is over."

Bolsover roared and spilled wine on his velvet waistcoat.

"Petroleum? That rubbish they find in holes in the ground in Pennsylvania? Oh, you're mad!"

"Then I know two other madmen," Martin declared. "My friend Eveleth, in New York, and his partner Bissell have sunk half a million in a company to dig for petroleum—and they'll get it back, doubled and trebled, mark my words."

Bolsover sniffed and shouted for Ichabod to bring another bottle. The boy grinned over Martin's prophecy for petroleum and seemed little pleased by the plan to send him to college.

"Don't be silly!" Martin urged. "Tell your father to send you to the Phillips Academy at Andover next fall. That'll give him a chance to run off for a cruise."

But Bolsover did not go to sea when he had planted Ichabod in Andover and pretended to like his room in the crowded boarding house, full of boys from all over the United States. He excused his stay at home by the fact of rheumatism and sent the Glory off with her hired captain again. A cabin on his ship would be cramped after these years of spacious life ashore. He was aging, too, he wrote, and out of practice. He wrote Ichabod letters twice a week all winter and came over every other week to see how he got on. Once he brought Huldah Martin and her small brother, Erastus, along. Erastus observed that the large lads took more notice of Huldah than she deserved, and Ichabod thought that for a girl she attracted unusual stares. Still, he reflected, watching the Boston stage drive off, Huldah was a singularly nice girl, though it was annoying to be teased about her, and he had a fight on the score of manners with his friend Charley Terrill from Richmond, Virginia. This was inconvenient, since Terrill did Ichabod's algebra in return for Ichabod's assistance with his Latin, and they patched the matter up promptly.

"I'll take good care not to tease you again 'bout anyone," Terrill promised, and chuckled. "An' what'd you do to me if I was to tease you about your daddy, Iccy?"

"I'd kill you," said Ichabod coldly.

"An' I guess you would," Terrill nodded. "But he's a mighty courteous old gentleman and you needn't to bother."

Huldah came once with Bolsover to see him when he was a freshman at Harvard, and she had the same effect on the young men strolling in the Yard. Seniors who knew him not at all wandered close by the party and beamed upon him. Ichabod decided that Huldah must be pretty and gave her some study during his Easter holiday at home, while his father was busy with the repairs of the Glory, which had ridden into Nantucket on a March gale. The spring was somehow disturbed and feverish. Bolsover was restless. Mr. Martin was ailing and more men had left Nantucket for New Bedford, lured by the great merchants there with offers of short cruises on clipper ships bound tamely to Liverpool with loads of wheat and cotton. Houses, even in rich Orange Street, were falling vacant, and the old men wailed that Nantucket was degenerate.

"I tell you, Iccy, it looks as though you might as well go on and be a poet," said Bolsover, rubbing his lame shoulder. "And—this petroleum's really coming in. I don't know what people like about it. It smells to heaven. It sputters when you burn it. It—oh, well; run down and ask Abel Martin up to dinner, son."

"Is it true Pete Hazzard won't take the Glory out next trip, sir?"

"Trip? Heavens," cried Bolsover, "don't talk as if the Glory was a steamboat, Iccy! No, Pete says he's too old to go out again. He's sixty-five. Why, I remember Abiram Hughes sailing his Rose into Edgartown the day he was ninety!"

Ichabod worried for fear Bolsover would take the Glory out himself, and was shocked when he got a letter in late May bidding him come home at once. It must mean something serious, and Ichabod paced the deck of the steamboat Island Home while she carried him out from New Bedford's active wharves.

"I see your father's got the old Glory all painted up smart as a circus wagon," said another islander on board. "And I hear he's goin' out with her too."

Ichabod groaned within himself. He was too used to his father's nearness now. Bolsover was his single hero still, and it might be three, four years before the Glory would cross the bar again. He remembered ships coming home with flags at half-mast for a dead master, buried in the seas south or north, and Bolsover was sixty. He stared at the low outline of Nantucket rising on the gray water and hoped that his father would let him go along.

The steamboat passed the new lighthouse on the right of the harbor mouth, and there lay the Glory of the Isle anchored off South Wharf, her white figurehead of a bare brawny lady facing the still trees of the town. She was fresh painted and on her decks men were wrestling with new bright rope for the bark rigging and the new canvas lay in rolled lumps about the mats that shielded her clean planks. Ichabod thrilled suddenly, and the sea meant what it had in old times when his brothers talked over their grog in the dining room. He trotted up South Water Street to the emptiness of Main, where he recalled swarms of sailormen lounging on the walks and waiting for the chance of a good ship while they talked and lied. Now grass sprouted between the cobbles and Nantucket seemed asleep at noon. Bolsover looked up from his desk with an awkward smile and flushed like a boy.

(Continued on Page 73)

He Saw His Own Catboat Beating Up in the Throng of Dories. Its Sail Flapped Over as It Came Alongside and Huldah Held Up a Bundle of Shawls That Wiggled Curiously

THE RUHR AFLAME

By WILL IRWIN

The Herr Professor (Left) and the Wire Hound Interview the Red Guards

I MET the wire hound at Stuttgart, having—through three days of squabbling with border officials and of trials with trains which would not run—arrived in that charming dugout of German Governments under fire just as the Ebert-Noske-Bauer government was pulling out for Berlin again. The wire hound, when I saw him first, was playing madly on a bijou folding typewriter, while a hotel porter waited to take the sheets to the wire as fast as he tore them out and an interpreter tried to get Nuremberg on the telephone. The correspondent of a great American press bureau, it is his job to be where the news is most important, but also to be near the end of a wire—always a wire. When he is not rushing round ascertaining the cold facts, when he is not warming them up on his baby typewriter in condensed but expressive press bureauese, he is thinking, plotting, dreaming, tipping to get an open wire and fast transmission. For the rest, he is a tall, lean, silent, agreeable American of the Hoover type, and likes to spend his hours of ease tinkering with an automobile.

For us the Herr Professor, whose destiny during a troubled, tragic, comic, strenuous but not wholly disagreeable ten days was to flow beside ours, still slumbered in the womb of time. At the very moment when the wire hound was playing his pretty toy with his fingers and instructing me on the Stuttgart situation with his mouth the Herr Professor, three hundred miles away, was sitting in his school of modern language conversation making some head waiter who cherished an impossible dream of going to America repeat after him, "The pencil is not red but black." Little did the Herr Professor then dream that a loud American tocsin would soon call him to the cruel tremors of red war.

A day later the wire hound and I sat in Stuttgart's best café scanning the passing throng and wondering whether the going would be better and the news livelier at Leipsic, at Nuremberg or at Düsseldorf. So many German revolutions may have come and gone before these words get printed that I had better recapitulate our situation, as well as that of the German Republic. Just nine days before the Junker stroke, headed by Kapp but inspired by Ludendorff, had fallen on Berlin the lawful government, perhaps betrayed by one of its own members or by its Prætorian Guard, had fled by automobile to Dresden, and then to Stuttgart when the rumbles of Communism began to agitate Saxony. Six days before it had called the general strike against the usurpers. On that very day the German people as a whole rose up and proved that they wanted no more Junkers; that the old crowd had made its old mistake of failing utterly to read a popular psychology. So Kapp ruled his hundred hours and withdrew with his Baltic troops, jeered by the populace.

In Peaceful Würtemburg

BUT the general strike—the weapon against governments, now for the first time drawn by a government—was proving a Frankenstein. The Spartacists, Communists, Bolsheviki—whichever you may want to call them—had blazed up. Barriers were down, machine guns were spluttering, in Leipsic, in Nuremberg, in Halle, in half a dozen other industrial cities; and an obscure but greater cloud had settled over the Ruhr Basin. Düsseldorf and probably Essen had been occupied—taken over by persons hazily described as reds. The government rushed back to Berlin in order to avert anarchy; of the heads in that government only Ebert was to hold office a week later.

So we sat wondering where the hunting would be best. It was a Sunday of great relief in Stuttgart. Across the square rose the gray, battlemented, turreted bulk of Stuttgart Castle, flying the black, yellow and red flag of the troubled German Republic. Before it a squad of soldiers were leisurely rolling up the last strands of a barbed-wire entanglement. Nearer a full crowd, neatly dressed but a little shabby, drifted across the square or down the streets. Now and then they threw glances of languid curiosity at the soldiery, and perhaps smiled slightly.

Any shrewd person who knew nothing of the situation might have perceived in the attitude and motion of the crowd an air of relief. The government was gone, and Stuttgart was glad to see it go. That city, and the state of Würtemburg in general, has a reputation for peace, orderliness and security which brings embarrassing guests.

It was an old king of Würtemburg who, when his fellow kings were boasting of their riches, their armies and their power, said, "I would feel safe in putting my head in the lap of any of my subjects and going to sleep."

Whereupon, according to the legend, the other kings gravely nodded their crowned heads and said, "Ah, you are the richest of us all!"

So in 1848 the abortive republican revolutionary government took Stuttgart as its capital—and look what happened to it! When the revolution of 1918 came with the armistice Stuttgart and Würtemburg in general followed the lead of the empire. If kings are out of fashion let us have no more kings. So a deputation waited on William II of Würtemburg—a far better man, from all accounts, than his imperial namesake—and broke the news. The king gracefully withdrew from his palace and went to live in his castle by the Bavarian border. There he occupies his days in hunting and gardening, and is reported to have said that but for the future of the boys he was glad the jig was up.

Herr Blos, a moderate Socialist, was elected president. His wife is a member of the State Assembly—a situation, I think, so far without parallel in the annals of woman suffrage. Stuttgart followed the fashions of the time a little more disastrously in January, 1919. The Spartacist wave struck the town; some of the workmen in the great magneto factories went out; there were barricades and shooting in the streets. But the outbreak was mild after all compared with what happened in Bavaria to the south and Saxony to the north; and when the Reichswehr and the local militia had restored order Stuttgart settled down again to make the best of it.

Then Ebert, Bauer, Noske—the whole cabinet—asked Herr Blos' permission to set up shop in Stuttgart the Secure. Herr Blos groaned probably, but it had to be done. The railroad station and the hotels on the surrounding square were already decorated with evergreens surrounding mottoes reading, "Welcome to our heroes," for returning war prisoners were still dribbling in from France. It was only necessary to freshen up the evergreens with new branches, to change the mottoes into "Welcome to the government," to furnish with beds a few rooms in the castle, and all was ready.

Fat Eating

THE heads of government came hooting into Stuttgart in fast automobiles, and about a third of the National Assembly arrived with scanty baggage and emergency clothing in every sort of conveyance.

They packed the best hotel—a very good one it would be if it had any food supplies—and spilled over into lesser establishments. A few soldiers arrived and set up slender barbed-wire barricades about the entrances to the castle and the Art Institute, where the National Assembly was going to meet.

Stuttgart welcomed the government formally and without any cheering. On the barbed-wire barricades the populace looked with resentment and a little amusement. What were these northerners, these Prussians, expecting to happen to them in Würtemburg, where the king could lay his head, and so on? Otherwise the main popular emotion seems to have been fear lest these disturbing visitors would eat them out of house and home, for more functionaries and subfunctionaries were arriving every day.

Red Army Volunteer

Ebert and Bauer dined at the very best restaurant, just back of the Art Institute. The crowds used to stand outside watching and remarking that with a few more days of this the price of eggs would be going up from two marks apiece to three. Most of the personal gossip which I got from the burghers of Würtemburg concerning their rulers had to do with eating. They had not noticed how Ebert, Noske and Bauer and Scheidemann dressed, or how they had looked; but they remembered that Bauer always drank Burgundy and Ebert beer, and that Noske demanded beefsteak.

Now it was all over for another seventy-five years or so, and it had been wound up before the provisions gave out! Stuttgart breathed more freely. She was a little anxious still, however. Everywhere beyond the horizon was tragedy. To cap the anarchy in Leipsic, the shooting in Nuremberg, the uprising at

Halle, the newspapers that morning had hinted—in the irritating way that German newspapers have—at some kind of disturbance in the Ruhr Basin, over by Holland. They carried among other items the astonishing news that 1500 Reichswehr troops, "forced across the occupied border in the fighting," had been interned by the British.

The wire hound and I sat silent, fingering our steins, wondering where to go next. For me it did not so much matter—the going looked good anywhere. For him it mattered greatly. Leipsic? Yes, but the reds held the post, telegraph and telephone offices. Where could he get a wire? Nuremberg? It looked like a side show. And then the superior powers decided. Our interpreter arrived with a telegram to the wire hound from the division manager in Berlin:

"Workingmen have taken Düsseldorf city government," it said. "Fighting near Elberfeld. Would appreciate Ruhr date."

"Would appreciate!" snorted the wire hound. "Say, there goes my Easter at home in Paris!" He paused for a moment and his sleepy brown eye, which camouflages enormous energy, grew meditative. "Well, the general strike is off in the morning," he said. "I suppose we can get a train. Know anything about transmission in the Ruhr district?"

First Glimpses of the Revolution

SO IT was settled. Next morning, when the great airy railroad station of Stuttgart woke from one of those periodical torpors which now afflict all Germany, we were off to Düsseldorf and the darkness of uncertainty. It is an illustration of the short distances and crowded conditions of Europe that from Stuttgart, near the Swiss border, we expected to reach Düsseldorf, near the Dutch frontier, before night—and that on a train which, being the first since a general strike, stopped at all flag stations.

That train indeed changed its purpose every hour or so. It was to have gone to Düsseldorf, via Cologne, where there were British and American intelligence officers, who would inform us on the situation and enlighten our operations. But when we approached the Rhine, instead of crossing as it should, it switched northward into unoccupied Germany.

All the way we had been fighting for the news with what poor German we had, with what English and French chance acquaintances had. We got nothing except a vague idea of trouble in the Ruhr. Now just as the shades of night were coming on we learned by comparing the station signs with our maps that we were entering the Ruhr district proper. You could tell from looking at any ordinary railroad map the industrial importance of this area. For here the wavy lines of the German railway system multiply into a tangled knot. It is the great coal deposit of Western Europe, this Ruhr Basin. About its shafts cluster the steelworks which made the German Empire. Its heart is Essen, whose main ventricle is the gigantic Krupp works—they alone employed during the war 160,000 hands. Its financial and social capital, set down by the Rhine a little aside from the working cities, is Düsseldorf, of almost the same sizeasSan Francisco. Without the mines of the Ruhr, blasting and smelting the stolen ores of Lorraine into ingots and guns and locomotives and cables and machines, neither modern Germany nor the great war had been.

We were traveling now through a hill country all glorious with the first faint greens of spring, tossed to a foam of rose here and there by the tender young blooms of apple blossoms. There was in this district the same contrast between the works of Nature and those of man which you encounter when you travel down the Allegheny into Pittsburgh. A stretch of gracious hill landscape; then you crawl into a town or a city of huge, square black-and-red factories, of high smokestacks, of lurid bursts of light from blast furnaces. Almost all these furnaces seemed to be working; everywhere along the way the lighted windows of factories slashed the night. The stations seemed quiet and normal.

"A revolution in this country?" we said. "This is a wild-goose chase!"

Only one sign seemed a little ominous. Though this was the first day after a general railroad strike, when all passenger trains should have been crowded, traffic grew slimmer and slimmer in our train. People descended at the way stations; no one seemed to get on.

"Well, maybe it's the increase in passenger rates," we said; for the government had just ordered the doubling and tripling of fares.

Essen finally, its darkness preceded by the glimmer of many lighted factory windows, the occasional hectic glare of a blow-off. A few passengers got off and scurried away across the broad cement platforms. But everything in sight seemed normal, even to a girl cutting rye bread and sausages for sandwiches in a booth just outside our windows. Her the wire hound interviewed in his very slender German.

"Is it true," he asked her, "that the Bolsheviki, the Spartacists, have taken this town?"

The girl snapped down her cutting knife, and "No!" she said. "Not the Bolsheviki. But the workmen hold the town, mein Herr!"

Then as we gave up our tickets at the Düsseldorf train gate the revolution hit us suddenly, dramatically. A hand touched my shoulder. I was jostled aside. And through the gate before me strode three little, stubby, round-headed men. They were in rough working clothes, with caps. They wore red brassards on their left arms. Each had a new Mauser rifle slung across his right shoulder; each had a bandolier heavy with cartridges slung across his chest. I looked them over and decided to pretend that the jostling was accidental.

At a long, swinging stride they vanished into the darkness outside. Beyond the station lay the city, with only a few lights burning. We found a citizen willing for a price to carry our luggage to the hotel. All the way we passed down a wide street, entirely deserted, except that at every corner stood two guards, their rifles slung to ready. Always they looked at us sharply; then seeing the bags stepped back and let us pass on.

Though it was not yet ten o'clock, the hotel was locked. We rang up a porter, who looked us over carefully through the plate glass before unlocking the door. The manager, appearing a little drawn and nervous, came and interviewed us in English before we were allowed to register. From him we got a succinct if only partially accurate news summary.

The Wire Hound in Action

YES, the workingmen held the town—absolutely. They had come in suddenly, 10,000 of them, two mornings before. There had been a little fighting, a few men had been killed and a few windows smashed on the Kaiser Allee. It wasn't a red army exactly—it seemed to be a combination of all the Socialist parties—Social Democrat, Independent and Communist. The Burgomeister and town officials were still in office, but under the workingmen. No, there had been no violence; but over there beyond the railroad tracks was a big workingmen's army camped. How many? He did not know. No one that he knew had gone over to see. But a great Communist army was drilling only an hour away. He supposed they would march on the city soon, and the Socialists would go to fighting among themselves, and then! So far no violence, except the shooting on the Kaiser Allee.

He had scarcely finished before the wire hound was unfolding the dwarf typewriter, squatting down before a table and running off a cautious flash beginning: "Workmen army composed all Socialist parties estimated moren ten thousand in all came Düsseldorf Friday."

When he had finished, carefully omitting all that seemed like rumor, we asked for the telegraph office. But the porter and the proprietor positively refused to open the door for us. Everyone was ordered off the streets at nine-thirty, they said. Anyone walking the streets without a pass stood to be shot. If they let us out they would be held responsible. We compromised by sending the second porter, who had a pass and who cheerfully took the chance for twenty marks. So to bed, with an ear cocked for the shooting, which never came.

Next morning Düsseldorf bustled at the pace of a normally busy modern German town. The tramways were running, packed in the early morning with factory operatives—for part of the workmen's program, as we learned later, was to obey the government order calling off the general strike. Trucks carted miscellaneous merchandise; children trooped to school; women, as the day wore on, came marketing and shopping; fakers demonstrated and sold mend-anything cement to groups of interested boobs; the cafés at noon did great business with weak beer.

The only difference to prove that we were in a revolution showed in the pairs of armed guards, some wearing a red band on the left arm, some the green and white band of the local police-militia. In pairs they guarded every street corner, every bank. Some wore merely rough working clothes. Some had their old army uniforms, or the blouse at least, but without insignia. But all carried

(Continued on Page 79)

Reichswehr Troops Just Out of Wesel Battle Interned by the Belgians at Buderich. Above—Red Army Soldiers and Nurses

VARIOUS RELATIONS

"I Think This—I Think Any Two People Can be Happy Together if They Take the Trouble"

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THROUGH the twenty-five years of their married life Richard Carrington and his wife Amy lived together in a state of supreme and unclouded content. Neither she nor he entertained even for a single moment a doubt as to the perfect all-rightness of their union or peeped over the hedge of the world without and wondered whether anyone else might not have proved a pleasanter partner. From first to last they never lost the knack of appreciation. The duties he performed outside the home and those conducted by her within the home provided each with comfortable sensations of pride and satisfaction.

If Richard took it into his head to chastise the driver of a four-wheeler for want of courtesy to his wife the action, instead of shocking and alarming her, stood out as a gratifying survival of the fast-dying age of chivalry and added immeasurably to her love for him. And if she should spend twice as much on her winter furs as the amount decided upon, he praised her rather than upbraided, because he argued that the extravagance gave token of a desire to appear always at her best possible before his eyes.

They had their worries and troubles, of course, but these were not such as weighed unduly upon them, and merely served to knit their lives together in closer ties. Being liberally endowed with humor they were able to laugh their sorrows, great and small, into the cupboards of forgetfulness. Even the absence of children, which was a real grief to both, they tucked out of sight, preferring to rejoice in things that were rather than lament over things that might have been.

To sum up in a single phrase—Richard and Amy loved each other to death. The word "death" is not used ill-advisedly, for that grim sentinel, resenting perhaps the unusual spectacle of an entirely satisfied and satisfactory married couple, cocked a blear eye at Amy and beckoned with a creaky finger.

So Amy proceeded to die and to that end took to her bed with the unkindest of human ailments, which racked her poor little body with torments of the damned.

When a man has made a lifelong companion and confidante of his wife and there is no one else in all the world to whom his intimate thoughts may be expressed he is not very greatly to be envied at such a time. Every devoted husband who has sat throughout a perilous operation or maybe waited while a first child is being born will recognize and bear testimony to the sharp agony of that awful isolation. He touches a despair that is cyclonic—abysmal. He shivers in the lonely room below, flogging up his courage to meet the moment when he is allowed to ascend and must make pretense of light-heartedness lest the burden she bears be heavier by the picture of his woe. He ignores the careless meals on the half-laid table—he stands by the window breathing on the glass, staring hopelessly at the black, blurred night. And all round him dance distorted phantoms of happy hours and days that used to be—mocking sprites with disheveled hair—that dim as he looks toward them and evade as he stretches out a hand.

Memory becomes ghastly clear. Dear, long-forgotten intimacies of scene or speech leap to the foreground, defined and audible, blinding the eyes and ringing in the ears. Only the past has reality, the cold reality of death. Present and future have no being other than in pain. Simple sounds of everyday life—the rumble of wheels, the rattle of milk pails, the cries of news venders in the street below—these and such as these are but part of a hellish humming chorus, violins of agony thrummed and scraped by the devil's orchestra.

Richard Carrington did not bother to define what he felt; his feelings were too acute for definition. He only knew that the ground—the dear mother earth which had borne him so kindly—was swept away from beneath his feet and that then and thereafter he would live in a pit with despair jogging forever at his elbow. Being a man ungiven to public exhibitions of emotion he suffered the more acutely on account of repression. His wife's relations, probably with the best intentions, mistaking his silence and remoteness for apathy, one after the other linked an arm through his, marched him up and down the gravel path before the house, and did their best to explain the tragedy and the extent of the loss he was about to sustain. God knows what excellence they hoped to achieve by this practice, which in effect was much the same as dropping vitriol in an open wound, but one and all they pursued it with the gravest concentration.

"I wonder if you realize, Richard, what a beautiful wife Amy has been to you."

And because he made no answer they incorrectly but none the less positively surmised that he did not realize, and the word "unworthy" found its way into the family council and abided there. Janet, who was really very kind-hearted, worried herself into a state about it.

"Amy did everything for him," she said. "Why, good heavens, without her he'd have been nowhere! It makes one sick! And there he is, going about his work just as if ——"

But as the reader will have surmised already the valuelessness of this view, it would be sheer waste of space to conclude the spoken words.

Let it be said, however, that even before his wife died Richard was looked upon with eyes of distrust and placed under observation by "the family" with the sure conviction that he would disgrace himself in due course.

Now a family can be a very terrible organization, even though individually the various members may be all the imagination would picture or the heart desire. But it is not, alas, an infrequent occurrence that collectively and assembled together they arrive at a state of being that is altogether the reverse. As bees en masse produce wax, so the family en masse and in council produce or fulminate lightnings to destroy. Cousins, nephews, nieces and in-laws one after another come up for assay, and it is surprising indeed if gold should be found to temper the baser metals of their mold or casting. There is no deliberate venom in the judgments which arise from an ingrained and entirely unjustifiable belief that relationship carried with it the right of unlimited criticism and gives to the criticism a value which even an idiot would realize it does not possess.

But when the circle is broken up and the brethren and sisterhood leave the chill exposure of the council rock for the kindly warmth of their own fireside it is more than likely that the recently sacrificed victim may find his wounds dressed and bandaged by the very hands that inflicted them.

Amy did not use the word "death" in Richard's presence until she fully realized its certainty. Up to that time she and he practiced their pathetic deceits, to the deception of neither. It would have been better perhaps had the word never been spoken, for those about to die look into futurity, if not for themselves then for those they love. The first and only mistake Amy ever made in the whole course of her married life found its place in this last little talk they shared together.

It began so abruptly that Richard was beggared of control at the very outset.

"Hello, darling," he sang out as he entered the room. "Awful lot to do to-day. Almost afraid shouldn't be back before you were asleep."

Her answer should have been: "You oughtn't to have hurried home; I'm perfectly well to-day."

Instead—"Dicky," she said, "I'm going to die."

"Don't—don't!" he gulped.

He crossed below the bed end, knelt on the wooden seat and pressed the curtains tight against his mouth.

There is a strange evenness about people who are going to die which to the ignorant may be mistaken for unconcern. They speak, and if their words excite another's emotion they wait patiently, placidly until the storm has subsided, then pick up the skein and unravel it slowly.

Amy did not interrupt Richard's first paroxysm of expressed grief—she just watched him fondly until the uncontrolled moment had passed and he was his own man again.

"I don't want to go, dear," she said, "but there it is—and I know. You'd like to hear me say that from first till—till now, you've been everything I've wanted—wouldn't you?"

He nodded and fastened on to her hand with a grip that hurt and eased.

"We've had fun, Dicky—great fun, we two; but because I'm leaving it mustn't mean your fun in the world is going with me. Dicky, you must marry again, because I—want you to."

"Ah, don't talk like that, Pretty," he pleaded.

"Must. For other reasons besides. You're such a hopeless little chap with no one to look after you. Believe, Dicky, I do know. You wouldn't do alone. You'd never eat anything."

He managed to say "I want to come too," and buried his face in the pillow by her side.

"You will, to please me, won't you?" It was a continuance of her words, not an answer to his. "I couldn't ever be happy if I thought of you counting your washing on Sunday mornings. So it must be soon, Dicky, very soon. And you should have children too. It wouldn't be like forgetting me, because it's my wish. I think you could marry Elsie Masefield. She's such a nice girl—you're fond of her and she's fonder of you."

Elsie Masefield was twenty-three. Richard had been briefed to defend a lawsuit on her behalf in regard to an inheritance. He had won the case, and her admiration was his with the verdict—the rapt admiration and hero worship of the girl for the professional man of forty-six. Very pretty, very sympathetic, very susceptible, was Elsie Masefield. Amy and she had composed a duet in Richard's praise and they sang it together with variations whenever they met, which was often, for they liked each other. Of all the visitors in that house of sorrow Elsie was the most welcome, for she possessed that still and gentle quality of friendship so welcome at the elbow of sickness.

"She knows how I keep your engagement diary," Amy pursued in a quiet level voice; "and Kate likes her too."

Kate was the cook; also she was an institution in the household.

"Don't say any more," muttered Richard. "Please, please don't say any more."

"But you'll remember?"

She felt his head nod on the pillow and gave a little sigh of content. "That's all right. I'm a bit tired now."

At three A. M. the casement curtains sucked out into the night as though an invisible being had passed through in silent haste. There was no movement from the figure on the bed. Those round were hushed to breathlessness, but from belowstairs came the wild sound of clenched hands beaten upon a table, the strained rattle of a man's laughter, cracked and hollow.

The family were very sincere, if a little businesslike, in their grief. They gave all possible help in clearing up the house, notifying undertakers and newspapers and disposing of Amy's effects. For some reason which they failed to comprehend Richard begged them to remove every knot of ribbon and garment which had been hers. Only a few trifles he collected and locked out of sight in a secret drawer. The veil she had worn at their wedding and a handful of dried stalks and rusty wires that once had been a bridal bouquet—the rest he disposed of ruthlessly.

"Do what you like with them," he said.

"But don't you want to keep something to remember her by?"

His reply was most unseemly.

"My Lord, if I could keep something to forget her by!"

The assembled eyebrows arched in unspoken reproval. Amy had never been a true member of the sacred circle, her time being too fully occupied with the needs of the man she had married, for regular attendance. During her life this monumental act of neglected duty may have been the subject for debate or censure, but having passed out of life she became firmly installed as part of the family and ethereal-ized as much on that account as on her own. That the husband of such a wife could so far degrade himself as to express desire to forget her was an infamy beyond reach of redemption.

"Selfish, selfish, selfish!" they pronounced.

His side of the case was unrepresented, and imagination—that hysterical quality so disastrous to firm rulings—conjured up no picture of a man whose grief was so constant, so ingrained as to be unbearable. Decency, common decency, demanded a uniform of outward and inward sable, an ordered grief which if properly conducted might find due reward in sympathetic heart-to-heart talks, to be arranged by appointment. Later, a slight relaxation might be suggested. Janet might propose that her husband play a round of golf with him; Ellen that he attend for supper on a Sunday night. It would not even be too great a concession if Wallace, the unmarried member of the family, were to give him a run in the Vauxhall, provided, of course, that he, Wallace, had nothing more important to do. Naturally these benefits would depend on the satisfactory bearing of the probationer—the gears of everyday life being engaged gently and in proportional ratio to the good marks allotted him. A bereaved husband almost invariably becomes part of the real estate of his wife's relations, however much or little they may have identified themselves with him prior to the disaster.

"We shall now be able to see," they argue, "just how much his love for her was worth." A yellow flag is hoisted at the doorway and the miserable victim enters into quarantine.

But Richard Carrington was not the best subject for the family method. He had his own views about life and grief and most of the things that matter; and, right or wrong, he preferred rather to act upon these than the pronouncements of other people. He knew quite well that so surely as his wife had understood him through and through, just so surely her family had no comprehension of him whatsoever. If he liked them it was because the source of their being was the source of hers and in them he could trace tricks of speech and manner shared by the perfect pattern that once was his. Wherefore he desired the company and companionship of family in its individual sense if not in the collective.

At the funeral he disgraced himself.

"I am sure Amy would wish this, that and the other," they were saying when the outburst occurred.

"Just don't talk about her!" he said. "I'm glad to see you here, and always shall be—but don't talk about Amy, please."

"Our sister!" The cry rose to the skies.

"Not of your sister but of my wife. I knew her—you didn't—that's why."

It has been suggested that heaven is a place where folks think and speak well of each other, which possibly presents the difference between a celestial and a cosmic state in its noblest if most improbable mood.

The family departed on their several ways and Richard Carrington was left to wonder how in the old days before he was married he avoided blowing out his brains.

The nights were the heaviest burden—the silence and the loneliness were intolerable. He would lie wide-eyed and listening to the nothingness about him—the thin violin note of the dark. Sometimes he called to Amy or stretched out a hand with the prayer that her spirit fingers might close upon his. But the doors of the past were slammed and bolted and sealed. As a measure of discipline he locked up the tiny wine cellar and threw the key over the neighboring wall; he had no taste for forgetfulness that came from a bottle.

And so the days lengthened to weeks, the weeks to months, and the wet gray clay of misery settled into the dry white marble of despair.

Only one person understood what he suffered and she was the girl, Elsie Masefield. With shy aloofness she kept away from the house for some while, but at last sympathy and desire to comfort brought her to the door. That evening marked the first step toward improvement. They talked together of Amy, her perfection, her smile, her lovableness. It was a beautiful talk and did ever such a lot of good. *(Continued on Page 114)*

"Dicky, You Must Marry Again, Because I—Want You To"

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

IN THE preceding chapter I endeavored, following the lines of the memorandum I had prepared for submission to the Emperor, to demonstrate the unreality of the so-called Great Slav Idea, alias Pan-Slaviam, as a possible factor in practical politics, and consequently the inadvisability of adopting it as a guiding star in the conduct of Russia's foreign policy. I shall now have to explain why it was that this idea, inasmuch as it influenced the policy of our government—or even merely the attitude of our diplomatic or consular agents who were frequently acting without authority on their own hook, so to speak, in reliance on the unfailing support of the Slavophile press—had become a stumblingblock on the road to a friendly understanding with the neighboring Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and a constant source of mutual irritation.

In order to understand the situation it is necessary to keep in mind that of the three principal nationalities composing the population of the monarchy the Slavs were numerically the strongest element; next came the Germans; and last the Hungarians, or Magyars. Politically, however, the order of their relative importance was different—the Germans as the dominant nationality occupied the first place; next came the Magyars; and last the Slavs. Though since 1867 Hungary had been a semi-independent kingdom, united to Austria only in the person of the monarch, the influence of the Magyars on the policy of the dualistic monarchy was predominant because the Austrian Government in its domestic policy had adopted the system of relying on Hungarian support as a counterpoise to the Slav element, which in the Austrian half of the monarchy was numerically in a considerable majority, but which it was thought necessary to keep down politically. This policy, on the face of it unreasonable and, as events have shown, fatal in its consequences, was based, however, on two considerations, which in the eyes of its advocates among Austrian statesmen were not unnaturally held to be extremely weighty ones:

First, it responded to the strongly developed nationalistic feeling of the German-Austrian population, used to age-long predominance, and reluctant to renounce it in favor of the Slav element. The second consideration was a more complicated and, in the eyes of Austrian statesmen probably, a more important one. It was connected with the situation in the Balkan Peninsula and with the policy Russia was pursuing, or was supposed to pursue, in regard to the Balkan states of Slav nationality.

In a previous chapter relating to the time when I was accredited as Minister to Serbia I had occasion to refer to the curious effect produced on the policies of the Slav states of the Balkan Peninsula by the rival influences of Russia and Austria-Hungary. Thus Bulgaria would seek the support of the latter against the former, and Serbia the support of Russia against Austria-Hungary, and vice versa, as circumstances might require; the result being that the Vienna government would consider one or the other of the Balkan Slav states as potentially most dangerous outposts of Russia against Austria-Hungary, the more so as the southern Slavs would naturally be in full sympathy with the Slav populations of the monarchy and would always be willing as well as able to foment among them discontent and a rebellious spirit.

On the other hand, Russia's policy—as far as our government can be said to have had any well thought out, well defined and consistently carried out policy—in the Balkan Peninsula was supposed to pursue a double aim: First, to prevent the spread of Austro-Hungarian influence in the Slav states, or, as Pan-Slavistic doctrine would have it, to protect these states from the pressure of Germanism in the shape of Austria and to foil her supposed aim of gaining an outlet to the Ægean Sea at Saloniki; and, secondly, to secure in the rear of Austria-Hungary an ally who might prove of use in case of an armed conflict with the neighboring monarchy.

The Great Bell, Known as the Bell of the Czars, Largest in the World, in the Kremlin, Moscow. It Weighs 198 Tons. Broken in the Making, It Was Never Rung

This policy, inasmuch as it was inspiring the activity of our diplomacy in the Near East, was evidently moving in a vicious circle: We were to antagonize Austria-Hungary's policy in the Balkan Peninsula in the hope of thereby securing an ally against her in case of war, whereas this very antagonism was in reality the only cause that could or was at all likely to lead to an armed conflict with the Dual Monarchy.

Treating this subject in the above-mentioned memorandum I wrote: "If this policy is inspired less by concern for the interests of Russia than by altruistic considerations regarding the interests of the Slavs of the Balkan Peninsula, the adherents of this policy are losing sight of the fact that the unfortunate population of Macedonia, already liberated at the cost of Russian blood and treasure, was replaced under the yoke of Turkey by the Berlin Congress solely because the dread of the specter of Pan-Slaviam in connection with the far-reaching plans attributed to Russia on the basis of the Great Slav Idea had arrayed against us not only Austria but also the other great Powers of Europe."

Thus, the unfortunate Macedonian Slavs had become the innocent victims of the Austro-Russian antagonism, born of a policy dear to the hearts of our Slavophiles. But this antagonism had still more fatal results. It had created a situation pregnant with the most serious consequences, not for Russia only but for the world, inasmuch as, in case of trouble occurring in the Balkans, the possibility of the intervention of Austria-Hungary as the Power most nearly interested in Balkan affairs would always have to be reckoned with, and consequently the likelihood of Russia, unless guided by a policy of reason and competent statesmanship, becoming involved in a conflict which would automatically lead to a general war in Europe owing to the play of existing alliances.

"If, however, we could bring ourselves to renounce the cult of the fetish of the Great Slav Idea the whole question of our relations with the Austro-Hungarian monarchy would present itself in quite another light. From the point of view of the security of our western frontier these relations were of no less importance than those with our other neighbor, Germany, and the maintenance of friendly relations with both, as they had existed for a century and a half, should have been the first and most important duty of Russian statesmanship. Russia was certainly not coveting any territorial acquisitions at the expense of Austria-Hungary, nor could the latter Power be suspected of any covetousness in regard to Russian possessions. The Austrian flirtations with our Ukrainophiles, barring some encouragement of their disloyalty to Russia, were not of any more practical importance than our flirtations with Austria's Slav subjects and our academic encouragements of their potential disloyalty to the Austrian Crown. Both Powers would certainly have acted wisely if they had put a damper on the exertions of their nationalistic agitators. But there existed no rational ground whatever for us to look askance at Austria's efforts to expand her political influence, after having been ousted from Germany, in the direction of southern Slavdom.

"To begin with, it was high time for us to realize that Russia was not the only great Slav Power in the world, that Austria was another—no more, indeed, exclusively Slav than Russia herself, but since the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina about two-thirds Slav—and that the more Slav countries she could succeed in bringing within the sphere of her interests, the greater and the more powerful would become the Slav element, and consequently the influence of Slavdom in the monarchy. The incongruity, therefore, of our manifesting in the supposed interest of the Great Slav Idea any jealousy of our neighbor on account of his annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina and of his tendency to seek expansion of his influence southward, would seem to be evident. In short, there was no rational ground whatever for supposing that two great Slav Powers could not exist side by side and live in peace and amity without attempting to encroach upon one another's domains or spheres of influence."

Moreover, such a consummation would have had the great merit of having laid forever the ghost of Pan-Slaviam under the headship of Russia, which for so long has been held to be a grave menace to the rest of Europe, though it has been kept alive only by the empty vaporings of our Slavophile press, noisy agitations of our Slav benevolent societies, and more or less insubordinate activities of our popularity-seeking diplomats and consuls in Slav countries. Pan-Slaviam under the headship of Russia never could have become a reality for the simple reason that Slavdom, divided against itself by more than one deadly feud, was united only in its reluctance to submit to the supremacy, let alone domination, of Russia in any shape or form. Of this we had a sufficiently enlightening experience when we tried our domineering policies on the Bulgarians we had just liberated from the Turkish yoke.

Having thus exposed in my memorandum, with what I thought sufficient convincingness, the unwisdom of suffering our policy to be guided by popular conceptions of the so-called Great Slav Idea, I proceeded to examine the other so-called historic task Russia was supposed to have had cut out for her by her obvious destiny, as well as by the unanimous traditional longing of the Russian people—the acquisition of Constantinople—Tsargrad and the Straits.

The Moskva River Takes a Tortuous Path Through Moscow

I first of all pointed out that all the vague and irresponsible talk so popular and so freely indulged in by our society, from the highest circles down to the lowest, about this so-called historic task of Russia, had been the cause of similar actual intentions of conquest being very generally attributed to our government in spite of repeated denials and assurances to the contrary, to which neither friend nor foe seemed to give any credence. At the same time inveterate and, it must be confessed, not quite groundless suspicions in this regard had given rise in England in the public mind and even in the councils of statesmen to perhaps natural but in any case entirely groundless apprehensions lest the most unlikely, but, after all, not impossible actual taking possession by Russia of Constantinople and the Straits might constitute a serious menace to England's communications with India and to the safety of Great Britain's Indian empire. The result, however, of all this had been a state of latent hostility which for more than half a century had profoundly affected the relations between the two great empires to the lasting advantage of neither of them.

This supposedly historic task of our policy in the Near East did not by any means, as I pointed out in my memorandum, deserve this qualification, "unless we were to accept as a reason therefor the legendary raid on Constantinople undertaken by Oleg, Prince of Kieff, in the beginning of the tenth century. Neither Peter the Great nor Catharine the Great ever pursued a similar chimera. They set themselves only such tasks as could be practically fulfilled. Catharine the Great never as much as dreamed of the conquest of Constantinople—her imagination was concerned merely with the restoration of the Byzantine empire under the scepter of a Russian grand duke—the celebrated so-called Greek Project.

"As regards the question of the Straits"—to quote from the aforesaid memorandum—"it is high time to abandon the idea that they represent the key to our house which we should put into our pocket. This is one of those phrases which convey no precise meaning, but, being thoughtlessly repeated by millions of people, end by acquiring a hypnotic influence over people's minds. In reality these Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles can just as little be considered to represent the key to our house as could the strait known as the Sound—Oresund—giving access to the Baltic Sea from the North Sea or German Ocean. Moreover, in the Black Sea we still hold the superiority of naval forces as against Turkey, whereas in the Baltic it has already, and, to all appearances, definitively passed into the hands of a neighboring Power, whose navy ranks as second only to that of Great Britain.

"The navigation of the Straits in time of peace, that is to say, in normal times, being free to merchantmen, is closed only to naval vessels of all Powers save Turkey, under the treaties of 1841 and 1856. This latter stipulation, depriving our navy of the right of free egress from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean and free ingress from the Mediterranean into the Black Sea, would seem indeed to constitute a serious disadvantage if we were in a position to consider our Black Sea ports as a naval base for a considerable fleet destined to operate beyond the limits of that sea."

Such an ambition, however, it would be folly for us to entertain, for the simple reason that in case of a war with a maritime power the Dardanelles, whether in our possession or not, could always be blockaded and closed to us by a superior naval force of the enemy. All that we really needed in the Black Sea was a fleet sufficiently strong to cope with any naval force Turkey could possibly be able to put to sea against us. To go beyond that on the plea that the Straits, not being in our possession and therefore open—with the consent of Turkey—to the passage of an enemy fleet, we needed a strong naval force in the Black Sea for defensive purposes, would in the first place be neglecting what a recent writer defined as "the general rule that lesser navies are but concentrated national wealth and power in bundles convenient for destruction," a rule the wisdom of which our own experience in the Crimean and Japanese wars should have taught us to respect, and furthermore would be objectless, considering that under modern conditions coast defense can be best assured from the shore and the landing of forces prevented or repulsed with disastrous effect to the invader.

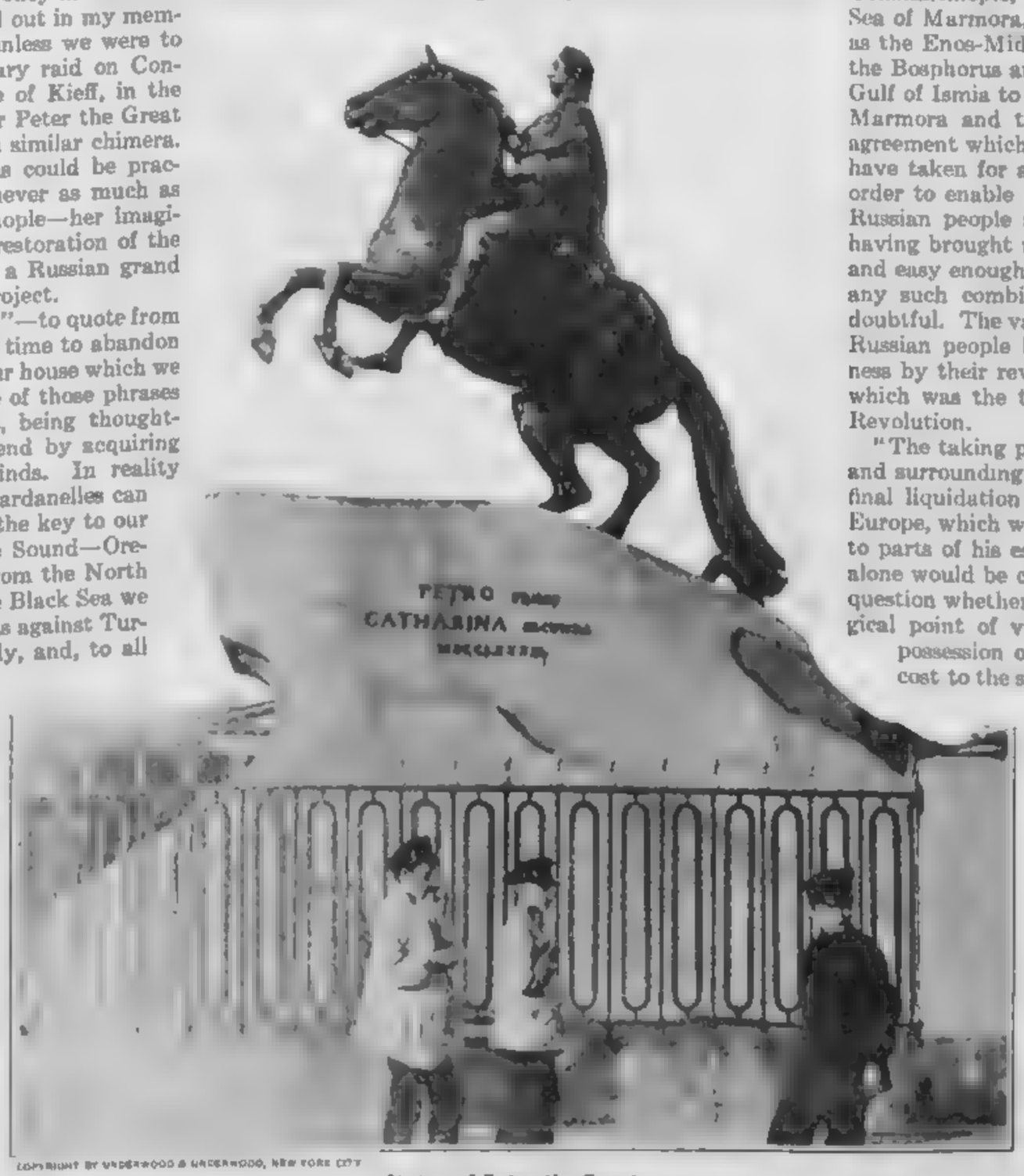
"It stands to reason, therefore, that the whole question of the freedom of the Straits is for us more a matter of sentiment than of any practical importance. Besides, we may rest assured that Great Britain would never consent to a modification to suit our wishes of the status of the Straits as established by the treaties."

I must observe here that this was written in the summer of 1912—that is to say, three years before Great Britain and France had agreed to the acquisition by Russia of Constantinople, the western coast of the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles, southern Thrace as far as the Enos-Midia line, the coast of Asia Minor between the Bosphorus and the River Sakaria, and a point on the Gulf of Ismia to be defined later, the islands in the Sea of Marmora and the islands of Imbros and Tenedos—an agreement which only simple-minded incompetence could have taken for anything but an empty promise given in order to enable Russian diplomacy to parade before the Russian people at least a semblance of justification for having brought upon Russia the catastrophe of this war, and easy enough to give because the actual realization of any such combination must have appeared more than doubtful. The value they attached to this justification the Russian people have demonstrated with sufficient clearness by their revolt against the continuation of the war, which was the true underlying meaning of the Russian Revolution.

"The taking permanent possession by us of the Straits and surrounding territories would necessarily involve the final liquidation of the inheritance of the Sick Man of Europe, which would be opposed by all those laying claim to parts of his estate. Of course the military authorities alone would be competent to pronounce judgment on the question whether it would be at all possible from a strategical point of view to take and to retain permanently possession of these Straits, and, if possible, at what cost to the state and to the nation. But this pseudo-patriotic talk about the necessity for us of taking possession of the Straits was indulged in by thousands of people who are either unable or unwilling to study closely the question whether this supposedly most important task of our foreign policy was really susceptible of accomplishment and what would be the consequences for Russia of the realization, if such were possible, of their patriotic dreams.

"There is, however, one really most important interest of Russia—and, for the matter of that, not alone of Russia but of all countries trading in the Black Sea—connected with this question of the Straits, and that is that they should at all times, whether in peace or in war, be free

(Continued on Page 161)



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Statue of Peter the Great

HORTENSE THE HELPFUL

By Boice DuBois

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

Wasn't He the Man Who Had Lifted the Bath Robe From the Hook of National Obscurity? Certainly He Was

WHEN the learned Ph. D.'s of a former generation sat them down to write a treatise on natural philosophy—that is, some ponderous tome which they desired to put over as an erudite wallop—they hastened to inject one fundamental thought into the plastic brain of the erstwhile eager student. "In the domain of nature," said they, "we are confronted with two major divisions—mind and matter." And so effectively did they shoot this educational hypodermic that even in our day the uncultured recognize this basic principle as an aid to human classification, inasmuch as they often refer to certain types wherein bone and ivory have crowded out the first of the major divisions.

Joel Baldaney was of such; but at the same time, far be it from us to imply that Joel was uncultured, because he was worth at least seven millions and spent his winters at Palm Beach. Nevertheless, Joel had long since exhausted his catalogue of scorching epithets when referring to the paucity of brains among the numerous employees of the firm of Baldaney & Killmer, in that he had hit all the high spots from blockhead to nincompoop.

"It's the human equation that's pulling all the slats out of our business crib," was the way Joel put it; and Joel knew, because he was the boss carpenter who had sawed each stanchion, post and slat that went into the snug little structure. Wasn't he the man who had lifted the bath robe from the hook of national obscurity and placed it under the soft light of the library lamp? Certainly he was. Why the Bal-da-ney Bath Robe was so popular in America that millions of tired business men went home at night and simply said, "Bring papa his Bal-da-ney," and every member of the family knew just what he wanted. And who was it but Joel Baldaney who invented new names for color combinations? "Get hubby a comfy-brown Bal-da-ney for his Christmas"—that was one of Joel's advertisements which appeared in every magazine from Texas to Tuckahoe. "Ask him if he wants a lazy-blue Bal-da-ney de luxe for his birthday?" was another; and it was a good one, because the minute he thought of calling it a "de luxe" he raised the price eight dollars.

Of course any man who has pulled seven million dollars out of bath robes, just as if they were so many basting threads, will find that his nervous system is asking him to sit down and talk things over. At least, it was that way with Joel. He had acquired a peculiar sort of nervous wink that frisked with his good right eye, and the worst of it was that he would release it at the most inopportune moments. It might not have been so bad if he could have synchronized a bit now and then with his left optic, but his straight one-eye wink gave him a baneful aspect even when he would look benign.

Now the unfortunate part of it was that Joel's ragged-edge nerves were jig-sawing holes into his disposition, and he found it difficult to retain the services of a competent secretary. They came—they saw—and then they faded. Some of them fainted during the first battle.

Still, heaven is kind even to the nervous, and with the advent of Miss Hortense Telfer into his private office the sun began to shine from behind the clouds of incompetency, and the little blue bird twittered again for Joel.

Then again—Hortense was fair to-behold, being artistically tall and, withal, willowy. In truth, Hortense was a wax-doll blonde, and that by divine right. Furthermore, for purposes of tabloid registration, it is permissible to say that, potentially speaking, Hortense was éclat, poise and stenographic perfection. Such speed! There would be a chattering of keys, a ratcheting whir—and the finished letter would shoot a parabolic curve from her machine straight to Joel's flat-top desk. And as for accuracy! Her spacing was like the seven stars of the Pleiades, and her punctuation as specific as the ancient jot and tittle of the Hebrew scribe.

However, even as the pestiferous miasma of early morn will smear the pink of rosy dawn, so some misfit human cog can ofttimes scratch the polished veneer of business efficiency. In this case it was Old Man Boggles, the chemist, who had thrown a monkey wrench into the bath-robe works, and Joel's partner, Mr. Killmer, who ran the manufacturing end of the business, was releasing all the bad news over the telephone.

"Boggles has been away now for ten days," said Killmer. "He takes a vacation whenever he feels like it, and if he does not show up to-morrow I shall have to close down, because we have not got an ounce of dye in the factory."

"Close down!" shrieked Joel. "Do you mean to tell me that we are going to have our plant tied up just because that doddering old chemist has been away for ten days?"

"It looks that way to me. He's the only man who knows anything about our formulas, and won't countenance the idea of an assistant. Not a soul has been in our laboratory in ten years. Boggles will not stand for it and he recently told me that he would resign the minute I made a move to check him up on his formulas. You can figure the size of the hole we would be in if he should die. It would be the end of our comfy browns and lazy blues."

Then Joel smashed the receiver back on the hook, and used language that would have frizzled the tresses of any stenographer—blonde or brunette; and after a while—just because he couldn't think up any new names to call Boggles, and also because he did not want to incur the possibility of losing a rattling good stenographer—he stopped.

"Really, Miss Telfer, I beg your pardon," said he.

"Don't mind me," replied Hortense. "Go as far as you like—I'm leaving Saturday."

"What!" shouted Joel. "You are giving up your position?"

"Yes," said Hortense, shooing a lovely tress of blond hair—which resembled a stretch of molasses candy—away from her pink ear.

"In heaven's name, what has gone wrong with you?"

"Nothing—I'm leaving because everything has gone right."

"What do you mean?"

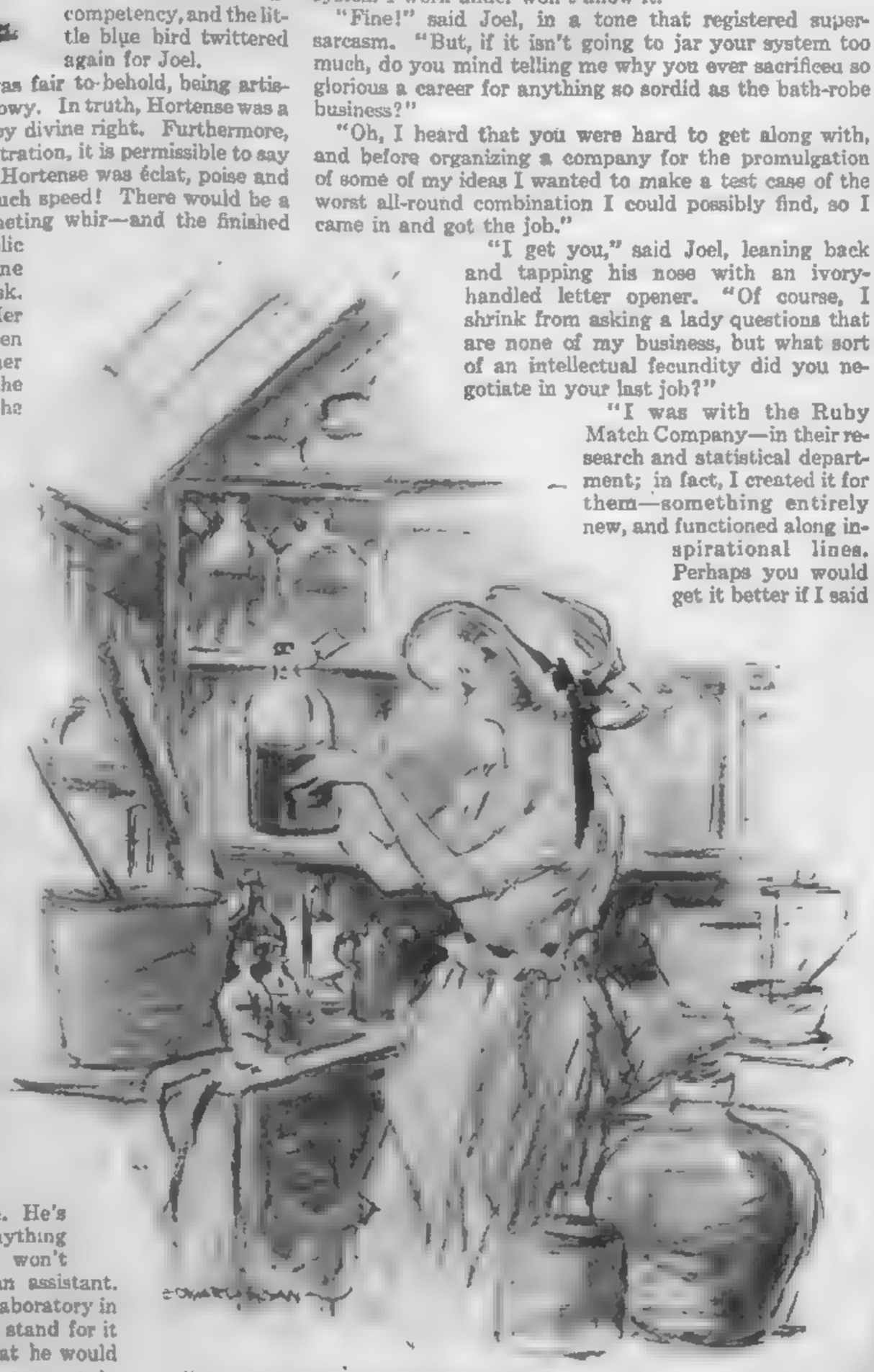
"Well, you see it is like this: I classify under the restless-blonde type—you know—what you might call the temperamental impressionalists; and once having attained the ultimate ideal I take up something else. As a stenographer I'm perfect and I know it—that's why I can't stay here any longer. The system I work under won't allow it."

"Fine!" said Joel, in a tone that registered super-sarcasm. "But, if it isn't going to jar your system too much, do you mind telling me why you ever sacrificed so glorious a career for anything so sordid as the bath-robe business?"

"Oh, I heard that you were hard to get along with, and before organizing a company for the promulgation of some of my ideas I wanted to make a test case of the worst all-round combination I could possibly find, so I came in and got the job."

"I get you," said Joel, leaning back and tapping his nose with an ivory-handled letter opener. "Of course, I shrink from asking a lady questions that are none of my business, but what sort of an intellectual fecundity did you negotiate in your last job?"

"I was with the Ruby Match Company—in their research and statistical department; in fact, I created it for them—something entirely new, and functioned along inspirational lines. Perhaps you would get it better if I said



"Having Once Gained an Entrance I Measured the Contents of Each Bottle and Made a Careful Note of It"

that it was a felt-soled auxiliary to scientific salesmanship, because when you come to analyze things it does pussyfoot along with it, and a clever idea—once you grasp it."

"Oh, I've got the focus all right," said Joel. "Please continue."

"Well, as I said, it's new, and I suppose that some day I shall have to cult it, in order to reach the masses. The first principle is: Never struggle for an idea, but let them come—as will. At the Ruby Match Company I worked under disadvantages, because I had to demonstrate through a poor medium. The manager wasn't exactly the right type, being a brunet, but I stayed long enough to demonstrate perfection—then I left."

At this point Joel picked up a glass paper weight with a mirror back, and glanced into it as if to get a line on his own classification, then asked: "What was the matter with the manager?"

"Inflammation of the ego, I should say," answered Hortense.

"What did you accomplish for the Ruby Match Company?"

"Raised their sales by about a million gross."

"How?" asked Joel, with something akin to interest, for the first time.

"I did it through the magic of my system. It was this way. One day I was lunching with my friend Mazie Dayton, and she remarked casual-like: 'Hortense, I haven't had a cold this winter, but I guess I better knock wood.' Then she rapped the table with her knuckles—and that minute the sales of the Ruby Match Company were boosted by a million gross."

"It's a little too dense for me," said Joel.

"Not at all. The minute she made that remark my system began to work. At once I visualized the universal force behind the superstitious urge, and said to myself: 'Why not set it to work in the match business?'"

"Did you?"

"Certainly. Have you ever heard the expression: 'No three on a match'?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I invented that, and as our general manager at the Ruby company said to the president one day: 'Trenholm,' said he, 'it's the wisest little bowser that ever came into the match trade.' You see it has drifted all over the map."

"How did you start it?"

"First among the baseball fans, then in the clubs and colleges. It was a flash idea for the match business, when you consider that each year there are something like fifty billion pipes lighted in the country, and possibly as many cigars and cigarettes. I knew that if I could get all the smokers a bit superstitious about passing round a lighted match, and once sell them on the idea that it was bad luck for three persons to use the same one, it would increase the consumption. And as I said before it boosted the little sticks by about a million gross."

By this time Joel was gazing at her in awe. She was one of two things—either a genius or a featherbrain. His inclination pushed him toward the latter conclusion, but his experience argued for the former. One thing was certain—her repeated assertion that she had demonstrated perfection was in keeping with the record she had made while in his employ.

"What about this company you intend to organize?" he finally asked.

"I shall call it the National Bureau of Psychic Inspiration, for the correlation and conservation of brilliant commercial ideas," said Hortense as she smoothed a few imaginary wrinkles from her immaculate waistline.

For several minutes Joel glared at her, then in deadly, concise, but even tones said: "You are a fool."

"All geniuses are until they deliver," said Hortense, blowing a speck of dust from the nickeled machine in front of her, "but I've made good, so you are wrong. On the other hand, I am more consistent than you are. When I make an implication—the same as you have—I prove it."

"That is a sizzling insinuation," said Joel, grinning at her audacity in spite of himself. "Does it imply that I am a fool?"

"Since you are so candid in discussing the matter—yes."

"Can you prove it?"

"Certainly."

Once more Joel settled back into his chair, but this time he scratched his ear with the letter opener.

"Go ahead—I'm waiting."

"It is the Same Peculiar Energizing Power That Maeterlinck Refers to When He Talks of the 'Odic Effluvium'"

"Any man is a fool who allows a single individual to carry round the important secrets of his business."

"You mean Boggles?"

"Yes."

"What would the Bureau of Psychic Inspiration do if I engaged its professional services in connection with a case like this?"

"The chances are that it would hand you the formulas in less than a week," she answered.

"What would the charges be for a service of this character?"

Hortense figured with a pencil for a minute, then answered: "Oh, about a thousand dollars—enough to fit up an office for the new organization."

There was a sudden squeak to the swivel chair, which ended in a thud as Joel brought himself squarely in front of his desk.

"Draw your pay Saturday night and consider your employment with us at an end," said he decisively, turning to the papers on his desk.

Without so much as the quiver of an eyelash or the palpitation of a dimple Hortense struck a grammatical chord on the typewriter in front of her, at the exact spot where she had left off when interrupted by Joel, her wonderful fingers flashing with the dazzling splendor of a Fourth of July sparkler.

"Gad—but I wish I had her nerve!" said Joel under his breath.

Then he touched a button that buzzed a call in the sales manager's office, and a moment later Mr. Luffkin was seated at his desk with a record of the previous month's sales in his hands.

Joel took one look at it—then turned on the liquid fire, full force.

"In the name of sweet blue blazes what's the matter with the sales force of this firm? What have we got on the road, anyway—a crowd of tourists? Are they traveling for their health?"

"I know that this report makes a very poor showing, Mr. Baldaney," said Luffkin; "but at the same time you want to remember that we have done very little advertising for the last three months."

"Advertising!" howled Joel. "Say, I've spent a million dollars advertising our comfy browns and lazy blues, and ——"

But Joel had paused right in the midst of his excitement, and was gazing at Hortense, who was smiling sweetly.

"Maybe you think that you could even boost the sale of Bal-da-neys, with this pussyfoot flub-dub of yours," he said with scorching sarcasm.

"I would not be surprised," replied Hortense, without lifting so much as an eye from the copy in front of her or missing a comma on the nickel-plated machine. "In fact, I'm quite confident that the bureau could dig up the big corrective."

A nervous spasm quivered through the shrinking form of the apologetic Mr. Luffkin. What unorthodox familiarity was this? Were the heavens about to fall and the pillars of society crack? Such familiar flippancy between Joel Baldaney, the millionaire bath-robe manufacturer, and a pert blond stenographer! He wondered if his ears had deceived him, but the next moment his speculations were cut as short as a postwar charlotte russe, by the Honorable Joel, who had turned upon him.

"There is something soft and flabby in the sales organization of this firm—I can tell you that; and I'm going to inject some essence of pep into the whole miserable outfit. Take this matter up with me the first thing in the morning."

"Yes, sir," said the meek Mr. Luffkin, making his escape with becoming alacrity.

After which, being all rasped up to a nervous saw-tooth edge, Joel did a mean thing. He began to machine-gun his dictation to Hortense at double his normal speed, thinking thereby to confuse the blond perfectionist and riddle her vaunted claim to stenographic superiority, but the lady responded with the speed of a spring shade roller. Letters, reports, tabulated documents—all went into the little notebook, without a single false entry, halt or question. Finally, as Joel paused for breath, she looked up and in dulcet tones, soft as the tinkle of silvery bells, asked: "Shall I take your dictation direct on the typewriter? I am far speedier that way, if you are pressed for time."

Thereupon Joel capitulated, and suddenly remembered that it ill behooved his dignity to fence with a bath-robe

(Continued on Page 58)

Picking Presidential Candidates

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

POLITICS is versatile and mutable; likewise, ductile. There is high politics. There is low politics. Also, and for present consideration, there is presidential politics, which is a combination of all other sorts, with a dash of lavender, a bar sinister, a brightly polished halo, an upturned and beatific eye and a saintly aspect.

Presidential politics is a mixture of advertising and alchemy. The original alchemists got nowhere in their efforts to put across their formulas for transmuting base metals into pure gold. The trouble was that they had no knowledge of publicity, nor machinery for it. If Paracelsus, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon and the other old boys had had live bunches of press agents they not only would have established their claims but would have been able to capitalize their companies and sell their stock. Transmutation is done every day now. It is one of the initial operations in presidential politics. The leaders take a second-grade man and transmute him, to and for the people, into a first-grade one; or the press agents say they do, which amounts to the same thing with our thinking proletariat. Alchemy and advertising do the trick.

Of course it takes some experimentation. Even Hermes Trismegistus, who was a god, didn't get away with it on the first trial. Some of the base material our political alchemists work on simply will not transmute, and must be discarded; but, at that, they have reasonable success, as a survey of their efforts in this anteconvention period will testify. If they can keep the spell of the abracadabra working until the early and the late days of June they will cash in at Chicago and at San Francisco, and they will emerge with the candidates, the bonds, the preferred stock and fifty-one per cent of the common.

Coming events cast their shadows before: sometimes behind; and often all there is to the event is the shadow of it. That trio is a normal one in a preconvention campaign like this one. There are many shadows of various textures and sharpness of outlines, but the chief shadow, the sharpest one, the one most clearly delineated, is the one of the bosses getting what they are after because nobody is taking steps to stop them.

COURTESY OF THE N. HERMES EBN MILLER
Herbert Hoover

Outrages Perpetrated to Order

WHEN the late Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, was running the House of Representatives in Washington in his capacity as Czar, it was his custom to call in the Democratic leaders and say to them: "Boys, after the House meets at noon to-day we intend to perpetrate the following outrages"—and give the details. Reed was in better case than those who are concerned with the forthcoming conventions, because Reed had the specifications for his outrages. He knew. All that can be said for the plans of the bosses at the time of writing, which is late April, is that though it is reasonably certain there will be plenty of outrages the exact nature of them is not yet apparent. The plans are not yet made. The spirit is willing, but the dope has not all been mixed.

This is no time for prophecy. Looking back over former preconvention campaigns and former conventions one might set forth a series of outrages, based on past performances, that reasonably may be expected to occur. And they may come off. On the other hand, an entirely novel series—new stuff—may be perpetrated. So there you are.

However, in order that the public may have a glimmer after it has happened of why it did happen, and whence, it may not be amiss to set forth certain aspects of the situation at the time of writing; nothing prophetical, and all historical, because as yet all is fluid and unmixed, but the mixologists are beginning to get on the job. After being apprised of the preliminaries it will be comforting to look back and trace the progress of the two enterprises of nominating Republican and Democratic candidates for President, and mark with crosses the exact spots where the deeds were done. The only way to judge the present is by the future, but there is consolation in having the low-down on the past. This country will be thickly populated with clamorous I-told-you-soers along about the first of July, and the appalling circumstance of it all is that they refrained from telling until after the event instead of doing some of their shouting before when the noise might have been a deterrent.

However, as Burke set forth, there is no nourishment in trying to indict a nation. What Burke failed to add was that neither is there necessity for such proceeding, all that is needed is to let a nation alone and it will indict itself.

The primary instinct in all humans is self-preservation, and that instinct reaches its highest and most insistent development in the political boss; also, the most adaptable. Always, if a boss cannot preserve all of himself he is willing to preserve as much as he can, down to the tiniest shred; for even with a molecule remaining of his boss-ship he can rebuild, because in the four years between elections nobody tries to stop him or pays any attention to what he is doing. The people have knocked down the bosses in this country a number of times, but always they have allowed them to get up again.

The boss starts proceedings in each campaign with an identical program. That program is to nominate a man for President who will be to his liking. Sometimes that program prevails. Sometimes it does not. If it does not, the boss nominates a man who is three-quarters, half, one-quarter—a little in his control. He plays in a descending scale, hoping and planning to save something out of the wreck. He'll take half if he cannot get the loaf—a slice, a crust, a crumb; or, if worse comes to worst, he'll be grateful for the paper the loaf was wrapped in—anything to identify him with the baking, for if he gets nothing he is nothing. He has no resource of his own. All he has is what is conferred on him.

It has been so always. It will be so as long as the people delegate their political powers. It was so when this preconvention campaign began. It is so as this is written. The Republican bosses set out to nominate a man for President, and the Democratic bosses set out to nominate a man for President. The Republicans had a free field. The Democrats were hampered by the fact that President Wilson wasn't playing the game with them. Still, they set up the same pins. They invited candidacies. They encouraged favorite sons. They multiplied contestants in order to divide constituencies. That part of it was all conventional and obvious.

Things began to happen. Primaries came along. Certain men got out in front. Strength and weaknesses developed. Spurts were made. The ballyhoo became nation-wide. The people began to visualize the contest. The voters remembered that next November the occupant of the White House for four years from March 4, 1921, will be elected. Everything was regular so far, working well, all set. Then came the period for first selective efforts, for casting up, for checking off, for finding out where they stand; and that period is just over as I write. The thing has straightened out and developed and, though what will happen will be interesting, what has happened is equally interesting and may be illuminating when it is all over.

The term "bosses," as used in politics, is an inclusive and a general one. There are various sorts of bosses, and numerous kinds of bossing. In presidential politics they range the gamut, but the chief and principal bosses, the superbosses, are the professional, or operating, bosses and the producing bosses. The operating bosses are the men who are practical politicians, who devote their time to leadership and direction and who stand out in front as leaders and directors. They are as permanent as may be. That is, they continue in power from year to year, because, having ability and skill of politics enough to attain leadership, they have skill and ability enough to retain it, and because, mainly, there are few serious efforts to dethrone them. The game of politics is so predicated on the give-and-take principle that a good taker who is a good giver can remain indefinitely in his leadership, for the simple and effective reason that by his giving and taking he holds his followers in line and because the politician bases all his actions on regularity and organization.

An ambitious small fellow hesitates a long time before he starts anything in the way of breaking down a leader, for the basic principle of politics that has been ground into him is that it is the organization that counts, not the individual, and he knows that even if he revolted not many of his fellows would, and the result would be that he would be left with nothing instead of with the proportionate share he would have if he stayed regular.

Real Bosses as Fixed Quantities

THE fetish of organization is what gives the bosses their continued power with their political associates. It holds the small fry in line. Thus we see, year after year, the same men held to be the leaders of the Republican Party and the same men held to be the leaders of the Democratic Party—professionally, that is. As a matter of fact, a good

General Wood

adaptable boss usually holds on until he dies—Platt, in New York, for example, and Quay, in Pennsylvania, or Roger Sullivan, in Chicago. The real boss is a fixed quantity. You hear and read a lot of protest and muttering, but every four years the same men appear at the presidential conventions and run things in the same old way.

The producing bosses are the men who finance the politics. These are important, but not constant—that is, a presidential campaign in one year may evolve a new set of producing bosses because of some special or personal interest in political and governmental affairs at the time that induces them to contribute. New blood and new money are constantly coming into the producing end of politics, because a policy that may have been vital to some of these politicians in one campaign may leave them cold and unresponsive in another.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. McAdoo

However, there are a certain number of producing bosses that always want a say in governmental affairs, who are as invariable as the big operating bosses. These men, with the big politicians, constitute the real boss-ship of our politics.

Just as the political bosses are divided into party groups, so the producing bosses divide—that is, there are Republican producing bosses and Democratic producing bosses, but with this difference: The political boss in a presidential campaign, having done his best to keep control, stays regular—to all outward appearances, at any rate. If he is a Republican he keeps on the Republican side. If he is a Democrat he keeps on the Democratic side. He may have to deal with the opposition now and then and do some throwing and trimming, but in the large measure he is regular and plays fair with his party. The producing boss sometimes plays both ends against the middle and contributes to both sides. However, in the main the big producing bosses are tagged. They produce for one side or the other chiefly. Usually they have an eye to the main chance, and often a few anchors to windward, in case their candidate should be beaten. To hold his followers in line and retain his grip the big political boss must be regular, for regularity is his bulwark with the little fellows. The big producing boss has no such tight obligation.

Outsiders Horn Into the Running

IT TAKES money to run a presidential campaign, and lots of it. The costs have been increasing for twenty years and more. Now politics is not a particularly remunerative business. The professional politician, the big one, must spend money in keeping his organization intact and effective, because that is the only method by which he can retain himself in power and keep his party in power. He contributes what he can, no doubt, but tremendously more is needed. Thus, his problem is to get enough money to make a winning campaign, and the only place to get that money is from people who have money and who are willing to give it on the statements of such political prospects as can be shown to them.

The big producing boss, though he often is in politics because he likes the game and is interested in playing it, rarely neglects the personal end of it.

The political bosses can, by their own methods, foster a candidate, but the candidate must have some sort of popular recognition before they can get far with him. Their case is easy if they have picked a candidate who is well regarded popularly. Their case is much more difficult if they are obliged to create favorable popular regard. There is where the advertising comes in, and the alchemy also.

The real dependence of the political bosses is on the operations of the convention when assembled, and immediately before. Of course there have been instances when the campaign made the nomination certain, but in this specific campaign the plan has been to multiply candidates with the idea of picking one at convention time.

The political bosses have not made much of a showing so far. Their intentions were good, and are yet, but the three men who have done most for themselves in the preliminaries—Wood, Johnson and Hoover—were not on the original list, nor are they on it yet. The fact is that the political bosses of the Republican Party had no idea of nominating any of these men and have no desire to nominate any of them now. Moreover, they do not intend to nominate any of them if they can help it.

Several things happened. Wood and Johnson cut wide swaths, and Hoover, who has the largest popular following, declared himself in.

As soon as Johnson began his campaign in earnest he met with a lively, enthusiastic and, to the old-line bosses, disconcerting reception. Meantime, such candidates as Harding and Lowden were not making much headway. Then Hoover, for whom the old-line Republicans had figured a Democratic support and, it might be, nomination, dropped a monkey wrench into the machinery by declaring himself a candidate for the Republican nomination, or at least indicating that he would accept such a nomination if it was offered to him.

Attorney-General Palmer

This situation, as will be shown later, left the old-line Republicans impaled on a three horned dilemma, and it evoked a considerable amount of lively slangwhanging back and forth. A large portion of this was directed at General Wood. A metropolitan newspaper printed a list of millionaires who were said to be in support of Wood and financing his campaign, and this was taken up by Senator Borah in the Senate, presumably in behalf of Johnson, who made the same charges. The allegations were that certain oil, gunpowder, copper and other interests were behind the general; but the names of the old and reliable and long-time producing bosses who have financed the operating bosses of the Republican Party for so long did not appear. In addition to this it was reported that there was soon to appear a detailed description of the physical condition of Wood, predicated on the noticeable stiffness, or dragging, of his left foot when he walks, but the Wood supporters neatly forestalled that by making public a statement concerning his health.

General Wood's Physical Condition

MRS. DOUGLAS ROBINSON, of New York, who is a sister of the late Colonel Roosevelt, had a meeting at her home and introduced to those present Dr. Alexander Lambert, of New York, a most distinguished physician, who attended both General Wood and Colonel Roosevelt. Doctor Lambert read a statement from Dr. Harvey Cushing, of Boston, who performed an operation on General Wood, prefacing that statement by saying that the question of General Wood's health "has come up at odd times for a long time. I knew him before and after the Spanish-American War—after his lameness and after his operation—and was his medical adviser for a number of years. . . . When General Wood was in Cuba his desk was immediately beneath the large knob of a chandelier. Jumping up in a hurry, he struck the middle of his head on the knob of the chandelier. Though he was hurt, he thought nothing of it and continued his work."

Doctor Lambert explained that later a cyst developed in General Wood's head and read Doctor Cushing's statement which described the operation as follows: "At the operation a cyst was removed from the foot center of the right hemisphere. It had been there many years. It was a perfectly benign tumor and he has since had no symptoms whatsoever. The stiffness and awkwardness of the left foot which were there before the operation will be permanent. His mentality, however, was not affected in the slightest and, so far as anyone can tell his physical condition, he is in absolutely perfect health."

Commenting on this, Doctor Lambert said, "In plain words, a cyst was taken out of the general's head about the size of a mandarin orange, and it didn't bother him any more than a broken leg. There is no danger of his becoming insane from it. There has been no mental deterioration of any kind."

With this matter out of the way, the consideration of Wood, both for and against, came back to those behind him.

While this was under discussion Johnson made great progress. He conducted an effective campaign, got support in places where the big bosses did not think he would, and in general set up a lively and resultful opposition to Wood. He charged that Wood was being financed by the big producers, charged that money had been used in various states in large amounts, and acted as a general and efficacious

(Continued on Page 182)

GWEN'S TONGUE

IX

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

JOAN had dropped the box of bouvardia in the waste-basket by Sim's desk when Jerry joined her. "I beat you," she said. "I was at the telephone until about three minutes ago," he justified himself. "What have you been doing?"

"Dressing, and telling the maid Gwen loaned me about you. She thinks you're 'luvla looking!'"

"That all?" Jerry asked, giving her another moment. Then: "What did you write Alex about?"

The part of Joan that had been trained under Aunt Ellen Pennoyer answered with the glibness of guilt: "I told him our engagement was going to be a secret for a little while. He'd said he was going to write some letters and I didn't want him to mention it." She hadn't even had to hunt for words. It rather appalled her.

"Oh, was that it?" Jerry exclaimed, relief in his smile.

"Did you think I told him you were only second choice, baby?"

"I've told you I'm a fool."

"You're a darling."

His wrinkling smile was incredulous. She proved the sincerity of her words with a kiss. He put his arms about her. It was only because Alex whistled, presumably to spare his own feelings, that he found them looking over L'Illustration with suspicious aloofness.

"Hello there!" he said. "I think Gwen's calling you, Jerry. I heard her yelling, anyway."

"What the deuce?" Jerry asked, starting for the door.

It gave Alex a chance to lean to Joan.

"Saw Gwen. It's all right," he said. Then: "Jerry knows about the note. I'll fix it up."

Joan would have had time to tell him that she had done so herself, but she was ashamed. Jerry reappeared.

"If she was yelling for me she's stopped," he announced. "I guess she can wait till she comes down."

"I haven't seen you to congratulate you before," Alex said. "You're the luckiest man alive."

"Thanks," Jerry returned, indicating quite successfully that he would take no further interest in expressions of Alex's opinion.

Joan had gone to the window and pulled back the drapery.

"It's a heavenly night," she commented. A surge of moonlight brightened the pane. Jerry went and stood beside her.

"Oh, thanks for that address, Joan," Alex said casually.

Joan didn't answer, but she could feel Jerry stiffen. Alex picked up the magazine they had dropped.

"She sent me a note with an address I asked her for," he explained artlessly, then turned a page and became absorbed.

Jerry looked at her, and Joan said, "I put it in the note asking him not to speak of our engagement," and realized that if she had not been guilty she would have said nothing at all. That was the moment of Gwen's entrance.

"Hello, you darlings!" she greeted them. "It's Sim's birthday party to-night. If I'd known about the engagement I'd have arranged to have a pair of doves flop out of the birthday cake, but I really didn't expect it so soon. I'd ordered everything in hearts for to-morrow."

Sim, who had followed her, said, "Evening, people," without much fire, because his interest was all absorbed in the search for his pencil.

He went over to his desk to look in a drawer he thought he might have passed.

Jerry moved toward Gwen, and Alex, standing near Joan, said "Sorry" in a low voice that made her feel she had set foot irretrievably on a quicksand of intrigue. She rebuked him with astonishingly pretty shoulder blades.

"Ask Alex what he meant by that about Joan, will you, Gwen?" Jerry was saying.

"I will later," Gwen answered. She was sure he'd forget before dinner was over.

Jerry glanced at Alex, who was leaning back against the table, his arms folded, trying to say something round Joan's shoulder.

"Never mind," he censured her postponement. "I will."

"Oh, what's the use?" Gwen protested, realizing she should head him off. In her inmost heart it rather pleased her that Jerry wasn't going to be deflected. She loved excitement.

"Alex," Jerry summoned his attention, "who did you mean would stab Gwen for throwing Joan and me together?"

"Plenty of people would like to, I imagine," Alex evaded, glancing at Joan to see if she appreciated him.

"This was someone in particular," Jerry insisted.

"Oh, Jerry ——" Joan began in laughing protest.

"Cocktails," Gwen exclaimed, throwing Chambers, who had entered with the tray, a glance like a kiss. "Come, children, when this bottle of gin is finished we'll have to go back to beginning dinner with a grace."

"I Would Rather be Thrown Into an Arena of Wild Beasts Than Come to One of Your House Parties"

Alex lifted his glass in long fingers.

"Here's to the fiances," he said, looking at Joan with eyes meant to be haggard and gallant.

"Aren't you going to drink this toast, Simmy?" Gwen shouted so that Sim heard and rose from the wastebasket on which his search had concentrated, carrying a box.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Something Chambers threw away, I suppose," Gwen answered. "Come and drink to Joan and Jerry."

Sim shook the pasteboard cube.

"Something in it," he commented. Then as he opened it: "Flowers."

"What?" Gwen said. "Why, it's bouvardia! They're your favorites, aren't they, Joan?"

"Yes," Joan admitted, "I—I ——"

It was the moment for Alex.

"You mustn't ——" he began.

By that time, however, Jerry had worked out what he thought was the explanation.

"They're some I sent for," he said. "Chambers must have thrown them away by mistake. I hope they're not spoiled, Joan."

"They're lovely," Joan answered. "I just adore them."

Alex looked straight at her.

"The gods are good," he said.

"Aren't they?" Gwen agreed. "It was just luck that Sim found them. Ring for Chambers, Alex."

"Oh, they're found!" Alex protested. "Don't bother Chambers about them. Let's have our toast—the fiancés."

They drank.

"I know you're only doing it to please me," Gwen said, looking at Joan and Jerry with half-shut eyes, as though they were a picture; "but you do look well together."

"Thanks," Jerry answered. "But all this doesn't answer my question. Alex, who was it?"

"You take the most unusual interest in my conversation," Alex parried. "It's very flattering, but I don't keep a card catalogue of every casual remark I make."

"Well ——" Jerry insisted.

There was something ominous in the lightness his voice preserved.

At that moment Chambers entered with a parcel. Gwen saw her opportunity to introduce a pleasing divertisement.

"Chambers," she questioned, "how did you happen to throw Mr. Duane's flowers in the wastebasket?"

"I beg pardon, Mrs. Applegate?" Chambers' failure to understand was almost a reproof.

"Mr. Applegate just found Mr. Duane's box of flowers in the wastebasket."

"There must be some mistake, Mrs. Applegate," he replied. "Mr. Duane's flowers have just arrived. I was bringing them to him."

He extended the package to Jerry.

Jerry pulled at the strings.

"What are those then?" he puzzled.

"Those must be Mr. Iredell's, sir," Chambers suggested neatly, as though he were clearing every cloud away and making all the world content.

And so saying he bowed and withdrew, very much satisfied with himself.

Alex lost his head a little. It was the cue for his speech, but he didn't make it.

"So they must be," he said.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" Jerry demanded in a profane tone.

Sim, who had learned to read expressions, saw something was amiss and to display his discernment said: "I know what's up. Jerry's ragging Alex for saying he was going to stab Gwen for making the match between Joan and him."

"And that," Gwen commented quite aloud, though she was under the impression that she was only thinking it, "is the first remark Sim has volunteered in five years."

What Jerry had suspected was confirmed. He saw that Gwen had known all along and been trying to keep it from him.

"Oh," he said, "oh ——"

Whereupon Chambers in the rôle of the eternal things that pause not for the sorrow of man, an allegory of time and tide, stepped into the doorway and announced: "Dinner is served."

*

IT WAS precisely the situation Alex had hoped for. He led Gwen to the dining room exultantly. She was under the impression that she was distressed and sorry, but she really felt delightfully keyed up. Sim, conscious by intuition of electricity in the air, was quickly distracted by the white cake with blazing candles which centered the table and the pile of gaudy packages at his plate. Even Jerry and Joan felt relief at the diversion.

"My birthday, isn't it?" Sim said. "Forgotten all about it. Pretty."

Everyone screamed "Many happy returns," and Gwen kissed him.

"Aren't you going to look at your presents?" she demanded.

Sim then went through the miserable comedy of a man receiving such incumbrances as his friends have tortured from their imaginations, with more grace than most can infuse into the rôle.

"Fine," he would comment; or "I like that, Joan"; or "Look at this," as he undid the packages.

"Mine's the last," Gwen informed him. "Hurry up, the soup's getting cold."

It was the fountain pen and knife attached to the pencil they had been designed to match.

"Great!" Sim said. "The pencil too. You knew where it was all the time." That amused him a great deal.

"It's been gone for two weeks," Gwen screamed, and he chuckled and kept chuckling at intervals through the meal that officially began.

Joan and Jerry sat together. They would have bartered years of gray age for five minutes alone, Jerry to ask one question, whether Joan had known what Alex meant, and if so why she had been silent; Joan to tell him everything.

Alex was opposite them, between Gwen and Sim. He began a new maneuver in his campaign. It had the simplicity of great tactics. It was, in fact, so simple that no one recognized it at first. It consisted of making love to Joan in the indecent open. When Gwen became aware of it she experienced a tremendous and not unpleasant emotion. It was borne in on Joan's consciousness by an inquiry about Gwen's dining room.

"Venetian, isn't it?" Alex asked.

"Mostly."

"Did you have Joan in mind when you did it?"

"I had nothing in mind but those vermilion lacquer chairs which I practically smuggled into the country through little Willie Wyler, who'd been in the embassy at Rome. He was coming back to this country and brought them for me. Did you ever know him? I understand his mother took singing lessons years ago and that her teacher said she'd get a new note if she had a baby; so she had Willie. It always seemed to me such a perfect explanation of his unobtrusive passion for making himself useful."

"I was thinking," Alex commented, "that you must have had Joan in mind, because the color of them makes her hair seem unbelievably brown instead of its usual red gold. She might be a Venetian lady herself."

"Yes, isn't she lovely?" Gwen agreed briskly, trying to stop him.

"Can't you see her floating in a black gondola over a lagoon through blue Venetian night, like a water lily that has forgotten to close?"

"You do say the most heavenly things!" Gwen replied in a laudable attempt to throw a cloak of generality over that glittering differentia.

"Things in disgustingly bad taste," Joan dissented. "If your idea of heaven is a place where embarrassing comments are made on one's halo, it's not mine."

She would at least disabuse Jerry of any idea that she liked the creature.

"It's very pretty of you to pretend annoyance," Alex approved her. "But I don't believe beauty like yours can ever be embarrassed by its mere statement. Do you suppose the shade of Helen of Troy blushed and giggled when Faust said 'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?'"

"I never understood that Menelaus was about at the time." Gwen reminded him.

"If he had been I imagine she would have been glad to have him know she was appreciated. There is something in beauty that cries out for comprehension. Do you remember how Guinevere went into the garden and held her own hand up against the sunlight and was so intoxicated by its unloved beauty that she turned to Lancelot?"

"Do you mean Joan?" Jerry demanded.

"I think I said Guinevere," Alex replied. "I meant to."

"Well, you can stop comparing Joan to all the bad women in the world," Jerry told him, irritated far beyond humor.

"That is the most extraordinary description of two symbols of immortal beauty I have ever heard," Alex remarked.

Gwen giggled hysterically, which encouraged him. Jerry turned the red of agony.

"I didn't know one was supposed to ignore the corporeal existence of a girl the minute she became engaged," Alex remarked to his hostess, as though he were changing the subject. "It seems rather an Oriental idea. How would you like it if Sim clapped you into a harem with a yashmak over your face, Gwen?"

"It would depend on the yashmak," Gwen answered. "I really think I should prefer it to playing Powers' Greek Slave in the market place, which seems to be your idea of woman's sphere."

She thought that above-average funny and was pleased with Alex for having put her in the way of saying it.

"Will you answer me one question?" that gentleman asked in a tone which indicated that he was the embodiment of disinterested reasonableness.

"I'll try," she agreed.

"It's this: When a man sees the girl he loves about to make a great mistake, why shouldn't he try to stop her with every effort in his power? I think he shouldn't give her up until the last words of the marriage service are read."

"You make marriage seem so appallingly final," Gwen protested.

"I dare say it's antediluvian of me," Alex admitted; "but I'll probably get over that in time."

"I think you're disgusting," Joan said with conviction.

"Who? Me?" Gwen demanded, surprised out of grammar.

"Not you. I don't think you realize what you're saying—but Alex Iredell," Joan blazed.

"I said you might hate me by to-night," Alex reminded her. "What's the latest Lawford gossip, Gwen?"

The Lawfords were the neighborhood family guaranteed to furnish at least one major scandal a season. Joan's eyes had warned Alex of the need for a momentary cessation of attack.

"The Lawfords have been comparatively quiet this autumn," Gwen began. "They're in danger of losing their place as my chief article of conversation. One of the girls eloped with the

(Continued on Page 122

"There Must be Some Mistake, Mrs. Applegate," He Replied. "Mr. Duane's Flowers Have Just Arrived. I Was Bringing Them to Him"

THE MAN FROM ASHALUNA

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XV

MR. JACOB MOGRIDGE, president of the Intercontinental Pulp and Paper Company, called with Mr. Vail at the office of the Independent Improved Churn Corporation and asked to see Mr. Dunlap. Mr. Dunlap's partner, Mr. Austin Parsons Duley, went himself into the shop and found Mr. Dunlap standing at a lathe showing a workman a better way to turn hardwood handles than the way the workman had done it for the last ten years.

"Mogridge wants to see you," said Duley.

"I don't want to see Mogridge," retorted Dunlap grumpily. The workman was rather stupid and Jud a little out of patience. "I don't like him."

"Oh, but Jud, he's a pretty big man, you know! He isn't here without an object. You'd better hear what he's got to say."

Jud sighed and laid down his gouge. With a parting bit of advice to the operative he followed Duley into the office. As had been the case the day before when Jordan had called, Jud was clad in soiled blue overalls and had a streak of smut down one side of his face.

"Hello, Mr. Mogridge. Hello, Vail."

Jud dropped into a chair and fanned his perspiring brow with a dingy cap.

"What's on your mind to-day?"

He might have been addressing a couple of applicants for positions as errand boys.

"Mr. Dunlap," said Mogridge suavely, "we know you're a very busy man and that your affairs are important—perhaps as important to you as ours are to us, though not on quite such an extensive scale. We have been watching the development of your churn company with a good deal of interest."

"'Twasn't so very long ago you offered me ten thousand dollars for the whole business. What d'you think now?"

"That is one of the things Mr. Vail and I have come to see you about. I dare say I placed an insufficient valuation upon your churn proposition. I am prepared to speak in a somewhat different key to-day. Would you be in a position to consider an offer?"

Jud looked at Austin Duley, who flashed him a signal so subtly swift that unless you were watching for it you would not have observed the quiver of an eyelash.

"Sure!" said Jud. "We'll consider anything so long's it's plain and aboveboard."

"Very good. Would you mind answering a few questions? Who are your principal stockholders?"

"Mr. Duley and me."

"What other stockholders are there?"

"Well, now, I wouldn't feel like tellin' you without thinkin' it over. Of course you can find out for yourself in time, but I don't see's it's up to me to save you the trouble. I'd like to know why you're askin', for one thing."

"This is the point, Mr. Dunlap: The other day a firm of brokers announced that they would offer a block of your stock for sale. This public offering was never made for the reason that some person or persons stepped in and made it an object to the broker to let the block go privately in advance of the date set."

"I heard something about it. We got our money for the stock all right. The broker handled the sale for us. I suppose he saved a lot of sellin' expense the way he managed it."

"There's Two Flights of Steep Stairs Between Here and the Street, Mogridge. I'm Sorry We Haven't Got an Elevator That'd Get You Out Quicker"

"Doubtless. Are you aware who got the stock?"

"We haven't seen the list of transfers yet. Why don't you ask Waxman?"

Duley watching the countryman's blue eye was sure he observed therein a glint of amusement.

"Now, Mr. Dunlap, you're beating round the bush. What I want to know is whether Mr. Jordan has bought into the Independent Improved Churn Corporation."

"Well, why the heck didn't you say so then? And what is it to you whether he has or not?"

"You are doubtless aware of Mr. Jordan's motives in making such an investment."

"The same as yours, I suppose. Now, Mogridge, you might as well admit you had men nosin' round tryin' to get hold of that stock."

"I was of the opinion that it would be a profitable venture."

"Well, I guess you was right. Maybe we could vote out a bunch of stock from the treasury and sell it to you now if you're so anxious to get in on a good thing."

"Not under the circumstances, thank you, unless ——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless I could acquire a majority voting interest. In other words, I should wish to dominate Mr. Jordan in any enterprise in which he and I were both shareholders."

"I s'pose so. But Jordan's a good feller, Mogridge. You and he ought to get along all right."

"Mr. Dunlap, I shall be very frank with you. Mr. Jordan's motives and mine are entirely dissimilar. I have found you a difficult man to deal with and perhaps Jordan has had the same experience. You and Mr. Duley decided to develop your churn business rather than negotiate for the sale of your sluice property. I felt that a substantial holding in your company would entitle me to a voice in its affairs and not only a share in its profits but opportunity to gain your acquaintance and confidence. Jordan seems to have got the inside track in that respect." Here Mogridge glanced significantly at Vail. "I understand your social relations with Mr. Jordan are a factor in the situation."

Jud looked a little puzzled. Vail smiled insinuatingly. The plump partner in the churn corporation was apparently no clearer than Jud. Neither he nor Jud, however, saw fit to comment on Mogridge's observation, and the visitor proceeded.

"Now you have not been in New York all this time without learning something of the magnitude of the interests that lie behind various offers of one kind or another that you have received for your property. For instance, you have heard that an enormous lake is to be formed by backing up the accumulation of waters in the Ashaluna basin. That is an undertaking which will require hundreds of millions to be spent before it is an accomplished fact. It is a dream of Mr. Lafayette Jordan's life. He would regard it as a crowning triumph of his financial career. He has always been a man of gigantic ideas. To establish as a monument a second Sea of Jordan is no mean ambition."

Mogridge smiled grimly at his own wit.

"Gosh!" returned Jud. "That wouldn't be any piker of a memorial, I snum!"

"But," went on Mogridge, "there are several reasons why I oppose the proposition as conceived by Jordan. You understand he controls a large pulp and paper company—in fact the chief competitor of our own Intercontinental. The competition of Paper Products has been a tremendous handicap to us, and there have been times when I really thought Jordan was actually malicious, since the demands of ordinary business competition would hardly justify the lengths to which he has permitted or directed his people to go."

Mogridge's air of injured innocence was cleverly assumed. It would have been easy to believe him an undeserving victim of heartless persecution.

"Now, gentlemen," he proceeded, "we wish to acquire the Ashaluna property as a measure of self-protection. First, because it would add immensely to our power resources, because we can develop a fine head of water at the sluice without flooding the entire basin. Second, because I am unalterably opposed to the flooding scheme. The whole area, it is true, has been cut over again and again. But there is still an enormous acreage of young timber which in the course of another five to eight years will be loggable growth. I would rather see forests than water in Ashaluna basin."

"Dog my cats! You're pretty near right, Mr. Mogridge. So would I!"

Jud shouted this opinion with such suddenness and vehemence that the three other men fairly jumped. Mogridge was quick to see his advantage.

"I don't believe in going into a state and lobbying a bill through the legislature to condemn millions of acres of property to be sold to a big corporation at a nominal price. That's what it would amount to, wouldn't it? I don't believe either that the backing up of a tremendous head of water in a sixty-mile basin would compensate for the loss of all that valuable land, even when the stumpage has been cut off. What's the matter with it for farms and grazing land?"

"I've always had a feelin' ever since I began to sense what this development scheme might grow to," said Jud, "that I'd hate to see Ashaluna basin under water from end to end. Still I dunno. I may be sentimental. I don't calculate I'm much of a business man where my sentiments are touched. I know every foot of the Ashaluna country and I am not ashamed to say I love it. It's home to me. I don't feel like drowndin' it any more'n I'd feel like drowndin' an old pussycat that'd be'n in the family for years and years."

"Was it your idea to stay permanently in the churn business, Mr. Dunlap?"

"I guess it's Duley's idea for me to," replied Jud pathetically. "I had an entirely different reason for comin' to New York. I figured if I could get together a little money there was a kind of a personal ambition I'd like to gratify. You see, I've always wanted to — "

At this instant Austin Parsons Duley's small brass tray containing pens, letter opener and other small items of desk equipment fell to the floor with a startling clatter. Jud and Vail stooped hastily to assist Duley in their recovery.

"Soft pedal! Soft pedal on the art thing!" wheezed the plump partner. "Do you want to disgrace us?"

Order having been restored, Mr. Mogridge lifted a polite eyebrow.

"You were saying, Mr. Dunlap ——"

"Dog-gone if I know what I was sayin'," replied Jud helplessly. "The riot drove it plumb out of my head. Makes no difference."

But Mogridge had his cue.

"Suppose I were to make you a really substantial offer," he went on. "You have accomplished a man's work in establishing this churn business. It is, of course, a matter of pride with you. I presume your success outstrips your most sanguine expectations in coming to New York, and Mr. Duley has profited very greatly by his association with you."

"Duley and I are half partners in everything—long's he behaves himself," said Jud, still smarting.

Mogridge turned to the plump young man.

"You have been in Wall Street for several years. No one appreciates better than yourself the vicissitudes of business downtown. No one realizes more keenly the wisdom of the man who recognizes the moment when he has made his clean-up, as the saying goes. Opportunities come to most of us, but we don't always heed them. What we postpone to-day only too often turns to ashes with another sunrise."

"I once had a feller talk to me like that, tryin' to sell some house lots in the Great Dismal Swamp," said Dunlap. Mogridge, however, was addressing his remarks almost exclusively to Duley.

"I have been very frank with you, Mr. Duley. You see my position. Mr. Dunlap is quite evidently in sympathy with a part at least of my contention. Now I realize his position. He is a young man with a single dominant purpose. A little while ago when I offered to buy his churn patents he demanded my assurance that if I acquired them I would see that the churns were made. On my declining to provide such a guaranty he refused what at that time I thought a liberal offer. Now he has achieved his purpose and his churn is an accomplished fact with an assured commercial future.

"Your company is capitalized for half a million. Presumably my friend Jordan owns or controls a fifth of the stock. That is not enough to allow him to sway your councils or dictate your policy. He cannot block any decision you two wish to make. Now for your four-fifths interest in the Independent Improved Churn Corporation—that is, four hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock I will pay you one million dollars in cash—provided only that Mr. Dunlap will give me a two-year option on his Ashaluna property at a purchase price of five hundred thousand dollars."

"If you did that," asked Jud with surprising calm, "would you guarantee that in case you took up the option you would not sell the water power to help along any basin-floodin' scheme?"

Mogridge nodded.

"Absolutely!" he said.

"You gimme a week to think it over," said Jud.

"As you wish, Mr. Dunlap. Naturally I am anxious to have the matter settled as soon as possible. Much depends upon your reply, so if you can give it to me in less than a week I shall be greatly obliged."

"Oh, I might be able to decide by to-morrow," said Jud coolly. "I'll have to talk it over with my partner."

When Mogridge and Vail had gone Jud turned ferociously upon Duley.

"Now you look here, young feller, I want to know what you mean by heavin' all that tinware on the floor and scarin' the liver out o' me and then makin' faces at me to shut up about art "

"Oh, Jud, for goodness' sake, forget it, will you? Why, if you'd stood up there in a pair of greasy overalls and told that hard-headed old veteran you wanted to study painting he'd have thought you were a nut. I'd have been mortified no end, old man. You can't afford to parade a weakness just when you've got a man convinced you really are something of a heavy. Don't queer us, Jud. Get a set of paper dolls and sit on the floor to cut them out if you want to—but do it privately. Don't confess you're a loon. It hurts business "

Jud went to a window and looked gloomily out into the railroad yard, where a shifter was nosing about among the cars like an inquisitive pup.

"Prob'ly you're right," he said humbly. "I get an impulse to talk about it, though, and it don't seem's anythin' would stop me. I wonder if Michael J. Angelo and that old Greek, Perfidious, was ashamed of their jobs. Must have been tough to have folks pokin' fun at 'em all the time and askin' why they didn't learn to crochet.

"Say, Dule, what do you think of that million offer? You've as much to say as I have. If what Mogridge says is true he may not be such a crook as I've been thinking."

"Now, Jud, you put me in a hard place. In spite of myself I'm a half partner in this churn business with you. If I had made fifteen or twenty thousand as a go-between I'd have been liberally paid. Now I find I can share a million, all because you've been generous enough to go fifty-fifty with me on the exclusive product of your own brains. You're ten times as big a man as I am—you've infinitely more ability. I simply am not in your class."

"You make me sick, Dule."

"Oh, I suppose so. But just the same, I'm embarrassed. If I say sell it could be construed to mean I was in a hurry to clean up my share and get out with a fortune while the getting is good. Yet it may be you will make a great deal more by refusing. If I say hang on, however, I shall be simply standing in the way of your making a mighty nice thing—and gratifying that asinine desire of yours to mess with a lot of paint and brushes. You'll have to make your own decision, I'm afraid."

"Do you think Mogridge's offer is in good faith?"

"I see no flaw in it so far. If you accept it will put an awful crimp in old L. J. You like L. J. too "

"I know. But he didn't buy our stock from any unselfish motive, Dule. He did it for the same reason as Mogridge, to stand in with us. His eye is on the Ashaluna same as Mogridge's."

"If you give Mogridge that option you know what it will do to Intercontinental stock, I suppose."

"Don't pretend to know much about stocks, but I calculate Intercontinental would take a jump if the public knew it had a hold on the sluice."

"Mogridge would make enough in the stock market to pay for his purchase of the churn company and the sluice."

"It would sort of look as if we were helpin' out in a little strong-arm work, I suppose," doubted the big fellow.

"Would that influence you if you really wanted the million?"

"Oh, shucks, I don't want any million, Dule! I just want to

(Continued on Page 97)

It Dawned Forcibly Upon Judson That Mary Was Amazingly Competent. And She Was So Vividly Alive, So Sparkling, So All-Fired Beeyutiful!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription.—$2.50 the Year. Remittances from outside the United States proper to be by U. S. Money Order or Draft, payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.75 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $6.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 5, 1920

Letting it Sell Itself

THERE is a theory much too generally credited by persons who write for a living that one who would sell an idea to the American public must first disguise his intention in order to avert suspicion, and then slip up on the public's blind side before opening negotiations. These precautions are necessary if one is endeavoring to put over something shoddy, but if his wares are honest he can peddle them in the broad light of day and invite inspection.

It is recorded among the philosophies of money making that the American public likes to be humbugged. This is not true. The American public has been humbugged, but it doesn't enjoy it.

Fooling a part of the people is mere child's play. Part of the people are stupid and will believe anything that is told them. But one must get up early in the morning if he would fool the American business man.

America is a nation of business men. The farmer no longer buys pretty bricks or signs his name on the dotted line to enrich a stranger. He studies markets and is not awed by the eloquence of a politician seeking a job. Every village and town and city in the land is filled with hustling male persons who find joy in the game of chasing a dollar, and know full well on which side their bread is buttered.

None of these business men is flawless. Each is selfishly bent on looking out for the first person singular, and each group, whether of manufacturers, laborers, teachers or lawyers, puts its own interests above those of any other group. All are human and all think in terms of self. None are altruists. Even writers must eat and buy gasoline.

Some of these business men take little or no interest in political matters. Some of them do not vote. They read the newspapers and wonder what the country is coming to, and they become a trifle apoplectic when they pay taxes, but that is the extent of their indulgence in citizenship. Others—and fortunately their number is greater—feel that they are a part of the Government. These may speak of the Government as "they," but they do not speak of the country as "theirs."

In other years these citizen business men have gone to the polls and hopefully voted for a good party man. They have not inquired very closely concerning his abilities. If the leading politicians of the party were satisfied, the voters felt that their sole duty consisted in registering approval of the politicians' choice and defeating the opposing candidate—the accepted theory being that the opposing candidate couldn't be worth more than two very small whoops, else he wouldn't belong to the other party. This year the business man is not so easily satisfied. The war jarred him entirely out of his rut and he is looking round a bit. He sees things he hadn't noticed before. In the old days of comfortable rut travel he had a satisfying conviction that America was the greatest nation in the world, that all things between the Atlantic and the Pacific were ordered for the best, that money for Federal expenses could be plucked from the trees when necessary, and that, should occasion arise, a few of us could go out before breakfast and lick any other nation that gave evidence of needing a licking at the time.

Now his conviction has given place to questioning. He has observed that other nations can put up a scrap. He has observed that governments, like men, are frequently hard pressed to raise the cash for the month's bills. He has observed that something is wrong and that nobody seems to feel responsible or know a remedy.

When one is writing propaganda, and especially when he desires to convince a business man, he should carefully avoid exaggeration and hysteria, else he will make himself ridiculous and serve to defeat the very cause he espouses.

Let us therefore proceed slowly, avoiding enthusiastic statements concerning tire mileage and gasoline consumption. A demonstration is worth more than a line of talk, anyway. Let the prospect sell himself.

Yourself a business man, you realize clearly that government is a business. It is a great corporation, managed by a president and a board of directors. There are innumerable branch houses, each operating as a unit, but each a part of the whole and each dependent on the whole. This corporation does a vast business and spends a great deal of money. Its excuse for existence is that it serves the public.

If a corporation engaged in serving the public operates efficiently and trims expenses to a minimum the public is served cheaply and well. If the corporation conducts its business on the broad general principle that nothing matters, and makes little effort to discourage assaults on the treasury for useless improvements and for useless second assistant helpers for useless second assistant secretaries, the business will go to pot. If the corporation has a monopoly it will not go into bankruptcy. It will raise its prices and fleece the public to pay for its own shiftlessness, indifference and incompetence. The public always pays the bill.

Good salesmen avoid superlatives. This Government of ours is not on its last legs. It is not all extravagance and inefficiency and bone-headedness. There are many able men on the job. A wonderful amount of good is accomplished and there is some effort to save a little money. We need not blush when our system and practice of government are compared with other systems that have been in use for a longer period.

Granting, as all business men will, that government is nothing other than a business and yet the greatest and most essential business in the land; and granting further, as all observing persons will, that the business has for some reason failed to grow up to its opportunities—that it has, in fact, got itself into a tight place and lost some of the confidence and respect of its clientèle—what are you, as a business man, going to do about it?

The time is coming soon when you will have to do something about it. As a stockholder you are entitled to a vote. Voting time is drawing near. You and other stockholders must select new officials. What are you going to do about it?

If a foreman or department head now employed in your private business should resign you would look about to find another for his place. Let us suppose that an applicant appears and informs you that he can handle the job. You say to him: "What persuades you to think that you can handle the job? Have you handled another like it?"

"No," he confesses.

"Have you, then, handled another as large?"

"No."

"Then what, in the name of common sense and common honesty, do you mean by asserting that you can do the work? What are your qualifications?"

It is hardly necessary to quote his answer. You know his answer. He throws back his head, looks you proudly in the eye and thunders: "I am a Repubocrat!"

Think of it. Pause and reflect concerning the insufferable gall of a man who applies for a job and can offer no other qualification than the trade name stamped on his collar.

If this should happen in your private business you would keep one wary eye on the applicant while reaching for your desk phone to call a policeman.

Why should a man be trusted with an important task because he is a Repubocrat? Why not because he wears blue socks or enjoys Dickens or thinks the Cubs will win?

As a business man you know that a preference for this or that party label does not enable an employee to sell more goods or drive more nails or keep better books. Membership in a political party has about as much to do with a man's ability to render service as has membership in a golf club.

If one political party consistently advocated and practiced thrift, common sense and honesty, and the other as consistently advocated and practiced waste, folly and rascality, the business man would do well to judge the applicant by his party preference. But neither party consistently stands for any essential and fundamental thing. Party leaders differ concerning all matters of importance. Neither party has a monopoly of brains. Neither has a monopoly of folly. Neither party, in short, is led or followed by men who can agree concerning the principles the party stands for, if any. Neither party is more than a name.

A good salesman is one who knows when to stop talking and rest his case.

Business experience has made you level-headed and fair-minded. You know that these things are true. What, then, are you going to do about it?

Isn't it clear enough that we need a business man on the job? Wouldn't it be the part of common sense to forget the trade name on the collar and elect a man acquainted with great affairs—a man who has demonstrated his ability to handle big jobs well—a man who doesn't exhibit a party label as his chief qualification—a man who is not a professional officeholder but a professional doer—a man who knows men and nations, and places duty above desire and profit?

This is frankly propaganda. It is propaganda in favor of good citizenship and good business sense. The country has urgent need of both.

The Man Who Rocks the Boat

THE trouble-making element in America makes so much trouble because it is organized for trouble. The real American people are not organized either for war or for peace, though there are enough of them to run this country as it ought to be run. True, we begin to see springing up patriotic societies of many names, which do claim the common though vague purposes of encouraging Americanism and of fighting Bolshevism, so called. At any time there may be expected a general central organization. It is a curious state of affairs, in one way gratifying, in another way rather an unsettling thing to contemplate; but at least this peculiar phenomenon of the day shows that the real Americans begin to realize that they are in the majority, and that they ought to act.

Whose country is this? Is it to be handled by responsible or by irresponsible men? Both production and distribution are crippled by strikes, at a time when the people are staggering under grievous burdens of many sorts. It serves no purpose to call these strikes made by irresponsibles. It precisely is the irresponsibility of the strikers which is losing to labor the sympathy it once had. An autocracy by any name remains autocracy.

In fourteen states during the closing months of 1919 eighteen trade-unions repudiated their contracts and declared they would not stand by the wage agreements which they had accepted as individuals and as unions.

The laboring man is just a human being like the rest of us, and he is in the same boat with the rest of us. The man who rocks the boat in rough water at first receives rebuke, then protest, then argument. Then someone hits him over the head with an oar. Let not either labor or capital believe it continuously can take liberties in this boat to-day. It is rough water ahead. For a long time the real American people remain silent, then they pick up an oar.

It is not only organization that is needed by Americans but education: education in government and in practical politics. How many of the millions of our new voters, of whatever source, of either sex, know how United States Senators actually are elected, how the President of the United States actually is elected, how a state representative actually is elected, how and whence the Supreme Court gets its powers? How many know anything of the simplicity of the caucus or the complications of the primary? How many understand how municipal machine politics are in details so handled as to defeat the will of decent people? How many understand the fuss and fury of a political convention?

The average man is content to read the sophisticated stories of these things after someone else has brought them about. The average man signs on the partisan dotted line all his life—why? It is because of his own ignorance, and his ignorance is because of his own sloth.

It is not enough merely to organize, not enough for sophisticated leaders to tell voters what to do, not enough for sophisticated authorities to tell the public how the public has been duped. The real matter is that the public shall not be capable of being duped. The great mass of American voters need education, from the primer up, in the personal administration of their own political business. They ought to know, and as children ought to be taught, the splendid romance of this Republic's early days; ought in that way to learn how the Constitution began, what the Constitution has become. They ought to understand our country as a country. The whole theory and practice of our civil governmental machine should be as open a book to an intelligent American as the practice of his own business.

Organize a voting body of primer-educated, second-reader sophisticated American citizens, and we shall see an end to that curse of partisan politics which always caters to autocracy on one side or the other, and cannot live without autocracy to support it.

We need organizations of independent and educated Americans; no more organizations of docile, ignorant Americans. We need great and honest men as leaders, men of deeds, men with consciences; yes, but back of them we need independent, educated, sober-minded citizens, who at last have realized that if the country is going wrong it is their own fault, and that if ever it is to get right it will be through their own efforts, and cannot possibly be through those of anyone else.

It requires study and work and self-denial and intelligence and education to become a successful citizen, as well as it requires all those things to become a successful business man. Pray for a great leader, but pray also that you be fit to be led. Put not your trust in princes. Put your trust in yourself—and see that you are fit for the trust. Take an oar to all disturbers and self-seekers in the boat to-day. Not one of them is sacred, no matter what his rank or calling—neither the promising partisan nor the scared business man nor the laboring man nor the farmer. This country belongs to us. There are enough of us to hold it and enough of us to run it.

Mother Pelican Outdone

WHAT'S the matter with the United States? This is the great American riddle that we never give up and, wisely or foolishly, never fail to answer. Among the thoughtless and the shiftless there is one solution that is easily first in popularity. There are millions who firmly believe, in the face of all evidence to the contrary, that theirs is the one and only correct answer.

"The trouble is," they tell us earnestly, "that the country is run by the rich for their own benefit, and they never give the poor a show if they can help it."

Assuming that this statement is true, let us help those who believe it to draw an indictment against the few who feather their own nests at the expense of the many. The first care of a group of unscrupulous rich men who had any real control over Congress would be to see that the tax laws were so framed as to bear lightly upon their own incomes and heavily upon those of the masses. If they are really in control, have they done what might be expected of them? Let us abandon guesswork and get down to the brass tacks of Arabic figures that express dollars and cents by drawing up specimen statements whose accuracy can be proved or disproved by anyone who understands simple arithmetic.

Suppose the first rich man we hale into our presence has an income of $100,000, divided as we choose to have it between interest, dividends, salary and business profits. Years of practice having made us a nation of accountants we should have no difficulty in sitting down with an income-tax blank and computing precisely his Federal income tax for the year 1919. In like manner we can figure rich men's taxes up and down the line all the way from $50,000 to $1,000,000.

Those who try it will find the results of these computations nothing short of amazing.

What the rich men of the country have done to themselves—always granting that it was they who did it—constitutes a piece of self-sacrifice so extraordinary as to be without historical parallel.

The pelican has come down through the centuries as the symbol of self-renunciation. We are told that in the Age of Fable the female of this noble species used to pierce her breast with her beak that she might feed her young upon the blood that flowed from her self-inflicted wound. Even so, Mother Pelican has nothing on our American millionaires if it is by their own hand that they have been bled white for the common weal.

In order to equal their self-sacrifice—if they are the real authors of the revenue measures under which the country now groans—we are forced to turn to the old mythology of the Near East. There we read that Hatim Tai, Persian god of generosity, while walking to and fro on the earth met a gaunt wolf, nearly dead with hunger. Hatim's good heart was so moved to pity by the sight that he instantly drew his sword and hewed off his own leg, wherewith to feed the famished beast.

Every day we see rich men hurrying up and down the financial district. They seem much like other men, not very different from the minor clerks in their own offices. We find among them very few selfish reactionaries, still fewer bleeding pelicans, and not a single Hatim Tai hobbling about on a new wooden leg.

COAXING HIM

THE UNCONQUERED

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CARLYLE PRATHER

Deep Into the Spinal Muscles of the Grizzly Highbrow Sank His Long Teeth

HIGHBROW came into the world as an animal trainer's prize. It is one thing to work a cat act in the steel arena, break the beasts for the road, care for their aches and pains, dole them forth their daily apportionment of horse meat and recapture them when they escape, all at eighty a month and cakes, counting in a missing finger or a claw-marked body as a mere risk of the profession. It is something else quite different to be able to say that one has crossed the polar bear and the grizzly, the slothful Rocky Mountain burro and the keen, swift Grévy's zebra or the leopard and the tiger. It has all been done, to the glory of the animal men who sponsored it and to the benefit of the circus which possessed in the strange beasts the monetary value of a different form of menagerie feature. But when Highbrow was born, a new star rose in circusdom and a circus tradition vanished, while grinning Jimmy Winthrop, his godfather, beamed with the gruff congratulations of the white tops. For Highbrow was not the son of one, but of three, and by that the crossing of a barrier—the commingling of the blood of lion and tiger in the same veins.

Years of breeding he represented—first the crossing of a Bengal tiger and a leopard, and then the crossing of this hybrid offspring and Duke, the great black-maned Nubian lion of the menagerie—and the impossible had been accomplished. The blood of lion and tiger had mixed at last; Highbrow was a beast apart in the animal world.

They gave him the name the first day he wabbled about the den of his hybrid mother—herself strongly resembling, except for her greater size, the leopard whose blood she bore. As for Highbrow, it was hard to tell what had become more predominant in his make-up—cubs are difficult things with which to forecast the future, even when they follow the usual lines of progenity. But one thing was sure: Never was there a larger, stronger cub born under the bellying canvas of a circus; never one that created more interest; and work stopped while the menagerie men gathered about the den of the hybrid mother and her young to stare in at the wabbling, yowling youngster and speculate upon his future.

Impossible, for they had neglected to take one all-important fact into consideration. True, the cub's head was indicative that it would follow the more rounded form of his Bengal ancestor. His tawny ears and heavy neck gave promise some day of a slight thickening of the fur akin to the long black mane of his Nubian sire. His rather long body and fuzzy fur suggested again the tiger of his make-up, with forerunners of deep dark stripes on an orange background, verging into a belly white, while the spots of the leopard showed faintly mottled beneath. But one thing did not show; one thing which could not be figured or prophesied—his mentality.

For with Highbrow the crossing of breeds had gone further than mere spots and stripes and physical characteristics. The instincts of three savage, divergent beasts were in his mentality—the lion, the tiger, the leopard, all uniting to make up a new standard of beast mind.

From one he had drawn straightforward, bold courage—courage which in its leonine forbear had lacked the sufficient qualities of resourcefulness to make its owner other than a great, aimless mass of rebellious ferocity—so much putty in the hands of a trainer and his bull whip. From the Bengal had come the resourcefulness which in its original was only shifty craftiness in the absence of the sort of grand valor that only a lion seems to possess. And from the leopard ——

Cunning is a leopard's as surely as its hissing jaws, its evil eyes, its spotted sinuous body; cunning that will cause the beast to fawn and obey for years, waiting for the moment when with one swift lunge that leopard may sink its claws into a trainer's breast and drive its dripping fangs straight and sure to the victim's jugular. And in the brain of the tottering, yowling hybrid kitten were these three things, to grow with his body, to strengthen, to expand.

And naturally no one knew. That was why two months after his birth an animal man sought to take him from his cage and trundle him about as other cubs were petted and carried round the circus. A sharp hiss, a scrambling endeavor at escape, a fierce rebellion as his young catlike claws swept upward, and he was returned to his cage, his yellow coat darkened by the blood that streamed from the face of a cursing animal man. He was not taken out again. The hand which stretched forth to grasp him was pulled swiftly back, ripped by tiny sharp claws, and the two-month-old baby bit and snarled at the whip which chastised him—but he did not retreat.

Three months—then Jimmy Winthrop began his campaign to make friends with the new inhabitant of circusdom that he might some day train him. Two years it lasted, while the animal keeper tried every trick in his catalogue; while the long circus trains ground their way to the winter quarters in the little Montana city where the show had been lured by tax exemption and free buildings; while it took to the road once more and came home again; while crowds gathered each day at the roped-off space in front of Highbrow's cage and gazed, gaping, at the growing creature—two years in which Jimmy Winthrop cajoled and threatened; in which he sought to break the barrier which existed between them by offerings of choice bits of meat, of catnip and of calves' livers—all to no purpose. Highbrow, nearly grown now, lengthened and strong and striped in body, heavy of head in spite of the tigerlike characteristics, roughened in neck where the lionlike mane had thickened the fur, stronger and bigger even now in the last days of his cubdom than any cat beast of the entire menagerie, saw nothing more in Jimmy Winthrop than in any of the other men who daily passed his cage; recognized no tone of command in the voice, no supremacy in the straight gaze of the keen sharp eyes. Then Jimmy Winthrop forced his luck.

Spring had come. Two weeks more and the circus would start forth to its first show date of the season, causing a steadily diminishing chance in the grueling work of one-day stands for the battle which sooner or later must come. Winthrop blew hard on his whistle—the signal to the helpers of the menagerie house.

"Put up the big steel arena in the yard," he ordered. "Brace the sections and fix the door so I can get in and out easily. Put the entrance flush with the sliding door that opens from these permanent cages so we won't have to use a shifting den. I'm going to fight it out with this cat."

A half hour later Highbrow, investigating the opening of the den into which he had been shunted, came forth into the light of day, and the sliding door closed behind him. Curiously he sniffed about the inclosure, investigating the pedestals, the stools, the circular range of bars which stretched before him. Then suddenly he writhed in snarling rage as a noose, waiting to trap him, tightened about one leg.

It held his interest for a moment—long enough for Jimmy Winthrop to rush into the arena, snare a rear foot with a second noose and toss the rope to a muscular animal man outside. Others came—Highbrow found himself seeking vainly to bite at ropes which cut into his four legs and stretched them far from his body. Then one dropped from above settled about his neck and was pulled taut.

Gathering dizziness as the animal struggled for breath and while human forms scurried about him. A dazed minute, then Highbrow found himself suddenly free, except for a tight band of leather which encompassed his middle, attached to a rope, and this to a tackle block above the arena. A man was before him—Jimmy Winthrop.

"Hated to hurt you, old kid," came soothingly, "but it's the only way to handle a cat like you."

Then he turned his eyes ever so slightly toward three men at the end of a rope—the rope whose other terminal was fastened to the belt about the hybrid's body.

"Hey, you fellows with the mechanic! Keep your eyes open! Can't tell what this thing will do. At the first sight of trouble—pull!"

Then he fastened his gaze fully upon Highbrow again. The beast had been seeking somewhat fretfully to solve the riddle of the binding pain about his stomach, doubling and sniffing curiously in his effort to learn the cause of his discomfort.

"Highbrow!"

The ejaculation brought his attention to that which he hardly had noticed before—the man who stood not ten feet away, a long heavily braided whip lashing slowly before him. For a moment they stared at each other, and in the eyes of neither was the slightest intimation of fear.

(Continued on Page 32)

"I always find this Campbell's kind
Squares up with health and joy
A regular treat that's hard to beat
For any hungry boy"

"Talk about a square meal"

Any meal that begins with Campbell's appetizing Vegetable Soup is well started toward the squarest kind of enjoyment and satisfaction.

It is so nourishing and substantial that many sensible people, especially in summer, often make it the principal feature of a sustaining luncheon or supper—in fact almost make a meal of it.

The change from heavier food is much to their benefit in health and condition, to say nothing of enjoyment.

Children thrive on this delicious soup. And it is ready to serve in three minutes any time without needless heat, labor or fuss.

21 kinds 15c a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

To Highbrow Jimmy Winthrop represented nothing annoying—so long as he remained where he stood—nothing to cause fright or anger and certainly nothing that could exert a power over a thing to which obedience was an unknown quantity. Again came the command of attention that the animal's eyes might remain centered. Then the whip with greater power began to lick a forward path in the dust. It touched the hybrid's paws and caused him instinctively to withdraw them. It stung his breast as a voice sounded sharp and biting:

"Back there! Back up now! On your pedestal!"

It was meant to be the first of an oft-repeated rote. Instead the gentle blows suddenly ceased, to give way to the slashing, leaping circles of defense. Highbrow had shown fight at the first touch.

Doubled on his haunches, first one claw-fringed forepaw, then the other jabbing out in quick semicircular thrusts, the heavy lips curled back from ugly, threatening teeth, the skin of his nostrils and nose wrinkled until the eyes were hardly visible, the great crossbreed fought almost like a boxer against the lunges of the lash. Time and again he strove to entangle the braid with his great claws, and failed. A snarl! His muscles hunched! He sprang!

A shout from outside, a terrific strain on the rope and the great animal was pulled clear from the ground, to hang a moment, hissing and roaring—the usual expedient of the mechanic belt in the primary training of a wild beast. With any other animal it would have been sufficient. To Highbrow it was only the beginning of a struggle that could have but one end. A second of limpness, then the cat curved and doubled at the end of the rope, seemed to turn upward in the air and twist with the velocity of some great animated top. His yowling roar grew stronger, echoing back from the wagon sheds and carpenter buildings, seeming to travel even to the mountains which fringed the town, only to be returned with greater ferocity than ever. Inside the arena Jimmy Winthrop, a bit grim now, stood waiting the end of the struggle. Outside a dozen men, yelling and scrambling, went to the assistance of the three who were being dragged and jerked forward by the struggles of their captive.

A minute—two! The exertions of the beast grew greater. Winthrop looked up, suddenly whitened and whirled toward the gateway.

"Unstrap this door!" he shouted—vainly against the noise all about him. "Unstrap this door! I told you to fix it so I could get out! That lunge rope's fraying! It's going to break! It's going to break!"

A recoil! Men staggered backward as the rope was freed from its heavy weight. A striped tawny beast dropped to the ground, scrambled there a second, then leaped again. A crashing impact—it was over. Winthrop lay on the ground, bleeding, unconscious from the crushing collision of a tremendous body and the swift double blow of claw-armed paws, while Highbrow went impersonally back to his sniffing and wonderment as to the belt about his body; nor sought to trouble again the still, crumpled form by the door. The sliding door behind him opened and he leaped within the menagerie-house den again. Animal men, white-faced, shaky, unstrapped the gate of the steel arena and heartened at the faint sound of a groan. Highbrow remained unconquered.

Two weeks did not suffice to cure the wounds of Jimmy Winthrop, and the circus again went forth to its season carrying in its menagerie an unbeaten thing, with the heavy ropes still stretched before its cage and the crowds thicker. But to the hybrid they meant nothing—nor did Jimmy Winthrop.

Still the animal trainer—once he had recovered sufficiently to limp about the menagerie—strove to waken some instinct of subordination in the big beast; in some way to gain his favor. Daily he came to the cage, grinning again and cajoling, repeating the hybrid's name over and over, talking to him, still bringing him catnip and dainties. And Highbrow ate the food—without caring whence it came. Ecstatically he bounded about his den in the frenzy that catnip promotes in any feline beast, be it house tabby or cougar—but that was all. He neither recognized Jimmy Winthrop nor the dominance for which he sought to stand.

Summer faded, unsuccessfully for Jimmy Winthrop, impersonally for Highbrow. Back in his permanent cage in the menagerie house in Helena he roared as usual his defiance to the rest of the beasts which made their home in the big steam-heated building and to the world in general, yet not with hate or with rebellion, for Highbrow knew neither. It was merely the voiced supremacy of a thing which understood nothing else.

Again spring, while Highbrow came into his full strength, a thing of grace and beauty and terrible power, almost twice as large as the mother who bore him. Again the clanking of the sections as the big steel arena was erected in the yard flush against the animal house. Again the sliding door opened.

But Highbrow had not forgotten. The leopard in his brain still remembered the sinuous nooses, the cramp of blood-filled veins impossible of functioning against the tight-drawn bonds, the binding pain of that thing about his belly. Out he came, no longer an investigating, sniffing beast, but a raging, twisting, snarling demon. A rope circled and caught fair as an animal man risked an arm between the bars—only for a second. Then it burned through the attendant's hands as Highbrow leaped away with all his strength. Another—the big beast caught it in his teeth and with one crunch of the jaws severed it. An hour the tense battle continued, while prod men sweated, while the others strove in vain to bind the unconquered. Then Jimmy Winthrop blew his whistle.

"No use! It'll take more'n us to beat him. Let him go back."

The door opened. Highbrow, dizzy, blinking from the bright mountain-land sunlight, dived for the opening with all his strength, crossing above the floor space of the cage and crashing against the bars. A recoil; then turning and lashing, he regarded with sudden curiosity the steel pinions of his prison. Leopard cunning came to the fore again; leopard cunning which cast back to the memory of men working at those bars a week before. Highbrow did not—could not—know those men had done their work poorly and that the blacksmiths in the wagon shop, who had fashioned the steel braces, had labored even more listlessly. Nor did it matter that bolts had been placed carelessly through hickory beams once strong but now rotten. All Highbrow could know was that one entire side of his steel-faced prison had swayed at the impact of his body—and the cunning of the leopard commanded that he wait.

Why—for what—Highbrow did not know. He had opened his eyes in a cage. The greatest freedom of his three years of life had been in that arena, with its nooses, its jabbing prod irons, its lunge rope and outside fringe of yelling animal men. Yet strange instincts called; queer unknown impulses came into being. When the elephants grunted that evening with the peace of the bedding-down process Highbrow roared and yowled and hissed at them. When the rough "garo-o-o" of the lions broke forth with the coming of night Highbrow drowned their cries with a bellow which bore a new tone, a new ferocity, while the monkeys and chimpanzees far down the line of dens suddenly ceased their chattering, the timid kangaroos cowered in the corner of their inclosure and the fat, stolid hippopotamus across the way instinctively sought the deepest, widest end of his tank—for the call of Highbrow was the call of the open, the call of the cat animal on the hunt.

The lights lowered. The daily killer, an unfortunate horse from the boneyard, was brought into the menagerie house and slaughtered for the next day's feeding, while the cats yowled and lashed about their cages and while Highbrow stalked his space with short, almost jagged steps, roaring louder than all.

Hours passed. The little knot of circus men, talking as usual of the season to come, gradually knocked out their pipes and sought the bunk house. The sounds of the beasts lessened. Down at the door, his chair tipped against the wall, the night watchman settled himself to ten hours of dozing. Only the elephants remained alert, swaying at their picket pins. The rest of the menagerie house was asleep—all but Highbrow.

Warm fresh air blew in from somewhere, bringing scents which frenzied him without understanding the cause. The sound of the night wind whined about the menagerie house, calling to him, and he did not know why. But the leopard within him had given the signal. From far at the back of his den he leaped, doubling his head against his great breast and grunting with the force of the collision against the steel. It swayed. He leaped again. A crash—Highbrow was free! The spitting flame of yellow-red flares stabbed through the dimly lighted building as the watchman ran dazedly forward, firing wildly as he came. Highbrow crouched and leaped. Then the form of the man lay still beneath him.

A moment of padding fretfulness while the hybrid surveyed the animal house; then, seemingly unconscious of the stunned form he had just felled, the beast turned and, stalking, sought an exit. A high excited trumpeting, and he wheeled short, one great paw in readiness. The elephant line had been invaded. High above him, pig eyes white and staring, Rajah, head of the herd, had curled his trunk and was preparing to send it downward. The hybrid shifted, a quick swerve and he had dodged the blow. Then Rajah trumpeted in high frantic tones and his trunk recoiled swiftly, bleeding from the incisions of four deep-driven sets of claws. More, as the heavy proboscis went upward it carried, hissing and clinging grimly, a form that spelled terror for the elephant herd—that of Highbrow, the unconquered.

Raging terror broke forth in the elephant line now as the rest of the tremendous mammals sought to evade the plunging form of Rajah and the incubus he bore. Bellowing trumpets, squeals that were almost shrieks reverberated through the animal house as Highbrow, his claws driving like well-grooved pistons, tore first at the tender flesh of the mouth, then the soft tissues behind the ears, evading the curling trunk which struggled vainly to crush him, a twisting, snarling savage that worked with a swiftness and shiftiness the elephant could neither fend nor fight. A moment more Rajah kept up the battle. Then with screaming cries of pain and fear the elephant broke from his place in the picket line, plunged into the shifting mass of the frenzy-packed herd, shaking his great head in a vain endeavor to loosen the hold of his tormentor, rearing and tossing and thundering about his inclosure as the entire animal house went mad with excitement.

All now was a terrific jumble of roars and growls and thunderous bellowing, which rose higher with every second. Rajah, the other beasts of the herd milling frantically about him, dropped to the cement floor and rolled—but Highbrow was too swift. Now the hybrid's teeth and claws were tearing at the mammal's flanks and belly. Then suddenly, panic-stricken, Rajah climbed to his feet and, crashing forward, broke through the great double doors of the menagerie house and into the yard just as the first of the animal men, roused by the noise, came tumbling out of the bunk house.

Clinging to the belly of the pachyderm, Highbrow had been carried out of the menagerie house in safety. Now he leaped free, and—his interest in the elephant ended—scrambled to the top of a wagon shed and over it, out into the darkness, free at last, free in response to a call he could not understand.

For a while he plunged rapidly on through vacant lots, yards and across streets, while the sounds of winter quarters behind him dulled to nothing. Once he crouched low, his great forefeet padding, as glaring lights caught him full, blinding him. A snarl. Handicapped, but without fear, he waited the coming of the rushing monster and prepared to spring. Then a scream; the automobile swerved far to the opposite side of the street and rushed on. Highbrow still remained the unconquered. A few minutes of wandering; then the hybrid trotted forward, out to where the scents carried on the wind told him instinctively of the open country.

Handicapped, But Without Fear, He Waited the Coming of the Rushing Monster and Prepared to Spring

(Concluded on Page 92)

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

Which is better business

Is it highest price or Styleplus?

When you buy clothes you consider *two* things—quality *and* price. Quality is the big part of the story, but not all of it. If you can obtain all-wool clothes with style and good workmanship, guaranteed to wear well, *without paying the extreme price,* isn't that better business?

Buy Styleplus and you do just that. You have the well-dressed look. The clothes will retain their style through hard service and you pay a reasonable price to start with.

Styleplus are a big hit with men who refuse to believe that the highest price is necessary to get good quality. For, let us repeat, Styleplus offer all-wool fabrics, real style, splendid tailoring and guaranteed wear.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Baltimore, Md.

The big name in clothes

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

$45-$50-$55-$60

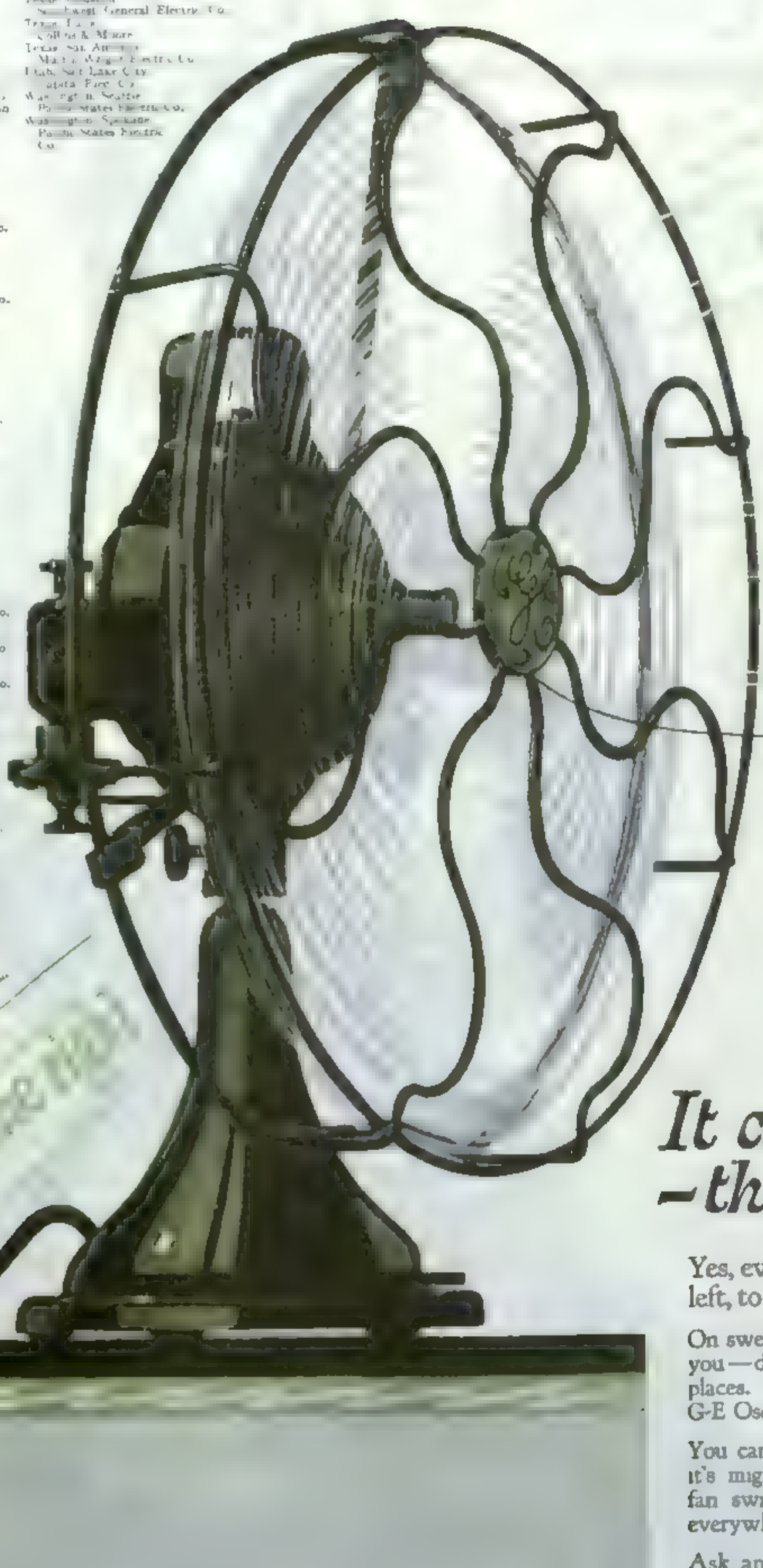
"The sleeve ticket tells the price"

AMERICA'S KNOWN PRICED CLOTHES

Copyright 1920
Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.

Dealers can get stocks of G-E Fans from the following distributors.

Alabama, Birmingham
Mattingly Elec. Supply Co.
California, Los Angeles
Pacific States Elec. Co.
California, Oakland
Pacific States Elec. Co.
California, San Francisco
Pacific States Elec. Co.
Colorado, Denver
Lindsay & Bothoff Mfg. & Supply Co.
Connecticut, Waterbury
The New England Engineering Co.
District of Columbia, Washington
National Electrical Supply Co.
Florida, Jacksonville
Florida Electric Supply Co.
Georgia, Atlanta
Lester Electric Co.
Illinois, Chicago
Central Electric Co.
Commonwealth Edison Co.
Indiana, Indianapolis
Indianapolis Electric Supply Co.
Indiana, South Bend
South Bend Electric Co.
Iowa, Des Moines
Mid-West Electric Co.
Kentucky, Louisville
Belknap Hardware & Mfg. Co.
Louisiana, New Orleans
Gulf States Electric Co., Inc.
Maryland, Baltimore
The Southern Electric Co.
Massachusetts, Boston
Ferguson, Andrews Co.
Michigan, Detroit
Frank C. Teal Co.
Minnesota, Duluth
Northwestern Elec. Equip. Co.
Minnesota, Minneapolis
Peterson Electric Co.
Minnesota, St. Paul
Northwestern Elec. Equip. Co.
Missouri, Kansas City
B-R Electric Co.
Missouri, St. Louis
Wesco Supply Co.
Nebraska, Omaha
Mid-West Electric Co.
New Jersey, Newark
Tri-City Electric Co.
New York, Albany
Havens Elec. Co., Inc.
New York, Buffalo
Robertson Cataract Electric Co.
New York, New York
E. B. Latham & Co.
Royal Eastern Elec. Supply Co.
Sibley, Newman Elec. Corp.
New York, Rochester
Alberger-Green Elec. Supply Co.
New York, Syracuse
Mohawk Electrical Supply Co.
Ohio, Cincinnati
The F. D. Lawrence Elec. Co.
Ohio, Cleveland
The Brown Elec. Co.
Ohio, Columbus
The Ernst Hopkins Co.
Ohio, Dayton
The Wm. Hall Electric Co.
Oklahoma, Oklahoma City
Southwest General Electric Co.
Oregon, Portland
Pacific States Electric Co.
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia
Penn Elec. Co., Supply Dept.
Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh
Union Electric Co.
South Carolina, Columbia
Peery-Main Electric Co.
Tennessee, Memphis
James Supply Co.
Tennessee, Memphis
Electric Supply Co.
Texas, Dallas
Southwest General Electric Co.
Texas, El Paso
Southwest General Electric Co.
Texas, Houston
Southwest General Electric Co.
Texas, Fort Worth
Collins & Moore
Texas, San Antonio
Martin-Wright Electric Co.
Utah, Salt Lake City
Intermountain Electric Co.
Washington, Seattle
Pacific States Electric Co.
Washington, Spokane
Pacific States Electric Co.



remember the name G-E

It cools every corner! —the G-E Oscillating Fan

Yes, every corner—for it swings as it cools—to the left, to the right.

On sweltering nights this rich, olive-green G-E Fan has cooled you—delightfully—in the homes of friends and in public places. And you've wondered why *home* isn't cool. Get a G-E Oscillating Fan now.

You can get a full-speed-ahead breeze if you want it—and it's mighty welcome when the mercury boils. Or, as the fan swings, there's just a gentle, pleasing, draftless coolness everywhere.

Ask any electrical dealer, who shows a rainbow in his window, for a carton full of coolness—you will get a G-E Oscillating Fan.

32-B-41

G-E Fans

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

The Alloy-Steel Age

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE progress of civilization may be measured by enumerating the ages through which the peoples of the earth have passed. First was the Stone Age, after which in regular order came the years of Bronze, then Iron and later Steel. Now we appear to have gone a step farther and entered a new time that may properly be termed the Alloy-Steel Age.

In the matter of basic minerals the United States has been blessed beyond all the other countries of the world. We have practically inexhaustible supplies of coal, iron and copper, but the advances of science have brought us to a point where our industrial life is almost as dependent upon a regular supply of certain rarer minerals as upon the far larger supplies of the more common basic elements. The war taught us many lessons, and among other things we learned to appreciate more fully the different alloy metals which were proved to be so essential in the manufacture of various grades of steel for special war purposes. However, the alloys are destined to occupy a prominent place in our peacetime life, just as they did in the days of fighting.

For certain uses ordinary steel lacks several qualities, such as toughness and workability, which are essential to success in a commercial way. It is for this reason that steel manufacturers have resorted to the use of a small percentage of certain other metals which when mixed with steel materially improve the character and quality of the resultant product. Careful research has shown that there are five alloying elements of practical use in the making of supergrades of steel. These are chromium, nickel, tungsten, vanadium and molybdenum. The rapid growth of the automotive and tool-steel industries has developed a demand here in the United States for steel alloys that was not dreamed of ten years ago.

Aircraft and automobiles are being produced in ever-increasing quantities. The aim of practically all manufacturers is to build the strongest possible machine that is still light in weight. A frame, shaft or gear made of an alloy steel is from one-fourth to one-third lighter than a similar part of equal strength made from steel containing no alloy. We often hear someone say that a certain steel is lighter than some other steel. This, of course, is not strictly true, for a given bar of steel always weighs approximately the same, whatever materials go into its making. It is a fact, however, that one steel possessing a given strength may weigh thirty per cent less than another steel of the same strength.

The really important matter in the case of steel alloys is concerned with our dependence or independence in the matter of a sufficient supply of these materials. Chromium is derived from the mineral chromite, which comes principally from Rhodesia, Canada and New Caledonia. Less than one-third of the supply of this mineral used each year in the United States comes from our own deposits. California has furnished the greater part of our domestic production. Nickel is now considered essential for all good steels except high-speed steel and is especially desirable for use in armor plate. Practically all of this metal that is used in the United States is imported from Canada. The metal tungsten has had a spectacular career during the short time it has been close in the public eye. Before the war the highest price for tungsten was fifteen dollars a unit, but during the time of hostilities the price advanced to $100 a unit. The United States had always been able to supply its own needs for tungsten, but mining authorities tell us that at the present rate of production our domestic deposits of this metal will last only six or seven years. If we fail to discover new supplies of tungsten it is likely that in a few years we shall be importing our supply of this mineral from China, Japan and English possessions.

Vanadium is almost universally used in tool steels and is employed in the manufacture of certain steels that are to be subjected to unusual strain, such as locomotive tires and automobile springs. One of the puzzles during the war was where the Germans got their vanadium, for the shells that were dropped into Paris contained a small percentage of this metal. The United States uses more vanadium than all the rest of the world combined, but is compelled to go to South America for it. It is estimated that ninety per cent of the world's supply of vanadium lies in the Peruvian Andes.

Of the five alloy metals mentioned, this leaves only molybdenum, and therein hangs a hope. I have pointed out how indispensable are these minerals in our industrial life. It is also plain from what has been stated that in the case of the four other minerals this country will soon be a dependent nation. Users of high-grade steel are consequently becoming more and more interested in molybdenum steel as a substitute for the other kinds that have been so largely used during recent years. Something like four-fifths of the world's known supply of molybdenum ore has been located in the United States, and present indications seem to point to the development of quite an industry in this comparatively new metal which had but small commercial value only a few years ago.

Prior to the war about fifteen tons of molybdenum metal was used in the United States, while the balance of our small production was sent to Europe to be used as a substitute for part of the tungsten in high-speed tool steels. During the war the French used molybdenum in making breech blocks for cannon.

Recent experiments have proved that one ton of molybdenum will replace two tons of tungsten in steel manufacture. Our baby tanks were armored with molybdenum steel, and this same steel alloy was used in the manufacture of crank shafts and connecting rods for Liberty motors. The steel helmets worn by our doughboys also contained a percentage of this metal.

New ideas are not worth much unless we have at hand the materials with which to put the ideas into execution. The fellow who first discovered that we could make a wonderful material of unusual strength by mixing a little carbon with iron would not have got far with his scheme if there had been a scarcity of the element carbon to use in the process. The necessary ingredients, however, were right at hand and the manufacture of steel became an actuality instead of a dream on paper. So to-day engineers and designers are finding it possible to turn advanced ideas into improved products, and the production of molybdenum steel is one step in the forward movement.

The highest percentage of molybdenum in any of our American steels now being produced is one per cent, and oftentimes the content is as low as one-fourth of one per cent. Recent practice also indicates that because of the ease with which molybdenum steels are machined, heat treated and forged, certain intermediary processes are eliminated and production costs are thereby reduced. At any rate, the present outlook is good for the utilization of an American mineral that has lain useless in the mountains of Arizona and Colorado while we have gone to foreign lands for no better materials to serve our industrial needs.

A Molybdenum Mining Operation in Colorado

Inland Water Transport

THE United States Government and the various states have expended approximately three-quarters of a billion dollars for river and harbor improvements on our inland waterways, and yet our rivers and canals have never amounted to much as carriers of freight. As an example of how inland water transportation has been declining, it is only necessary to recall that fifty years ago river traffic on our most important water route, the Mississippi, reached its maximum in volume. By 1890 St. Louis was receiving less than two-thirds of a million tons of river-borne freight annually, or only about seven per cent as much as came in by rail. At the present time the incoming river traffic of St. Louis averages less than 200 tons daily, while the railroad freight received totals approximately 118,000 tons each day.

River steamers are no longer considered as competitors of railroad lines. Very few people still hold the belief that water competition has value as a factor in keeping down railway rates. Some investigators go still further and declare that even if the taxpayers were to bear the entire cost of constructing and maintaining the waterways used, the return to any capital that might be invested in operating boats as freight carriers would be so small that private interests with surplus cash would not find the venture attractive.

A good part of the money that has so far been invested to develop inland water transportation appears to have been wasted. Locks and dams that were built at large expense on many rivers now only serve to impede the floating of logs. With our present huge war debts the time has come when waterway expenditures in the United States must be confined to projects where the probable traffic will be large enough to justify the outlay.

The first railroads constructed in the United States were built to carry passengers, not freight. This idea was changed, however, when it was discovered that rails could be made of steel instead of wrought iron, thus permitting the operation of heavier cars and locomotives. In these early days and for years afterward people continued to believe that water transportation was the natural and economical method for moving freight. The greater part of the literature on haulage was designed to convey the thought that the waterways of a country should be carefully developed as a public benefit. This idea has continued with us so strongly that even up to the present time practically all our important political parties seek favor through the insertion of a waterways plank in their platforms.

A number of people right now are of the opinion that the case of the waterways here in the United States has not been considered fairly on its merits. These folks are wondering why it is that after $100,000,000 has been spent to improve the Mississippi River this greatest of America's inland waterways is without any through-freight traffic large enough in volume to be worthy of consideration. Is it true that the money supposedly spent to further waterway development was actually expended to build levees and revetments to prevent floods which rendered the fertile lands adjacent to the river worthless for agricultural purposes?

If such is the case it would have been better if Congress had made direct appropriations for flood prevention.

Few men have given longer or more careful thought to the engineering aspects of inland water transportation than Charles Whiting Baker, former editor of the Engineering News and still an active leader in engineering practice and thought. Following a detailed investigation which he made covering

river and canal transportation in the United States I took the opportunity to gather from Mr. Baker the principal points contained in the conclusions brought out by his thorough examination of the problem. The chief thoughts on which he laid emphasis are deserving of the careful consideration of all citizens who are interested in this large question.

We must dismiss right at the beginning all thought that inland waterways can be provided to carry traffic during those critical times when our railroads are swamped with business and industry is suffering from a congestion of freight. Such a policy would entail a loss so large that the Government would find it burdensome to carry the cost, and it goes without mentioning that private concerns would not be interested in conducting a business that would occur only at intervals of years. During the recent war, when the railways were unable to handle the business offered them, much hope was placed in our waterways as carriers of freight. But strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that during this crucial period of railway congestion our river-borne traffic showed a falling off instead of an increase.

The records show that our important inland waterways have cost as much per mile to improve as the cost of building a first-class railway. It is also true that the capacity of a waterway, as of a railway, is nearly always fixed by the capacity of its terminals. The point is often overlooked that even on ocean routes where there are no expenses for construction or maintenance many steamship companies have been forced to abandon their business because of their inability to pay expenses in competition with railway lines. Since this is the case it does appear advisable to question the common idea that inland water transport is cheaper than haulage by rail.

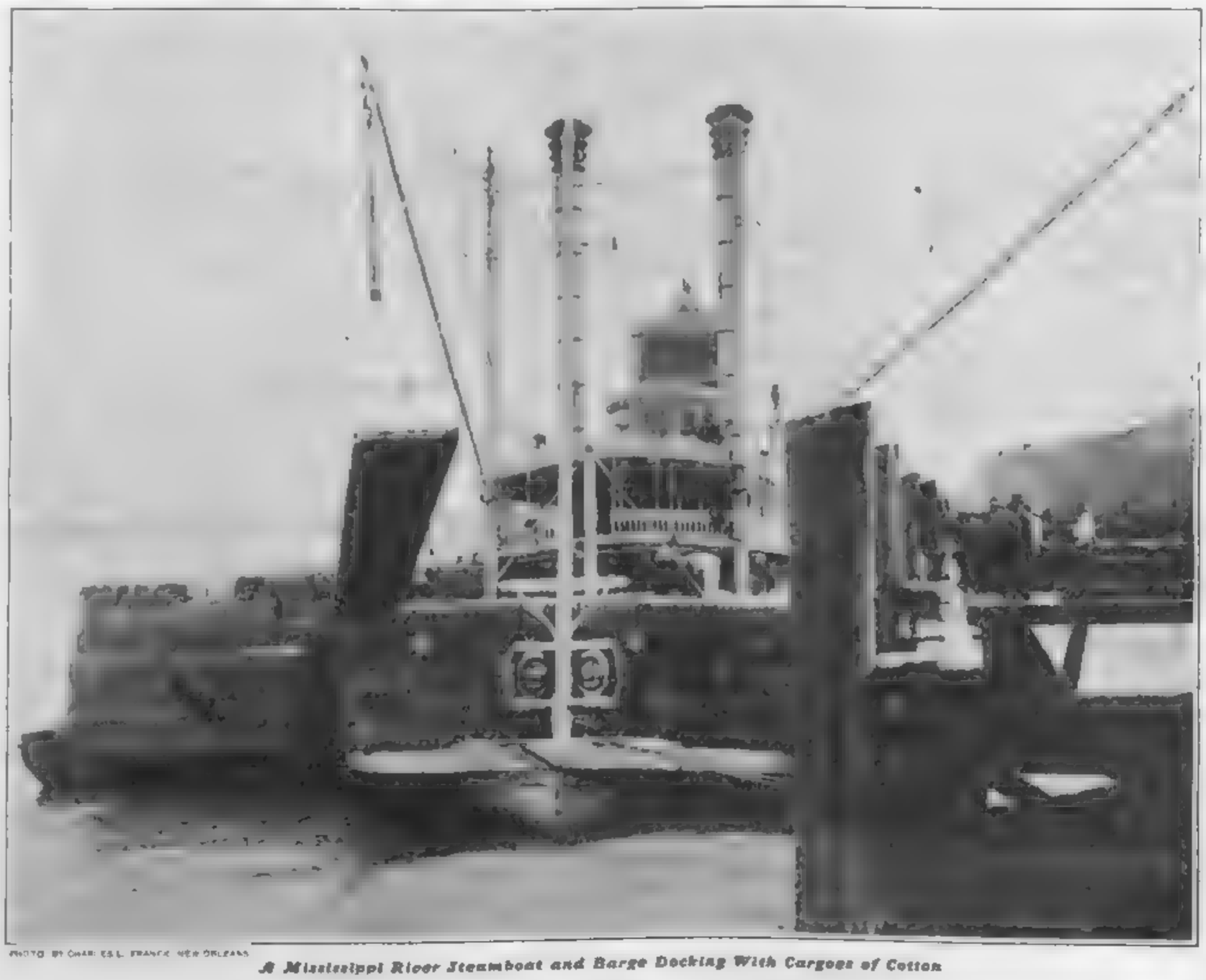
Perhaps the greatest exception to the superiority of railroad haulage is the case of water transportation on the Great Lakes. The splendid results obtained in handling bulk freights on the lakes have been due to the installation of wonderful freight-handling machinery, which has effected marvelous reductions in the cost of transferring materials from railroad car to ship and vice versa. Nowhere else in the world does there exist so huge a volume of traffic in bulk freights as flows between the ports of Lake Superior and the cities on the lower lakes.

The great investment in labor-saving machinery at the terminals has been made possible by this immense volume of business.

Some people still believe that the day will come when our waterways will again become an avenue for merchandise freight. This idea is not borne out by the results of recent ventures in water transportation. Less than three years ago a large company was organized to build and operate a line of boats on the Mississippi River. One large steel barge propelled by oil engines was completed and put into service, making nineteen trips between New Orleans and St. Louis during a period of nine months. This barge, constructed in accordance with the latest modern thought, carried a total of 12,745 tons of freight, or an average of 670 tons a trip. The average freight rate received was $4.24 a ton. At the end of the period of experiment it was found that the operating and administration expenses, without taking into account interest and depreciation on investment, exceeded receipts by nearly $170,000. The president of the company that backed this undertaking ascribed the failure to an unsuccessful equipment of oil engines, which caused serious delays at the terminals, and to the heavy expenses incurred in receiving and discharging cargo at terminals.' It is likely, however, that even if these difficulties had been eliminated the cost of transportation would not have been reduced to a point where all the losses would have been wiped out.

Experience has shown that in order for water transportation to be successful the barge or boat must be fully loaded. It is for this reason that the future of our inland waterways lies in the carriage of bulk freight rather than merchandise goods. The boat conveying merchandise must make most of her runs with only a partial cargo, for shippers of merchandise demand a reliable regular service, which is hardly attainable in river-borne traffic. Much of the literature discussing water transport bases all assumptions on the boats' running with full loads every trip.

Returning again to the cost of providing inland waterways, it is interesting to note that upward of $8,000,000 has already been spent on the work that is now going on to improve the Missouri River. The engineer in charge reports that the work is only twenty-seven per cent completed. Considering the present high prices of materials and labor it is estimated that the finished job will cost no less than $40,000,000 and will require $1,000,000 annually to maintain. This means that if this improvement is worth making it must show a saving of at least $2,600,000 yearly.



A Mississippi River Steamboat and Barge Docking With Cargoes of Cotton

In the case of the Ohio River, the plan for providing slack-water navigation from Pittsburgh to Cairo, where it joins the Mississippi, was first estimated to cost $63,731,488, but $50,000,000 has already been expended and not much more than sixty-five per cent of the work has been finished. The completed job will probably cost $100,000,000, and will require no less than $1,500,000 as an annual operating cost. If we add interest and depreciation to this latter item it will be found that in order to justify the Government's outlay upon it the Ohio River must carry sufficient traffic to effect a saving in freight over rail transport of at least $7,500,000 yearly. Even if this improbable result should be attained, the actual outcome would be to take $7,500,000 from the Federal treasury and distribute it among a comparatively small number of shippers and consumers who might benefit through a small saving in freight.

The greatest investment in a single inland waterway ever made in the world was the construction of the New York barge canal by the state of New York. More than $150,000,000 has already been expended in the construction of this transportation route, which is designed for the free use of anyone who desires to operate boats upon it. A number of things have been discovered since this canal was built. One interesting bit of knowledge disclosed by the transportation officials is that small boats are more economical to operate than vessels of a larger size. Most figures in the past have been based on the assumption that the larger the size of carrier the cheaper will be the transportation. This barge canal is closed to traffic for at least five months each year, and the operating company was obliged to adopt 300-ton barges so that these vessels can run on the canal in summer and be used in the lighterage business in the port of New York during the winter. A 300-ton barge is about as large as can be used in the lighterage business. If larger boats were employed in the canal the operating company would not be able to maintain its organization and activities the year round, which would mean that it could not profitably do business at all.

Measured solely in the light of a business venture the New York barge canal is an out-and-out failure. The taxpayers of New York are paying annually about $6,000,000 in interest charges on the bonds issued to build the canal and about $2,000,000 additional to maintain and operate it. No less than three-fourths of this expenditure is chargeable to the Erie Canal, which carried a total of 730,000 tons of freight in 1919. Of this tonnage only 292,000 tons was high-class freight, so that the taxpayers laid out over twenty dollars for each ton of this freight moved. No one can deny that this is an expensive investment.

Much has been written concerning inland water transport in Europe. The waterway system of France costs the taxpayers about $19,000,000 a year, or about 5.7 mills a ton-mile. These French water routes carry chiefly low-class bulk freight, and the government forces an arbitrary differential so that the railways will not be able to put the waterways out of commission. In Germany the Rhine has the greatest traffic of any inland waterway in the world. Just prior to the war this route handled 22,000,000 tons of freight annually. Nearly forty-five per cent of Germany's waterway traffic was moved on the Rhine. Water transportation in Germany is heavily subsidized at the taxpayers' expense. An investigation by German engineers several years ago showed that the canal rates would have to be double the rail rates in order to cover the cost of building and maintaining the waterway as well as the cost of haulage. The most recent figures available show that the Dortmund-Ems Canal, the most important waterway of its kind in Germany, carried in one year 1,518,000 tons, and incurred a deficit for the year of $908,359. This indicates that the cost to the taxpayers was approximately sixty cents for every ton transported.

Close students of transportation throughout the world are generally agreed that inland waterways can survive only by confining their traffic to low-value products such as coal, stone, lumber, brick, ice, ore and grain. Furthermore, water transport in order to be successful must handle a large volume of business. An investigation by one member of the Interstate Commerce Commission showed that if we leave out all interest on the railway investment and eliminate taxes, the average cost of moving a railway freight car one mile in the United States is 7.58 cents. Assuming that this car holds forty tons, it is plain that the average ton-mile operating cost on road haul alone, on American railways, including all the expenditure on maintenance of way, is 1.89 mills a ton-mile.

The question is, "Can inland waterways transport bulk freights at a less cost than this?" River steamboats are immediately eliminated from all consideration, as their ton-mile costs are in all cases far greater than the railway-haulage expense just mentioned. This leaves for comparison the river and canal barges moved in fleets by a single power boat. The barge fleet can make only from one to three miles an hour, while the railway freight train will average no less than ten miles. This means that the expense for interest, depreciation and wages on railroad trains carrying freight is distributed over a greater number of miles. Therefore, if we assume the most favorable of conditions for water transport, the saving over rail rates by substituting water haulage will seldom if ever exceed a mill for a ton-mile, or ten cents for 100 miles.

(Continued on Page 38)

How true it is that the ardor of the Cadillac owner never wanes.

As the days merge into months and the months melt into years, he appreciates more and more that he not only revels in a superior sort of travel, in a kind of motoring that does not lose its charm, but in a distinctive mode of motoring that actually grows more fascinating as time goes on.

How true it is too that, be where he may or go where he will, he is the object of constant envy, not only because of the rare delights in the way he motors, but also because he is immune even from apprehension of things that would mar his enjoyment.

And his complacency is intensified by the knowledge that he could not more wisely have chosen his motor car.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

C A D I L L A C

CADILLAC STANDARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 36)

Nothing could be more enlightening than the experience of the United States Railroad Administration in the operation of boats from the close of the war until the middle of last year. The total freight handled during this period was 30,328 tons on the New York barge canal, 85,377 tons on the lower Mississippi, and 42,586 tons of coal on the Warrior River. The operating losses averaged $2.40 a ton of freight moved on the barge canal, $4.82 on the Mississippi and $1.40 on the Warrior River. These government boats were supposed to carry cargo at a cost to the shipper of only eighty per cent of the railway rates; however, even if the full rail rates had been charged the return to the water carriers would not have come anywhere near covering the cost incurred in moving the tonnage by water.

The foregoing statements should not be interpreted as an attempt to prove the futility of water transport, for there are opportunities in this method of transportation to benefit the commercial and industrial interests of the nation greatly. There is much virtue in attempts to provide water routes that will permit large ships to travel direct from interior points in the United States to European ports. Dressed meat and steel plates are already being loaded on ocean steamers in Chicago and then carried without transfer to Liverpool. A steamer left Chicago on June twenty-fifth of last year and carried goods to England at a cost of only $1.25 a hundredweight.

The need of the present day is for the exercise of sound engineering judgment in all important economic questions where technical problems abound. Waterway advocates for many years have sounded all kinds of popular slogans that have appealed quickly to the public fancy. Many people have talked glibly of a deep waterway to connect the Great Lakes with the Gulf of Mexico. But engineers know that there is no possible method whereby we can insure a sufficient depth for deep-draft ocean steamers in the Mississippi during the low-water season. When the river is in flood its depth is sufficient at most points to float ocean steamers, but such ships lack the necessary steering power they would have to have in order to cope with the swift current and sharp bends. The bed of the Mississippi from Cairo to the sea is the ancient delta of the river, and rock lies at an unattainable depth. As a consequence it will never be possible to count on using vessels safely that have more than an eight-foot draft.

Mr. Baker and other engineers who have devoted careful study to our waterways problem are aiming to impress upon the nation the simple fact that money expended for the benefit of water transportation should be spent on channels that will be used when completed. Such has not always been the case in the past, and the action that has been taken does not reflect credit on this country's ability and farsightedness in building for both use and profit. It would be hard to disprove that sentiment rather than wisdom has been responsible for millions of dollars spent in the construction of American waterways.

This brings me to the all-important question of handling freight at terminals. The time is fast approaching when in many communities the cost of loading and unloading goods at terminal points will be greater than the total expense entailed in hauling these same goods hundreds of miles by water or rail. Modern motive power has annihilated distance both on water and land, and everyone should get hold of the idea that in all except long-distance shipments terminal expenses have become the most important factor in transportation. In a succeeding article it will be my purpose to emphasize the vital need of more modern methods in freight handling.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF E. I. DUPONT DE NEMOURS & CO.

Technical Laboratory for the Testing of Dyestuffs in a Big American Chemical Plant Producing Dyes

The Chemist's Opportunity

OUR achievements during the war appeared to promise a great expansion in our chemical industries after hostilities had ceased. Though important progress has been made along chemical lines since the signing of the armistice no such forward movement as seemed likely has developed. Careful investigators attribute this failure to the lack of a national policy respecting our chemical industries. Should this condition continue to exist the United States will be placed in the position of a country that is forced to depend upon foreign nations for its supplies of essential chemical products.

The emergencies of war caused America to organize many new chemical industries that were sorely needed to equalize the industrial development of the nation and make us independent of overseas producers. If we are to perpetuate these infant businesses that were lately founded, the companies that are carrying on such enterprises must be given a still longer period of freedom from the formidable competition of the large European industries that have grown wealthy and strong through years of success in controlling and exploiting the American markets.

Few people realize just how essential a well-organized chemical industry is to the welfare and safety of a great country at the present time. No matter what a nation's resources may be so far as raw materials are concerned, these valuable products cannot be made available for practical use unless a small army of competent chemists is on hand to refine the crude materials and supervise the utilization of the finished products in the manufacture of innumerable commodities. If we do not cultivate the growth of a vast chemical industry it is useless to expect that the country will have a sufficient number of trained men ready to supply the nation's need for chemical brains whenever occasion may rise. It is not unwise for us to bear in mind that the chemical plants which are so valuable in peace are absolutely essential to success in carrying out a national defense program.

Of all of our new chemical industries the dye industry stands forth preëminent. Few people who followed the conduct of the war but remember the distress and apprehension that prevailed in this country when our supplies of available dyes were near exhaustion. Not one but many industries were seriously hampered until relief from abroad and a larger supply of domestic dyes enabled us to tide over our dilemma. A preponderance of evidence has recently been prepared and indicates that our domestic coal-tar industry will not long survive if wholly abandoned to foreign competition. The American dye markets mean so much to foreign producers, especially the Germans, that it is reasonable to expect these European companies will gladly sell dyestuffs at a loss, if necessary, to stifle the industry in the United States. Such a practice worked beautifully in the past and could easily be repeated in the future. The remedy proposed by American chemists includes the levying of a temporary import duty and the enactment of an efficient antidumping law.

When the American dye industry first came into existence it was quickly discovered that the matter of first importance was the production of dyes of good quality. The larger dye manufacturers in the United States have developed their processes until they are now able to produce dyes of a quality equal to those manufactured in Germany, where the industry was developed to a high state of perfection by years of keen world competition. Only a year ago many indispensable dyes, such as blue and green acid wool dyes, were not made by our United States companies. To-day both of these groups are being produced, and other shades are being added to the list in rapid order.

As an evidence that American manufacturers have started in the dye industry with serious intent it is only necessary to state that more than $100,000,000 is now invested in the dye industry in this country. If in this figure we were to include the money that is invested in the manufacture of raw materials which go into the dye industry, the total investment would run up into hundreds of millions of dollars.

Prior to the war more than 900 dyes were imported into this country; approximately 120 dyes were then manufactured in the United States. At the present time we are producing upward of 400 different dyes in our own plants, so if we take into account that of the large number of dyes formerly imported many were quite unimportant and were brought over in very small quantities it is plain that the American dye industry has made great progress of late.

It should always be borne in mind that the cash value of dyestuffs is no criterion of their importance. Before the war Great Britain imported something like $10,000,000 worth of dyes annually, but the British industries in textile and other lines that were dependent upon these imported supplies represented an investment of nearly $1,000,000,000. A similar situation once prevailed in relation to the American textile industries. Our importations of dyes amounted to only a few million dollars in value, but without these dyestuffs we could have produced only a small part of the $1,500,000,000 worth of cotton fabrics that are manufactured in the United States each year. What is true of the cotton industry is equally true of the woolen, silk, leather, paper and other dyestuff-consuming industries.

But though dyes, as stated, are of prime importance in our industrial life there are other branches of the chemical industry that also are of great value in our economic progress. For many years the nations of the world have been dependent for camphor upon shipments from Japan, and this latter country in turn has drawn its supply from the island of Formosa, where native savages are used to obtain the material from camphor trees. Aside from its medicinal uses camphor is employed largely in the manufacture of celluloid and various products utilized in the making of toilet articles and other everyday commodities. Nearly 1,000,000 pounds of camphor was used last year in the United States for medical purposes.

Agents of the United States Government, acting in the belief that the camphor tree might be adapted to our climate and soil, secured a considerable supply of seeds, and planted these in several of our Southern States. Much success has followed this experiment, and one large American company that consumes a big tonnage of camphor commenced to plant camphor trees on its own account, and now has 1800 acres planted with 1,000,000 trees and 3,000,000 seedlings. In less than four years an ever-increasing supply of camphor will be available from this source, and we shall no longer be compelled to supply ourselves with camphor from sources that lie on the other side of the earth.

But it takes time for such things as trees to grow; so the American chemists of this same big company recently got busy in an effort to produce camphor in some other way than from the wood of the camphor tree. As a result of the experiments that were patiently conducted a method has been devised whereby camphor is secured from turpentine by a new synthetic process. Not only has the scheme been proved practical but enough camphor is already being produced to supply most of the nation's needs for this important compound. In the meantime the acres planted with camphor trees will continue to thrive, and America will become a natural source of supply for another valuable material that is essential to our industrial welfare.

(Concluded on Page 142)

PATHÉ SUPREME

IN all those features that distinguish the really fine phonograph from the mere commercialized reproduction of sound—in artistic appearance, in scope of repertoire, in sheer musical quality—above all, in tone—the Pathé Phonograph is supreme.

Pathé

PHONOGRAPH

COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY PHONOGRAPH

PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH CO.
EUGENE A. WIDMANN, *President*
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

LONDON, ENGLAND TORONTO, CANADA

5-9

UNIONISM THAT UNITES

By L. E. McKENZIE

HISTORY does not record whether Nero ceased fiddling when Rome had burned. Donora, a baby steel town of Pennsylvania, did, sprang a national idea, put it into practice and is watching it grow.

Donora cut its eyeteeth on steel billets. During a steel strike of six months ago it may have out-Neroed Nero in his best fiddling moments, but after Rome burned Donora ceased fiddling. Nero was old and Donora is young, possessed of much youthful curiosity concerning the latest and greatest American game of Who and What Our Country 'Tis of Which and Why?

Over at greater Washington the other day representatives of business, the churches, the Americanization movement, social workers and women's organizations were advised by Franklin K. Lane to take steps toward the formation of a national movement to promote community organization in every city, town, hamlet and township of the United States.

Probably the national capital never heard of Donora. But this is the town that has already done what national organizations are now seeking to promote.

Three months after the idea was evolved it announces that community service is a fully workable plan, which in its practical application excels all other plans that have been tried in twenty years of experimenting with organization methods.

Donora is a humble town, one only among a thousand mill towns, but its citizens claim original and progressive gray matter born of stress. Let the reader take it that the Donora Community Service came into being after the greatest travail a town could undergo and survive. That is why the telling is important to every city and town in America.

Three months ago it was a town idea and, the citizens here claim, a Donora idea. Something for workingmen and churchmen, for business men and truck drivers, for bankers and cinder wheelers, but a town idea—and it's working. To-morrow it may be a great American idea, a town-to-town idea, a remedy for many of the isms, including bureauism, Bolshevism, jazzism and socialism. Something to be considered by those weak-kneed humans who are afraid to stand up to the guns of reconstruction and who seem to believe they will arrive at a miraculously created isle of safety somehow by and by.

Donora, with world-record steel and wire mills, juts out as the front calk of a horseshoe in the upper Monongahela River valley. It was born and bred of iron and steel. As such it came rather chaotically to the end of the greatest steel strike in history. True, there had been dynamitings and bombings, and the state police rode by night. Out of it had come bitterness and misunderstanding. This could not be relegated to labor alone, for labor, as such, held no more of misconception of a great and growing American duty than those apart from steel labor direct.

Out of the strike came an uncertain future, something with a menacing note in its resonant throat. One could not be certain whether germs of disorder had been removed or merely narcotized. Citizens of Donora in those days were not good in one another's sight. Preachment of class hatred had shaken the confidence of neighbor in neighbor, of the worker in the tradesman, of the tradesman in the worker. Business men resented thousands lost in money that might have been spent. Workingmen resented losing the thousands in wages they might have spent.

Local Needs Become Pressing

FLOODS of advice were heralded through the public prints, were read, more or less digested and cast aside. Some cried for the open shop, and some against it. Some said to humanize industry, and others said it was being humanized without avail. Passing weeks restored public calm, but the undercurrent of unrest, of watchful waiting, flowed persistently on. The structure of the community stood staunch, but its citizens were wary of investing in its futures. Labor again swung into the old paths to the mill gates, but the murmur could be heard.

Old John muttered as he went his way: "It so is, but it comes again. What you say?"

None could answer. Many inwardly asked the same question.

One day a few weeks ago two citizens awakened and looked at each other. They found each other good, but with different viewpoints. Apparently there was no middle ground. Neither had doubt of the strength or sincerity of the other. Americanism had proved its right to be heard above the voice of all other isms, but there is Americanism and Americanism, and each had his opinion of what it might be. Perhaps Donora stood as all the other steel towns. Shadows of misconceptions, some imported, some home grown, seemed to flicker across the glare of the Bessemer gun in the lower town by night.

Workingmen had organized for the strike, and their organization had been broken of its own weakness when family larders went low, and the clank-clank of the billet rolls called them back to the mill gates. But this could not be applied to the workingmen alone. The business men saw their own organization disintegrate.

"The business men are organized against you. None are for you." The charge was hurled time after time. It was the high battle cry of agitation. The business citizenry saw in their own organization a weapon against themselves and the public interest. Of their own accord they fell apart.

But, outgrowing its swaddling clothes, the steel town needed shelter for its new inhabitants, homes for the workers in five miles of mills owned by a corporation that this year would begin spending more millions in adding more mills for more workers. Streets teemed with hundreds of growing foreign children. Community spirit was at its lowest ebb and there loomed the crying need for streets, for houses, for public libraries, for community buildings, for all of those things that a baby town suddenly grown to city size finds that it must have. This was the situation late in December when the steel strike ended.

The Idea Is Hatched

CAME a business man or a workingman—no one remembers which—with a proposal. Let's have a new kind of organization, something so wholly representative that the banker and the merchant and the cinder wheeler and the priest and the shoe-shine man and the driver of the truck shall have an equal voice.

Why, who had ever heard of such foolishness? It never had been done. Our interests are different. We don't think alike and we don't act alike. What possible interest can the man who shovels ore have in affairs that concern the president of the bank? Where can the merchant and the toil-stained mill hand find a common ground?

Only a few believed in the idea. It seemed too radical for the conservative business man, and utterly impossible for the laborer. The worker had been taught that other citizens were organized against him. But they are born gamblers in the valley of steel. Steel-town humanity is like other humanity. You say a thing can't be done and somebody is ready to take issue with you. It came to be a sort of standing dare between the workingmen and the business men.

"We dare you to invite us to organize with you."

"We dare you to accept our proposition that we organize as one body."

That sort of thing cannot go on for long without something happening. Committees composed of workingmen, of merchants, of bankers, of professional men, got together. First, it was suggested that a chamber of commerce be organized for everybody. Nothing doing, said the workingmen. Then came the left-over of the war, but an all-encompassing idea, for all that.

Why not the Donora Community Service? It went over. In fact, it went over so big that a light began to gleam across the troubled way of all those intimate problems which concerned the town as a whole.

The plank across the troubled differences of industry became a solid, substantial one. Citizens crossed that plank to a common ground and wiped out the last vestige of the steel strike.

Workingmen from the big mills joined the organization in groups of a hundred. Business men and professional men came in in smaller groups until suddenly Donora discovered it had a working organization that was making it forget that the town had only recently lost $3,000,000 in wages, production and business.

Meet the Donora Community Service, the organization that is not organized for the working men who were caught up in the big strike, but of them—not for the business citizens, but of them; for and of workingmen and business men of every class, the only qualification being that of American citizenship. And Donora pridefully presents this personnel of officers and directors as one without duplication in the United States for the diversification of interests represented:

R. E. HOOPES, president; general agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

G. E. KOEDEL, first vice president; clerk at steel works.

THOMAS M. GILLAND, second vice president; superintendent of schools.

M. M. NEALE, third vice president; draftsman at zinc works.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

C. F. THOMAS, cashier of Bank of Donora.
M. J. O'DONNELL, roller in rod mill.
FRANK GALLATIN, chief engineer in mills.
ANDREW A. PATTON, foreman in railroad shops.
H. A. COX, master mechanic in zinc works.
JACOB BOOHER, electrician in mills.
C. C. COMPTON, architect.
RUSSELL VERNON, hardware merchant.
MOSE MILLER, clothing merchant.
D. M. ANDERSON, attorney at law.
WALTER COATESWORTH, proprietor of garage.

Three months ago Donora faced a blank and uncertain future. On the first day of April Donora had a solid organization of more than one thousand citizens, more than four-fifths of these representing labor and prepared at any time to present any cause it sees fit for the consideration of all the citizens of the town. Donora has forever pulled the teeth of that rabid cry that "the business men are organized against the workers."

But can such an organization work harmoniously and achieve concrete results?

The Donora Community Service this week organized a housing corporation with a capital stock of $100,000, with nine directors equally divided between the business men, the bankers and the workingmen in the mills. Stock is being subscribed so rapidly that before this article has reached its destination the corporation will have completed its organization and will have contracted for the first homes for workingmen in Donora in 1920. Because the intelligence of the directorate and membership is so diversified, preparation for meeting the greatest need of the industrial town, that of housing, has made it unnecessary to call for outside experts. The diversification of the committees that prepared the plans took care of that.

What of the cost and the practical features of building new houses this spring? Ask the contractor who sat on one of the housing committees.

What of the architectural work connected with the enterprise? The architect on another committee answered directly and definitely.

What of the labor possibilities? A mill foreman soon set that feature at rest.

What of electrical equipment for the homes? Ask the master electrician from the wire mill. He sits over there.

What of the financing problem? Easy enough. Three bankers are on the committees.

Would the workmen invest in homes of their own? "You bet we will," chorused the voices of several workers in the committees.

Thus the housing problem became at once a happy and assured fact; and the costs, and the depreciation, and the land values, and the construction, and the freight embargoes—any and all the details are but matters for the men who know; and they are in the organization and ready to do their part.

Constructive Committee Work

THERE are twelve standing committees, each of which includes almost a majority of workingmen. They have gone to work. "Why," they said, "we didn't know you wanted us to work with you. What is there to do? Our coats are off. Lead us to it."

"All together for the whole town," has become the slogan, and so strongly is it now in evidence that a few despairing labor agitators are hanging on the edges and wondering if there is any place left into which an entering wedge may be slipped. They have a faint feeling at the pit of their stomachs that something has been organized against unrest, something too concretely American for them to override with the syndicalistic arguments that took such a strong hold a year ago.

As to the achievement of the new "union of all citizens," it has only begun to achieve. Excerpts from the report of the secretary at the last meeting are interesting in bringing out the new spirit that has begun to take hold and carry public enthusiasm along with it for a better and bigger community to the exclusion of pettier problems introduced by outsiders.

In this report these items are to be found:

"Your Committee on Americanization and Education organized by electing W. S. Ferrar as chairman. [Mr. Ferrar is an employment supervisor.] It was decided to start an immediate campaign for a night school, which was carried out to such good effect that a night school with an enrollment of about 160 foreign workmen who are not citizens was opened Tuesday, March 2. In this connection an essay contest on Americanization was conducted in the schools, and prizes were offered by the Donora Community Service. Thus more than 2200 children in both public

(Continued on Page 42)

Back of the great body of those who have been fortunate enough to get a Liberty is another great body willing to wait because they want *this* car, and the quality it represents. They are all of a type —the sort who instinctively turn to that which is good and beautiful.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

CHASE

DREDNAUT
Motor
Topping

"Defies Time and the Elements"

Very likely

you have made a "hobby" of fitting your car with the best. Don't overlook the importance of the top, and to really make sure that you have a quality top through and through, obtain Drednaut Motor Topping—one of the famous "Chase" products.

L. C. CHASE & CO., • • • • BOSTON

NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO

CHASE

(Continued from Page 40)

and parochial schools were interested. It is expected that the three-month classes will be brought up to an enrollment of nearly 300 within the next few days. The committee plans to continue special Americanization efforts during the coming summer."

On this committee are an Italian shoe merchant, a Polish worker at the zinc works, the school superintendent and a foreman in the mills. The Polish worker was one to offer prizes and personally to bring fifty to the school.

"The Committee on Parks, Playgrounds and Athletics, with Charles Foreman as chairman, has taken up the matter of forming the Donora Home Baseball League for 1920. It has been practically agreed that this shall be a six-team league this year. The company is planning to make improvements at Americo Park and to provide additional seating capacity for fans. The committee will take up the matter of other park and playground improvements as soon as the weather permits.

"The Community Building Committee has been organized with R. G. Johnston as chairman, and Ben G. Binns secretary and treasurer. Mr. Johnston has the details in hand and expects to make a report in the near future. The American Legion Post has named a committee at the suggestion of the secretary to coöperate with the Community Building Committee. It has been suggested that the War Chest fund be devoted toward the community building.

"The secretary has communicated with the Donora Women's Club, suggesting that Arbor Day or May Day might be the occasion of a public festival, if the club and the Donora Community Service can arrange to coöperate. It may be stated that Donora has a new fifty-piece orchestra among the men in the mill, and this with the company band would give a splendid opportunity for introducing a festival of folk dancing and singing."

From an industrial town that faced the beginning of the year with uncertainty born of past unrest, Donora has swiftly evolved into a community that is beginning to get acquainted with itself. It has passed through experiments and doubts. It has gone to bat for a new industrial idea, and the effect already is being widely felt. Donora claims it has discovered the unionism that unites.

The Old Town Pump

Donora has an old town pump. It is of the long-handled variety which, as in great pain it relieves itself of the refreshing coolness so desirable, reminds one of the vaudeville violinist who is forever sliding a merciless squeaking into your ear. Certainly the town outgrew the old disreputable pump and seldom was any moisture drawn from its rusted depths. Just the other day the town fathers repainted the pump, made a more respectable institution of it, and today as you pass you may see half a dozen citizens congregated there. The modern mahoganies of the hotels having passed, it was found necessary to slake a natural human thirst at the old-time drinking stand.

Does anyone remember the old town meetings? Those whiskered, tobacco-cudded affairs, in which any crossroads town on the map could and did meet to settle national problems offhand. The funny part of it was that sometimes out of those two-by-four sessions of toasted shins round the one great stove in the town hall came forth the big idea, and along with it the big man who put it over.

But the town meeting was abolished. We grew up and passed beyond into cliques and factions, into isms and ings, into circles within circles that revolved in opposite directions without once touching the vital things of the moment. We grew modish and exclusive in our town meetings, and as such they ceased to be. While one club met in the exclusive hill section and settled a purely town problem, another club, whose members never dressed in other than an open-necked shirt for dinner, assembled in a far dingier hall down in the mill section and settled the same problem in altogether a different fashion—or unsettled it perhaps would be the better phrase. Bond issues for public improvements were lost that way.

Did the hill section want a new street? Well, the rabble below the brow of the hill said by its ballots that it did not believe in any such highfalutin' goings on on the hill and wouldn't countenance it.

Did the river region want a sewer? They couldn't smell the noxious odors on the top of the hill, so why worry about it? They voted it down.

Business men began drawing away into their own association. Soon it was the byword of the workingmen of the town that they met to plot profiteering prices. As the high cost of living got more and more out of hand the plottings of the business men became more strongly suspected.

Churchmen met in their association and disapproved of the other organizations of the town. They were not of the church, therefore they must be of the devil.

The greater women's club met and frowned on the smaller association of housewives and the groups of foreign women of different nationalities who would cling together in spite of all efforts to Americanize them. Why did not the foreign woman in this American town become Americanized? They of the higher-browed club on the hill thought it surely must be because she was born of inherited stubbornness. It never occurred to anyone that the foreign woman had held aloof because she had never been invited.

Members of one lodge, hundreds strong, developed cordial disapproval of all the affairs of a rival lodge, also hundreds strong.

Workingmen formed their own clubs and discussed the other clubs as they were discussed by them. Altogether there was no such thing as a town meeting. There was not even the town square where the town crier might go forth with his bell and call the citizens together.

The Americanization Program

In the ground between all the variety of opinions and ideas developed, the ground was reeking with distrust and suspicion. It was a fertile soil for the sowing of syndicalism and other seeds that grew lustily and bore the fruits of rioting, the loss of three millions in wages and business, and ten years' setback for Donora in the latter months of the year 1919.

On St. Patrick's Day of this year six citizens voted "for" to one "against" issuance of public bonds up to half a million dollars for the paving of new streets and the erection of new schools in this year. Six months, four months ago it couldn't have been done. But the old town meeting had been restored. Not quite so provincial, for Donora has become metropolitan, but the same old town meeting in spirit nevertheless.

The Donora Community Service did it. The putting of the bond issue across was simplicity in itself. The membership of the community service said the town must have the streets and the schools right up to the limit of its possible bonded indebtedness. The members of the community service went back to their clubs, their lodges, their associations, their societies of foreign names, and they said: "The community service says it is good."

That was enough. There was no electioneering for or against. The old town meeting had looked its problem in the face and agreed upon the right course to pursue. None questioned it, and the scattering vote in opposition represented only that element which may be taken as the eternally pessimistic and moss-backed minority in every community from one of the big Portlands to the other.

As this is written foreign-born men and women are gathered together in a public-school auditorium across the square. First, they are enjoying a semicomic moving picture with Americanization as its theme. They like it, as they have liked the other pictures shown. Then the men are going down to the classrooms to learn their A B C's and why American words spelled the same way mean two different things, while words spelled differently mean the same thing. They have forgotten they were called to a near-revolution six months ago and that they marched in muttering groups through the streets.

An Americanization branch membership of the community service is being formed of several hundred aliens eager to get into what they have come to regard as the one big brotherhood of the town. For it has been through the influence of the community service that they are being given opportunity, and among the hardest working members of the organization are Americanized foreigners, putting forth every effort to bring in new men.

(Concluded on Page 44)

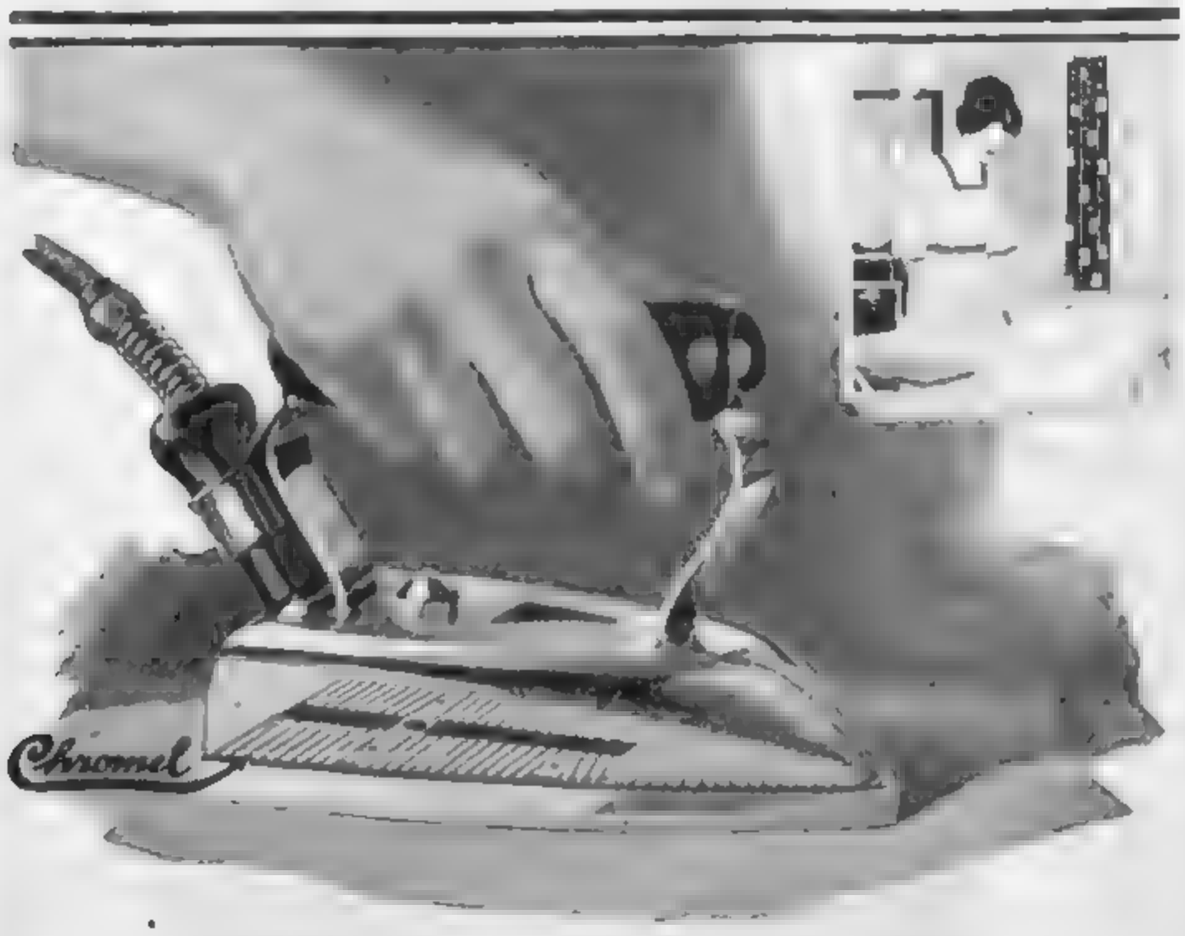
sure of their skill . . . as any sculptor

TO be able to cut a flawless die, or forge a useful shape from naked steel, a man must know his lathe or giant hammer. There are men in our factory who have spent their working lives in the needful task of making axles. They are as sure of their skill and as jealous of it as any sculptor. In the hands of such men we may safely rest the destiny of Eaton Axles.

THE EATON AXLE COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE AXLE DIVISION OF THE STANDARD PARTS COMPANY. OTHER DIVISIONS ARE THE BOCK BEARING COMPANY, THE PERFECTION SPRING COMPANY AND THE STANDARD WELDING COMPANY.

Chromel
MARSH ALLOYS
THE HEAT-RESISTANT METAL



It Made Electric Ironing Possible

Down in the heart of your electric iron is a finely drawn wire which glows with heat when you snap the switch. It is Chromel, the original nickel-chromium alloy, discovered and developed by Hoskins, Detroit—the alloy that created the great electric heating industry.

Before its discovery, American homes lacked electric toasters, grills, irons, and similar devices because research had failed to reveal a metal which would endure red heat for a long time.

But Chromel resists oxidation at high temperatures—does not burn out before delivering consistent, long-time service. This fact accounts for its extensive use in standard American appliances heated by electricity.

Industrial Uses for Chromel

Chromel's remarkable heat-resistant properties, at temperatures up to 2000° F., suggest its use in many places where high temperatures quickly break down iron and steel.

Its use is particularly recommended where making renewals entails tearing down the apparatus.

Chromel is used in Hoskins Electric Furnaces and is the alloy most widely used for pyrometer thermocouples. Metallurgists, chemists, and production managers confronted with heat problems are invited to write the Research Dept., Hoskins Mfg. Co., Detroit. Note: Chromel as resistance wire is sold only to licensees, except for experimental purposes.

ORIGINATED BY
HOSKINS · DETROIT

(Concluded from Page 42)

The women are going downstairs to the domestic-science department where they are to be taught new things in cooking by American women of the community service. Along with their lessons in English there come instructions from trained nurses on home management, these nurses working with this particular branch of the community service. Each school night sees a few more shyly diffident foreign women added to the classes.

Why are they attending now when they did not attend before? Why, they have suddenly discovered that American women want to help them, want to make their homes brighter, are interested in them and their children.

Next week or the week following there is to be an old-fashioned square dance, the kind in which bootstraps once jigged to the "balance all," and some old-timer is going to prove he has not forgotten how to "Salute your partner." Out of this comes part of the fund to uniform and equip a complete home baseball league, to play as complete a season with fully as keen a relish as the teams of the major leagues—yes, even keener, for the sons of mothers and fathers in the bleachers are to be playing out there.

What relation has baseball to the great American idea of community spirit with its all-encompassing claim of ameliorating present unsettled conditions? Not much, perhaps; no more than the essay contest last week in which 2200 school children strove to tell the best ideas of Americanism, that they might win one of the several prizes offered by the community service; no more than the combined Arbor Day and May Day festival next month, in which a fifty-piece orchestra and a fifty-piece brass band formed from mill-working musicians will play for folk dancing and community singing; no more than the movement for a community recreation building and memorial hall to cost $100,000, now in the hands of a committee composed of workingmen, returned service men and a banker; no more than the lectures and moving pictures early last April to bring about home gardening and beautifying of the town by the school children, but ——

The central idea remains that it is one whole town, not any one group of the town, accomplishing these things. That the bitterness of spirit incurred by industrial unrest has been turned to sweetness and coöperation. That an American town has devised a system whereby each committee, each working unit, shall be composed equally of workers with their hands, workers with their brains, and the scant few who may be profiting idle-handed from the toil of each.

Donora as a town to-day stands organized against the encroachment of any outside disturber or agitator. Such agitation must first talk to clear-headed, sane-minded organization for the community. The kind of unionism that knows no upper class, no lower class and no middle class, but has united all these elements, is in full working order and open at any time to the full inspection of America.

LAUNCHING ICEBERGS

By ENOS A. MILLS

ONE May a quarter of a century ago a whaling vessel lowered a boat, two Indians and myself on the Alaskan coast supposedly by the entrance of the Muir Inlet. Rowing inland, we broke abruptly through the fog screen into the midst of a fleet of icebergs. Many were of stupendous size and several were of striking ice architecture. One pinnacled berg appeared like an enormous five-master. A majority of this strange fleet shone dazzlingly white in the morning sun, with blue-black shadows. There were stragglers, gray-black like colliers, and a few scattered ones of marvelous blue.

We pushed up the bay and presently were pulling to right and left among the icebergs putting out to sea, watching on our left the broken, bristling ice cliffs—the fronts of glaciers—against which the waves were washing. Occasionally a heavy, towering mass of ice collapsed, creating terrific explosions in the water and sending rings of violent waves rushing toward every part of the bay. There was an almost continuous roar and splash of these heavy waves as they dashed upon the countless bergs scattered through the bay, causing them to rise and roll long after the wave had collapsed high up on miles of distant broken shore.

The Indians, munching fish eggs, watched the strange moving exhibit with interest, but fortunately with less enthusiasm than myself. Two heavy wave swells from launched icebergs rushed our boat and nearly spilled us as we swished over the top. The Indians insisted on our keeping about a quarter of a mile distant from cliff fronts, where bergs were launched and storm waves started.

But we were caught by a danger unsuspected by the Indians and to me unheard of. We were headed for a distant inland channel, and several times dashed between close-drifting bergs that threatened to crush us. We watched that these did not bow a shattered pinnacle upon us or that their falling ice chunks and bowlders did not explode and deluge us with a small fountain.

At last we came into a stretch of open water. Not a wave was in sight, and a solitary big berg near us appeared asleep. Suddenly we were lifted into the air upon upraised water and for a moment looked down upon the top of this big berg. An enormous blue ice mass had broken loose from the depths and risen under our boat. Then we were swished shoreward on a wild, high wave, which flung us out of the bay.

We dragged our drenched selves from an alder thicket sixty feet above the shore line. One of the Indians was still munching dried fish eggs. The alder clumps had been our shock absorber, but the boat had broken its head against one bowlder and its back across another. Dripping, we three stood for a moment watching all our food and bedding floating off with the flotsam and jetsam of the bay.

The boat was smashed, the outfit a total loss; but flopping among the willows and alders were hundreds of fish, which were flung ashore by the wave which changed us to castaways. We built a driftwood fire among the alders and bowlders, and as we steamed we looked in and round the bay upon one of the grandest glacial exhibits in all the world. We had missed Muir Inlet, but had landed in the unrivaled Yakutat Bay.

The detached iceberg that wrecked us had risen from the bottom of the bay 1000 feet in advance of the visible front of the glacier. This submarine berg was a deep blue, but changed rapidly to white.

A number of the many glaciers that terminated in the bay were sliding in cañon channels with bottoms a few hundred feet below water level, while the tops of their ice fronts stood 200 feet above the water. That part above water level was cut off by wave action and detached as icebergs more rapidly than the submerged invisible part. Apparently all blue bergs rose from the depths, and these changed rapidly to white. The gray-black bergs were masses of glacial débris—gravel and bowlders.

This mountain-locked harbor appeared to contain all the glaciers and icebergs of creation. The mountain walls were so thickly, heavily laden with ice and snow that the rocks were only here and there visible. The adjacent white mountains sent down mile-wide glaciers which terminate in this bay; launch ships of white—icebergs—which later go down to the sea.

I. C. Russell, the celebrated geologist and glaciologist, had explored this scene a year earlier, and Frederick Funston had landed somewhere in the region only a few days before.

I was bound for the interior of Alaska, but thought to visit the Muir Glacier, in which Muir had interested me, while waiting for the excess of snow to clear from the Chilcoot Pass trail. My plan was to repair the broken boat and with this go for another and supplies. These could perhaps be obtained at the nearest Indian encampment. The two Indians said that with repair materials they could put the humpty-dumpty boat together again. All the remainder of the day we three searched miles

(Continued on Page 46)

What "KODAK" Means

AS a word, a trade-name, "Kodak" is simply an arbitrary combination of letters. It is not derived from any other word. It was made up from the alphabet, not by lucky chance, but as the result of a diligent search for a combination of letters that would form a short, crisp, euphonious name that would easily dwell in the public mind.

As a trade-mark, "Kodak" indicates certain of the products of the Eastman Kodak Co., to which it has been applied, as, for instance, Kodak Cameras, Kodak Tripods and Kodak Film Tanks.

As an institution, "Kodak" stands for leadership in photography. To the world at large it is best known for its simplification of photography for the amateur, for its Kodak and Brownie Cameras, for its films and papers. To the professional photographer, it is known for its progressive leadership in the manufacture of everything that is used in the studio. In the cinema world it is known as the producer of the film that made the motion picture possible. To the army and navy, it is best known for its aerial cameras and aerial lenses—the latter a modification of the Kodak Anastigmats. To the scientist, it is known for its X-Ray products, now so vital in the mending of men, and for the work of its great Research Laboratory.

In 1888, when the two "k's", the "o", the "d" and the "a" were euphoniously assembled, they meant nothing. To-day they mean protection for you in the purchase of photographic goods.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Eastman Kodak Company

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

MALLORY
FINE HATS

Do you know why they say *"As Mad as a Hatter"?*

MEN'S hats are made of fur that comes from the Balkans, from Russia, and from Australia. Needless to say, this fur has been scarce and high these last few years.

This season, with the war over and ships moving again, we congratulated ourselves. Fur would be easier to get, and not so expensive.

But—Dame Fashion stepped in and decreed that women's clothes be fur-trimmed.

So hatters' fur is scarcer and dearer than ever!

Some merchants believe that men aren't interested in this.

We think differently. Men *are* interested in the high cost of hats—and a man ought to know *why* it is impossible to get a good hat nowadays at the price he used to pay. For one thing, the knowledge may keep him from buying a cheap hat—which will be a good thing for him.

Mallory Hats are *good* hats. We've been making them for nearly one hundred years—and price has never been a factor in the business. *Quality* always has come *first*.

We've had to pay war prices for hatters' fur before. But we didn't lower Mallory quality—and always our customers were glad to pay the price that brought them that quality. The sale of our hats has steadily grown until today over a million men are wearing them. People invariably, in the long run, stick to the product that does not compromise on quality.

Buy a Mallory and no matter what you pay, you won't be sorry.

Mallory Hats are the only hats with the famous "Cravenette" finish that resists weather

The MALLORY HAT COMPANY, Inc.

234 Fifth Avenue, New York (Wholesale Only) Factory at Danbury, Conn.

(Continued from Page 44)

of shore line among the bowlders and alders, and that evening had a pile of fragments—broken boxes and their precious nails, rope, a few tin cans, and the green and invaluable skin of a wolf that had evidently been killed by a wave rush which crushed him against the bowlders.

We broiled fish for supper and lay down without bedding between driftwood fires. The night was still except for the falling ice cliffs and the wash from their waves. The stars were near and the snowy mountains made splendid marble architecture in the night.

Leaving the Indians struggling with the broken fragments of the boat, I next morning climbed a high, commanding point above the bay. Snowy mountains, glaciers and icy peninsulas edged the bay. Everything was on a stupendous scale. A wide cañon below me carried a glacier that extended miles and leagues back into the high white mountains. A snowslide gave an excellent exhibition by plunging down upon the glacier. The slide was so far away that I heard not a sound, but so large was it that its lurches, leaps and curvings were easily seen. A 1000-foot column of agitated snow dust rolled up and stood briefly over its roughened mass, where this stopped half a mile out on the glacier.

One avalanche, a mixture of rocks, ice and snow, started near me and crashed down upon the glacier. For longer than a minute its echoes and reëchoes rioted so vigorously among the snowy cliffs and icy cañons that I looked, expecting to see something in action. When the avalanche came to a stop out on the ice the mass appeared as large as several Imperators. But so extensive was the scene that when I lowered my field glass I had difficulty finding it with my good eyes.

Northward, as far as eye could reach, was a vast desert of snow. Many mountains appeared made of it; others were deeply buried beneath it; and here and there the tip of a peak barely pierced its heavy strata.

What an array of water in cold storage! A snow desert as large as two or three New England states, together with hundreds of square miles of ice—glaciers that would make a showing even in Texas. In due time all this crystal cloud material would be shaped into finished products—icebergs. These would be launched by the glaciers, exhibited in the bay in front of the steep white mountains, then sent forth on a strange sea voyage to melt and mingle again with the waves and the clouds.

Off in the distant west lay what I took to be the Malispina Glacier. It occupied an empire of surface and was so nearly stagnant that groves were growing in its débris-covered back.

A Glacier in an Earthquake

The 2000-mile stretch of Pacific Coast between the mouth of the Columbia River and Cook's Inlet, Alaska, has an extremely heavy snowfall: sixty feet a year and upward—mostly upward. The Yakutat Bay-Mount St. Elias region is laden beneath its full-heaped share. More snow falls each year than melts. The accumulating snow quickly changes to ice through compression and partial melting. As this ice mass becomes sufficiently weighty it begins to crawl down slopes. It becomes a flowing ice river—a glacier.

Glaciers, like water rivers, move forward along the line of least resistance. The rate of movement depends on the weight of the mass, the degree of steepness and roughness of the slope down which it moves. Small and nearly stagnant glaciers advance from one to twelve inches a day, but the majority of glaciers go forward from one to ten feet a day. On rare occasions a combination of favorable conditions may cause any glacier to lurch briefly and slide forward at greatly increased speed.

A few years ago an earthquake in Alaska temporarily put new life into numerous glaciers. They were shaken out of slow-going ways. The Muir Glacier was shattered and changed by the quake. Its lower reaches slid forward and so jammed its terminal bay with icebergs that steamers were unable to enter the bay for two years. By the time the bergs had cleared the end of the glacier had retreated and no longer reached tidewater.

For a few days following the earthquake a number of glaciers rushed ice deliveries—launched numbers of icebergs. This was followed by normal flow for some months; then an intensified, prolonged flow occurred, evidently due to the flood of glacial material—rocks, ice and snow—which the earthquake had shaken down upon the source months before. The terminus of these glaciers, one, two and even three years after the quake, advanced, pushed their noses forward from a few feet to a quarter of a mile. This quake was a few years later than my visit.

I saw only one glacier that was advancing beyond its former terminus. It was one that melted away without reaching tidewater. Its 1000-foot front was plowing through morainal deposits made years before. In places this débris was nearly 100 feet deep. Part of the moraine was covered with a spruce forest that was more than a century old. The crushed, cracking trees filled the air with the odor of balsam and pitch as the ponderous, irresistible mass pushed invisibly forward. In front of the ice mass trees were leaning forward at every angle; numbers were uprooted, while others were down and the ice front sliding upon them. This forest now being flayed and crushed alive had grown in glacier-made soil—soil crushed and ground from rocks and distributed in other days by a glacier.

On the way back to camp I walked two miles over the rough surface of the glacier on which I had seen the avalanche descend. One section evidently was above a rough, steeply inclined place in the bottom of the channel—a place that would create wild rapids in a river. The slow-advancing ice opened into crevasses as it passed over this place. An enormous pile of rock débris that was emptying into these crevasses had slid down upon the glacier more than a mile up stream. The time required to advance this far had probably been about two years.

Sculpturing the Earth

A goodly quantity of this rock-slide débris had already dropped into the yawning crevasses. While I stood near several large rock fragments from the pile tumbled in, and on the caving edge small stuff was almost constantly sliding or tumbling in. Down in the glacier these rocks would be pressed powerfully together. Numbers probably would drop to the bottom, where the glacier, with a few hundred tons pressure, would ride and slide upon them, crushing and grinding them against the bottom and each other as the ponderous glacier moved ever forward.

A glacier is a sculptor of the rock ball called the earth, and it carves the surface into cañons and plateaus, making scenery and soil. At the source of a glacier, as well as at crevasses, ice, snow, sand, gravel and slide rock accumulate and mingle in the upper end of the channel, and this confused mass of cutting tools tears and polishes the sides and bottom of the cañon channel as the mass slides forward. Not only is the channel widened, deepened and straightened, but the tools themselves are mostly worn to dust by the time the terminus, or end of the glacier, is reached.

The last ice age made vast changes in the topography of the northern hemisphere. It ground up and moved mountains, changed river channels, made thousands of lake basins and fiords and covered thousands of square miles with productive soil. Glaciers—compressed snow flowers—carve grand scenery and soil. Much of the soil in the temperate zone is largely made up of rock flour of glacial manufacture. The surface of several Mississippi Valley states is deeply overlaid with glacial grindings, and most forests in the Rockies and in the Cascades and the Sierras are standing in glacial soil.

Returning to camp after a long day among glacial wonders I found that the serene Indians had made a start in assembling the fragments of our shattered boat. The repairs would require a few days longer to finish. As my assistance was declined, I took a hunk of broiled fish and set off for a two-day trip, hoping to reach the source of one of the glaciers. Among the willows by the lower end of the glacier near the bay I found numbers of flocks of ptarmigan. A mile or so up the glacier on the south wall I saw a number of bighorn sheep.

This glacier was more than three miles wide and probably a thousand or more feet thick, and filled the bottom of a cañon from wall to wall. The snowy, icy walls rose perhaps two thousand feet higher. On top of the glacier I walked eastward up this wild, white, wide avenue. The surface of the glacier, which appeared generally level,

(Continued on Page 49)

Package Electricity *for Every Flashlight*

The reason for the outstanding superior quality of French Ray-O-Lite Batteries is simply this—they have ample power for long, continuous work and *vitality to revive* quickly after severe service.

Put a French Ray-O-Lite Battery in your flashlight. Use it continuously until the battery seems exhausted. Set it aside for a short time. The battery will *revive* sufficiently to again give brilliant, searching light.

Hence, the preference for French Ray-O-Lite Batteries. They give more and better light for a longer time *because long life is built into them.* They "rest," and do not perceptibly deteriorate between flashes. They recuperate, ready for your next demand. You will find them *better* batteries—better to buy, sure of service.

Most good dealers have French Ray-O-Lite Batteries. In unsealed cartons—tested as you buy. For every size and style of flashlight case. Buy from the familiar cabinet—your guarantee of complete battery service.

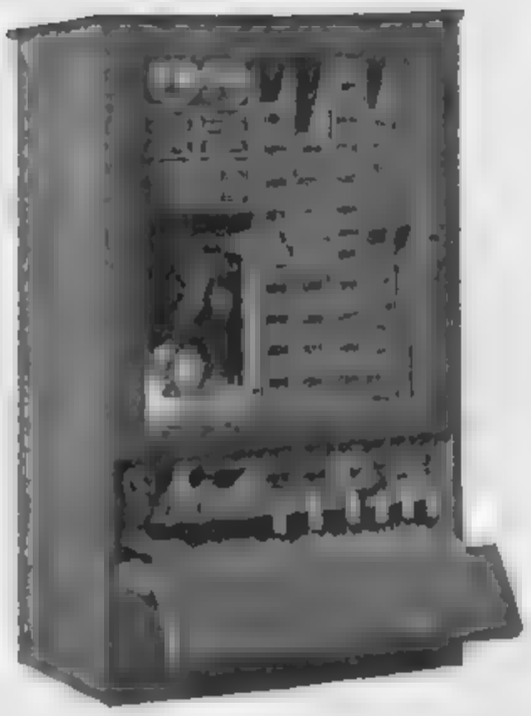
FRENCH BATTERY & CARBON COMPANY

2335 Winnebago St., Madison, Wis. 71–73 Murray St., New York

Branches: Chicago, Kansas City, Dallas, Minneapolis, Atlanta

Factories: Madison, Wis., and Newark, N. J.

Deliveries can now be made from our Eastern Office, 71–73 Murray Street



THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO BETTER BATTERIES

This famous cabinet keeps French Ray-O-Lite Batteries fresh, full-powered, ready for your use. A handy test-block shows the power of each battery you buy. It is a reliable buying guide. It assures absolute satisfaction. At your dealer's—buy from this cabinet.

(42)

French RAY-O-LITES and DRY BATTERIES

Cook as this chef does

The "LORAIN" *enables you to achieve the same uniform delicious cookery as the chef of Chicago's famous College Inn*

HOUSEWIVES would no longer marvel at the uniformly delicious results secured by chefs in fine hotels had they visited, as we have, the College Inn's astonishing kitchen, and talked with Monsieur Stallé, the famous chef.

They would have found, as we did, that there is no cooking secret. It is merely a question of perfect cooking temperatures.

The chef's master skill in mixing and measuring the delicious recipes he has developed would go for naught did he not have the aid of expertly trained help constantly to adjust and watch the oven heat.

You, too, can cook this way

Housewives can achieve this same cooking perfection.

The "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator automatically provides perfect temperatures for you.

It accomplishes for you exactly what the trained assistants enable the finest chefs to achieve.

With this wonderful device on your gas range, even the most skillful cook can achieve cooking deliciousness heretofore unknown.

Read elsewhere in this advertisement the personal endorsement of the chef of the College Inn, whose delicious cookery has delighted the thousands who yearly visit this famous restaurant.

Simply set the wheel

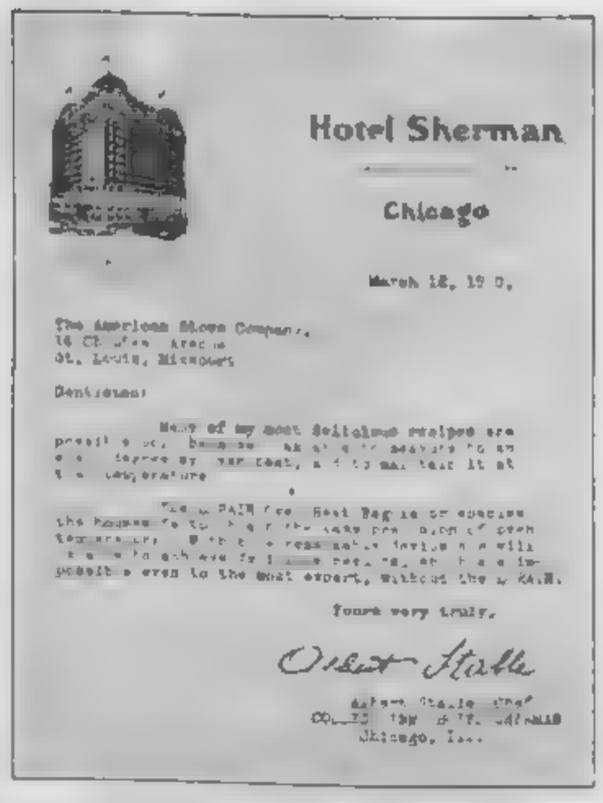
The "LORAIN" places 44 gas oven temperatures at your command. The heat for the most delicious result for each dish has been determined. You set the "LORAIN" wheel at the exact heat.

Once the wheel has been set the heat never varies. It never fails. You know to the minute when your foods will be done just right. There is no guesswork. Your results are *always* uniformly delicious.

Dishes that even the most expert cooks hesitate to try become simple when cooked with the "LORAIN."

Cook the entire meal in the oven

This great invention accomplishes still another revolutionary result: It enables you to cook a whole meal in the oven at one time.



Hotel Sherman

Chicago

March 18, 19 0.

The American Stove Company,
16 Ch[illegible] Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri

Gentlemen:

[illegible] of my most delicious recipes are possible [illegible] the "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator on [illegible] the Hotel Sherman [illegible] the same [illegible] each [illegible] Within a reasonable [illegible] will [illegible] to each one [illegible] impossible even to the most expert, without the "LORAIN."

Yours very truly,

Oscar Stalle

Oscar Stallé, Chef
College Inn, Hotel Sherman
Chicago, Ill.

Your entrée, your meat, vegetables and dessert, all are placed in the oven. You set the "LORAIN" wheel for a three, four or five hour cooking. Then your afternoon's work is done.

The "LORAIN" watches your cooking for you just as carefully as if you were constantly there. When you return home you have a deliciously cooked meal ready to serve.

On these six gas ranges

Only on the six gas ranges listed below can you have this wonderful device. Go to the dealer in your city for any one of these stoves. See the "LORAIN" actually operated.

Go today.

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Only these famous gas stoves are equipped with the "LORAIN"

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 16 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

(Continued from Page 46

was mostly snow-covered. Most of the time I was within a few hundred feet of the south wall, but kept this distance to be safe from falling rocks and down-rushing slides.

Another danger was from the snow-covered crevasses. Numbers of the wider and longer crevasses were either open or were separated by high, sharp ice ridges, which advertised the hidden dangers. In places there would be a single narrow crevasse; in other places half a hundred openings in close succession. Whenever there was any doubt I explored with a long staff; but much of the time I was able to keep on the solid, snowless ice of wind-swept ridges, where there was no danger.

A Grizzly for Company

Midforenoon a bear, evidently a grizzly, crossed the glacier from the south. I was in a hollow between snowdrifts and a crevasse, and he did not see me. When about a quarter of a mile out on the ice he heard a snowslide behind and turned to watch it. This slide was closely followed by a rock slide, which went down with thunderous roaring and crashing. The grizzly watched it, rising on hind feet. As soon as the straggling tail-end fragments ceased coming down he went to the rock wreckage and climbed over it. Here and there he stopped to eat something, probably roots. Leaving the wreckage, he followed his tracks back to the spot where he had stopped, turned for another look, then shuffled across to the north side, where he disappeared among the rocks.

Often I turned aside to examine the enormous piles of avalanche rocks that lay upon the glacier. A few of these were of enormous size, but I came upon one that was thirty-two steps long. It was imbedded slightly in the ice, but rose at least thirty feet above ice level. This enormous rock was floating down on the ice stream as readily as a chip floats on water. Of course its progress was slow. It evidently had been carried about one mile.

On top of this wide glacial highway I walked inland over hundreds of piles of débris, some almost pure snow, others mostly rocks and earth. The spring thaw evidently was the time of snow and rock slides, as the thaw was releasing the rocks wedged loose during the winter and loosening the big, steep-placed snowdrifts. As I could see miles ahead, with no end of the glacier in sight after six hours' walking, I turned aside to explore the source of a small tributary glacier or ice river.

Glaciers begin abruptly, like a river which starts in full volume from voluminous springs. This small glacier filled a tributary cañon about a mile long which ended abruptly against a 1000-foot wall. Down this wall and from slopes to right and left came snowslides and rockslides. A score or more of these had piled their contributions in one mass of fierce confusion a little below the uppermost end of this glacier. Rocks, ice, snow—in a pile 400 or more feet high—were settling into place and in a short time would be blended and a part of the slow-moving ice river.

Glaciers, like rivers, cut headward with surprising rapidity. The high, precipitous wall in front of the head of this glacier evidently was due to the headward undermining and back-cutting of the glacier. The crack, or bergschrund, which commonly is open between the upper end of the glacier and the snow field or rock wall, allows air—and with it changing temperature—to reach beneath the upper end of the ice. This air and changing temperature means freezing and thawing, rapid rock disintegration and separation. Often the upper end of the ice freezes fast to loosened blocks of rock. These are then slowly dragged out. Long's Peak, Colorado, has been half carried away by the headward cutting of a glacier. This attacked its east wall from the abutting end of a glacier-filled cañon at an altitude of about 12,000 feet, 2500 feet below the summit. In the Big Horn Mountains, Wyoming, are remnants of former peaks, the remainder having been carried slowly away by back-cutting glaciers. Cañons now are where peaks formerly stood.

Leaving this glacier-forming place, I started on the return journey, hoping to reach the coast before night. During the afternoon I went across near the north wall to examine a peninsula-like ridge of ice that thrust in a quarter of a mile from the north wall, and with a surface a few hundred feet higher than the general level of the surface of the glacier.

Glaciers Move Uphill

Evidently there was an inthrusting rock ridge in the bottom of the cañon, and over this rock ridge, or peninsula, the glacier river flowed; for glaciers, like water under pressure, will flow up a grade, or uphill. The glacier was simply flowing up and over this inthrusting obstruction in its channel.

Sunset hour, with its long, ragged lights and shadows, was on the glacier when I left this deeply crevassed, icy peninsula and started on. It would require two hours to reach the coast, and as this could not be made before dark I began to watch for a place to camp, as it would be perilous to travel among the glaciers in the dark.

Up on the north wall, several hundred feet above the glacier, was a grove of Sitka

Dinner is Ready

Prepared by Van Camp's Scientific Cooks

The other way

[illegible] Some beans are crisped, [illegible] skins are tough, and the beans [illegible]

[illegible] It takes [illegible] to bake beans. This dish requires steam [illegible] and [illegible] cook.

Remember this ready-baked dinner in these hot summer days. Van Camp's Pork [illegible] the most delicious bean dish [illegible]

As hearty as meat. Every bean mellow and whole—baked with a zestful sauce. Ready, hot or cold, when you want it.

A new-type dish

Baked beans of this sort come only from Van Camp's.

Each lot of beans is analyzed. The water used is freed from minerals, so the skins will not be tough.

The beans are baked in sealed containers, so the flavor can't escape.

The baking is done by live steam under pressure. Thus hours of baking do not crisp or burst the beans.

They are baked with a sauce famous for its tang and zest, and every atom shares it.

* * * * *

Van Camp's come to you whole and mealy, rich in flavor, easy to digest. The dish will change your whole conception of baked beans.

Try it now. You will serve Baked Beans five times as often when you know Van Camp's. And they'll save you summer cooking.

VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans

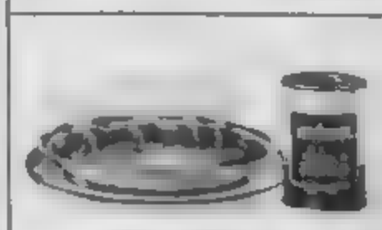
Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups, Evaporated Milk, Spaghetti, Peanut Butter, Chili Con Carne, Catsup, Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Tomato Soup

Also 17 other kinds. All perfected by countless culinary tests.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

The prize Italian recipe prepared with supreme ingredients.

Van Camp's Evaporated Milk

From high-bred cows in five rich dairying districts.

spruces. A part of this grove had been recently cut away by a snowslide. The trees thus wrecked lay before me in confusion on the ice. Many of the trees were smashed to cordwood, numbers were buried end-on several feet in the ice. On a bed of boughs between two roaring fires I had a fairly comfortable, primitive night.

The following day I spent among the glacier ends in the edge of the bay, with its fleet of bergs. The bay is the launching harbor of many glaciers. One of these glaciers, then unnamed, thrust out into the bay an ice front that was at least four miles wide and with ice cliffs more than 200 feet high. Two other glaciers were more than a mile wide, together with numbers of smaller ones, a few of which melted away back from the shore, but which in former times had contributed ice ships to the waiting waters.

The entire front of a small glacier had recently slid into the sea. Its channel was a few feet above sea level. Standing in the rock channel by the broken ice front I could hear the grinding of rocks and ice as the ice slid invisibly forward. Beneath one edge of the front were massed several thousand bowlders of assorted sizes. These were grinding against one another and the bottom. At one point, embedded in the ice front, was an angular, unworn rock fifteen or more feet long that had made a long journey without being forced against either the bottom or another rock, though other rocks had been ground to dust under terrific pressure.

Northward, across a narrow arm of the bay, a small glacier up in a hanging valley, the end of which was about 100 feet above the water, discharged its icebergs with drop and splash into the bay. Hearing a crashing, I looked across in time to see an enormous ice chunk—it was the entire end of this glacier—tumbling into the bay. A gushing, enormous fountain of water shot up and a ponderous wave swept from it across the bay. This wave threw water over the Indian boat menders who were at work more than a mile distant and 100 feet above the shore line. Near where I was standing there came a wild rush of waves, logs and small icebergs. These were flung upon the shore and many left stranded from 100 to 130 feet above water level. It was the wildest wave that I have ever seen.

It was dark at the end of the second day when I reached camp. The cheerful Indians had fixed the boat and made an excellent paddle. The following morning they set off down the bay, hoping to find supplies and another boat in an Indian camp along the near coast. An inspector would not have given this repaired boat an A1 release, for in rough water it surely would have gone to pieces. Away went the Indians, with two or three broiled fish. I was not allowed to go along, because the craft was dangerously frail even for two. One Indian speeded with paddle while the other necessarily bailed rapidly, and both indifferent to the fact that they were playing with death. I planned to remain close to camp, as the Indians felt they would find necessities and return that night.

During the morning I wandered a few miles southward along the now famous Russell Fiord. It was up this fiord that the Harriman party steamed a few years later. During the afternoon I strolled the shore, watching some one of the numerous moving glacial actions. One of the best exhibits of the day was given by a hulk of a flatboat-like iceberg that was top-heavy and tilting with a mass of bowlders and other glacial débris. It was dark enough for a collier. It came in sight from behind other bergs, drifting down the bay, with parts of its cargo occasionally dropping overboard. In passing near me it struck an invisible obstruction and gave a lopsided lurch, dumping most of its cargo into the bay. The dumping of débris, the filling of the bay, was steadily going on.

This berg, an instant after dumping, rolled back and came near to turning a side turtle. Shaking itself as it rolled about, it finally turned end for end. Then this rudderless fresh ice hulk was caught in the outgoing tide and set off for a vanishing voyage somewhere out in the wide salty sea.

Most glaciers over the earth are shrinking during the last two decades. This shrinkage is due either to lessened snowfall or to a slight warming of the glacier regions. Of all the remaining glacial regions of the world it is doubtful if any excel the wonderful one round Yakutat Bay.

Glacial débris in inconceivable quantities, with embedded logs, strewed or formed every shore of the bay. One stretch of the shore line had been recently uplifted by internal earth movements—this was about twenty feet above its former level—while another stretch showed subsidence of several feet. At one place a grove just drowned was being battered away by the waves.

On the shore, on moraines and in detached places on the mountain sides, were groves of Sitka spruce and growths of arctic willow and alder. I saw many kinds of wild flowers and numerous species of migrating birds. Resident gulls and ptarmigan were plentiful.

During the calm, clear evening I built a bonfire of extravagant proportions. I was determined to give welcome to the Indian rescuers if any returned—the warmest welcome possible for a castaway. As I sat by the fire I could hear the splash of falling ice cliffs and the never-ending wash and dash of ice-sent waves against shores near and far. Shortly after midnight two boats rowed into the outer edge of my bonfire light.

Three hours later two boats, four Indians and I were dodging icebergs far down the bay.

One of the large bergs had a number of spruce logs half embedded in it. These thrust from the sides and the top. Flocks of birds rested on these logs. The Indians said that birds sometimes nested on icebergs that floated about in the bay.

We landed on the main coast for the night. While busily engaged in making camp in the edge of a dense, damp spruce forest a small steamer rounded a forested point about a quarter of a mile down the coast.

After a deal of shouting and signaling we attracted attention, and in due time I was on board, with the two Indians who took me into the bay and who were to be with me during the summer.

The steamer had brought a number of enthusiastic prospectors and their outfits and put these ashore. Alaskan prospectors were increasing in numbers. Two days later the two Indians, several hundred pounds of supplies and I were put ashore at the foot of Chilcoot Pass trail, the trail which became famed a few years later during the strange, intense goldseekers' rush.

"MISTE-ER CHAIRMA-AN!"

(Continued from Page 4)

stirred his soul had been set like an alarm clock to go off at a certain moment, that the reporters out of the corners of their mouths were saying one to another: "Same good old reliable bunk, Bill, same good old bunk"; and that back behind the scenes somewhere a little handful of soft-spoken pussyfooted gents were working the wires which touched off the fireworks and the oratorical set pieces.

Once in a while, once in a great while, something really unforeseen, something spontaneous, something unplanned and therefore revolutionary and upsetting in its effect, does happen in a national convention, but not often; and never at all if the real managers of the show can take steps to stop it. It is more apt to happen among the Democrats than among the Republicans, where the stage management uniformly is of a very high standard. You take a regular leader now. It is very hard to catch him dozing off at any stage of the proceedings, he keeps his ear so close to the ground. Indeed in some quarters there is a common belief that walking on his hands is his natural gait and that he does most of his sleeping upside down. When the cat jumps—should the cat escape from confinement and do any jumping—she'll find when she lands that no matter how far she jumped nor how suddenly nor how fast, the leader has jumped just the fraction of a second ahead of her and lit first.

One supposes that it is this hope of being on the spot when the unexpected does break loose, rather than the mere pomp and circumstance of organized political buncombe, which inspires a good many persons, not delegates and not directly interested parties, to travel long distances to cities where national conventions are being held, and to beg, borrow, steal or buy

(Continued on Page 53

Here's a Way to show your *Belt* judgment

Belt judgment is a sign of consideration for essential details. And essential details count everywhere—in matters of dress as well as in matters of business.

The belt is a major detail in the make-up of well dressed men—this explains why men of belt judgment always ask for and wear the Braxton.

You can do no better. When you buy a Braxton you get a belt made of the highest grade leather, richly finished; a belt with snaps for interchangeable buckles; a belt that will outwear any other item of your apparel.

And further, in the Braxton you get a belt that never binds uncomfortably; instead, it rests easily and lightly on the hips; it allows for natural flexing of the muscles; trousers hang from it evenly—without "puckering."

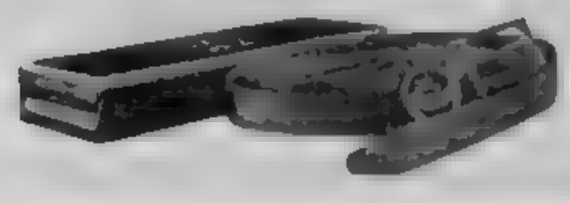
It's a mark of belt wisdom to wear a Braxton. On sale at all the better shops.

The Perkins-Campbell Company, Cincinnati, O.

BRAXTON

THE BELT FOR MEN

PATENTED



You are welcome to a 10-Day test

Send the coupon only—no postage. Pepsodent proves itself, and quickly. But what you see—the whiter teeth—means also cleaner, safer teeth. When you once attain them you will always want them.

Take That Film-Coat

off the teeth—then note the change

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Every person owes himself this test, and millions of people have made it.

Your teeth are film-coated, more or less; and that film-coat dims them. It is also the great tooth destroyer.

Remove it and see how your teeth look then, and judge for yourself the benefits.

A new dental era

There are three new factors in teeth cleaning, and they are bringing a new dental era. The most important is the fight on film.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. And most tooth troubles are now traced to that film.

It is the film-coat that discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, and countless troubles, local and internal, are now traced to them.

Now we combat it

Dental science has for years sought a film combatant. The film is removed by dentists in their periodic cleanings. But, unless daily removed, there are months between when it may do ceaseless damage.

That daily film combatant has been found. For five years able authorities have been proving its efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere have come to advise it. And millions of people now use it.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. The two other new factors in teeth cleaning are combined with it. And 10,000 new people daily are learning by a test what it does.

How it attacks film

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. The new discovery is a harmless activating method, so that active pepsin may be every day applied. This is combined with two other requisites which modern authorities advise.

* * * * *

The results are surprising. Teeth which one thinks are white and clean quickly gain new luster. There is a new sense of cleanliness, a feeling of real protection. When you once enjoy teeth cleaned in this way you will want them always, and for all your folks.

Men everywhere talk Pepsodent

Millions now use Pepsodent. Wherever you go you see the results in glistening teeth today. And wherever men meet they discuss them.

This new method is fast spreading. Thousands of dentists now actively foster it. And some 250,000 people monthly ask for trial tubes.

Soon or late all careful people are bound to prove this method. It means too much to miss, and film is too important to neglect.

But it means even more to the children. Film-caused troubles are almost universal with them, and they often affect their whole lives. For all these reasons make this test. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT OFF REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, based on active pepsin. Also combining two other newly recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere, and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

Results are quick

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. The book we send tells the reasons.

10-Day Tube Free

410

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 587, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

A complete silver service for the Bride

IF she wants anything at all, she wants silverware, and the latest fashion in silverware is a complete silver service in the same pattern.

It has not always been possible to get such a combination in fine silverware; but now it is a distinctive feature of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate: In several attractive patterns, the Tea and Coffee Sets, Trays, Vases, etc., match perfectly the spoons, knives and forks—all of the high quality that has made this brand of silverplate preferred for more than seventy years.

Several friends of the bride could well center their gifts on a particular pattern, one giving the spoons, another the Tea Set, and so on.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

NEW YORK 9–19 Maiden Lane | CHICAGO 5 N. Wabash Avenue | SAN FRANCISCO 150 Post Street

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

Heraldic Pattern

Leading dealers have this fine silverplate on display. Illustrations of other patterns may be had by writing to us for "T-90."

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE

(Continued from Page 50)

tickets of admission after they get there. Those who sit aloft in the gallery at Chicago and at San Francisco will be the first to complain should the spectacle lack elements of what they regard as spectacular and dramatic—elements which were apter to display themselves in the old-time convention before organization and efficiency attained so great a vogue than in the modern and abridged version.

I remember how it used to be down home when we held our county convention to name delegates to the state convention, which in turn would name delegates to the national convention. There was drama for you—drama starting right from the grass roots.

One crowd always aimed to get to the county court house first and lock the other crowd out. If they succeeded in doing this—why, then, the opposing forces fought their way in through the windows; only nobody ever fought his way in through the window where Tom Evitts was standing guard. If Horatius, who held the bridge, had enjoyed the same reputation among the Etruscans that Tom Evitts enjoyed among the Paducahans he would just naturally have been bored stiff hanging round that old bridge all day in his heavy armor and nobody to fight with.

An Awful Epithet

It was after the other crowd had forced their way in that the real doings started though. Recriminations were bandied to and fro. Frequently, also, iron spittoons were found very effective for bandying purposes. I shall never forget the time when John C. Calhoun Tulliver called Cassius Marcellus Millsap a henchman, and how after Mr. Millsap had, by eight or nine volunteers, been pried loose from Mr. Tulliver, he declared that though in the heat of argument he might once in a while have clouted somebody with a casting or a cuspidor or a two-by-four, he had never henched anybody in his whole life—not even a Republican, let alone a fellow Democrat. He said later that if he'd found a hench lying in the big road he wouldn't know which end of it to pick the blamed thing up by. I have often wondered what Mr. Millsap would have done to Mr. Tulliver if in addition to calling him a henchman the slanderous Mr. Tulliver had called him a fugleman as well; for if he had done no henching upon the person of a fellow man, it was even more certain he had not used a fugle. Brass knucks?—perhaps, yes. But a fugle?—never!

An invariable result of our county convention would be that the faction that had the county chairman on their side were counted in and got the credentials, which was as it should be, of course. Another equally inevitable result would be that the faction that did not have the county chairman on theirs were counted out, and sent a contesting delegation to the big convention. Forethoughted persons among the losing faction used to have their contest papers already prepared before the county convention ever met, and sometimes even went so far as to wire on, three or four days in advance of the date when they expected to be counted out, for suitable hotel reservations in the city where the state convention was to be held. When the two sets of delegates arrived there, active hostilities would be resumed at the point where left off at home; and the campaign that followed was a campaign as was a campaign.

It was before my day, but in our country they still talk about a convention which was held one time to select a nominee for railroad commissioner of our district. Ballot after ballot, the vote stood a tie between the candidate from the upper end of the district and the candidate from our end of the state, which was the extreme southwestern end. It was agreed early in the proceedings that no proxies might be given, but that every delegate must vote by name for himself. The consequence was that no delegate could go back home and leave a friend behind to cast his vote for him. They balloted without result for two days and two nights, and still the deadlock lasted. Finally, on the third day at noon, the convention took a recess until four P. M.

The backers of the lower-state candidate took advantage of the recess to hold a caucus and discuss ways and means for circumventing the enemy, if so be any such ways and means might be devised. In the midst of the caucus there rose up a gentleman from a county adjoining the one where I was born, and his name was Stonewall Jackson Bugg, but he was better known as Stony Bugg. Stony had an inspiration. He explained that he had got on quite friendly terms with an opposing delegate from up the state, a little, sickly looking, cross-eyed man. It seemed that they had exchanged conversation and fine-cut chewing tobacco, and had found that their tastes in thoroughbred horses ran in the same channel, and so now there was a bond between them.

Mr. Bugg's idea was this: He would go straightway and seek out the little cross-eyed man and would lure him off to some out-of-the-way grocery—they called them groceries in those days—and there, under cover of friendship, treacherously would ply his intended victim with strong waters until the latter was in a state of complete helplessness.

"Boys," said he, "this yere'll be the way of it: I'll get him so drunk he can't remember his own name. I'll get him so drunk he can't hit the ground with his hat. I'll fill him so full of them sweetenin' drams he won't be able to talk, walk or stand up. And then I'll stow him away in a corner somewhere to sleep it off and I'll leave him there and I'll be back at the hall in plenty of time to cast my vote and bust this here tie. All you boys got to do is just make up a purse to buy the licker with and I'll do the rest."

Knowing Stony's magnificent capacity his hearers gave loud cheers. By subscription a sum deemed to be amply sufficient for accomplishing the intended stratagem was immediately raised. Stony, pouching the contributions, hurried forth upon his mission.

Four o'clock came and the convention reconvened, Stony and his prey being still missing. The chairman, ordering the next ballot, bade the secretary to call the roll, not by county but by calling each separate delegate of each county by name, as was the rule. Alphabetically, the county from which the up-state delegate came was reached before the county from which Mr. Bugg came.

The Return of Stony Bugg

Just as the secretary had progressed as far as this up-state county the door of the convention building opened and the little cross-eyed man appeared—alone. He swayed like an aspen, but he still had powers of locomotion. He wabbled up the hall. He came to where a shadow lay across the aisle. He stopped and rolled up his trouser legs and waded through it and fell into his own seat just in time to answer to his name and to cast the vote which gave the nomination to his candidate by a plurality of one, leaving the opposition utterly stunned and flabbergasted.

The chairman had just declared the result, amid the applause of the victorious faction, when again the door swung open and a limp heap, attired in tousled garments, fell in and lay upon the floor where it had fallen, and was recognized as Stonewall Jackson Bugg. Some subtle homing instinct, working behind the alcoholic veil, mechanically and automatically had directed his footsteps back to the place which he had been carrying in his mind just before his mind left him. Friends ran to him and raised his head. He breathed heavily but otherwise gave no signs of conscious life. They shook him, they beat him upon the chest, they called to him by his own name and by other names.

"Stony!" they cried. "Stony, listen! Whyn't you get him drunk?"

With difficulty he lifted one drowsy eyelid. With yet greater difficulty he focused a wobbly and uncertain eye upon the distressed countenances of those who bent over him.

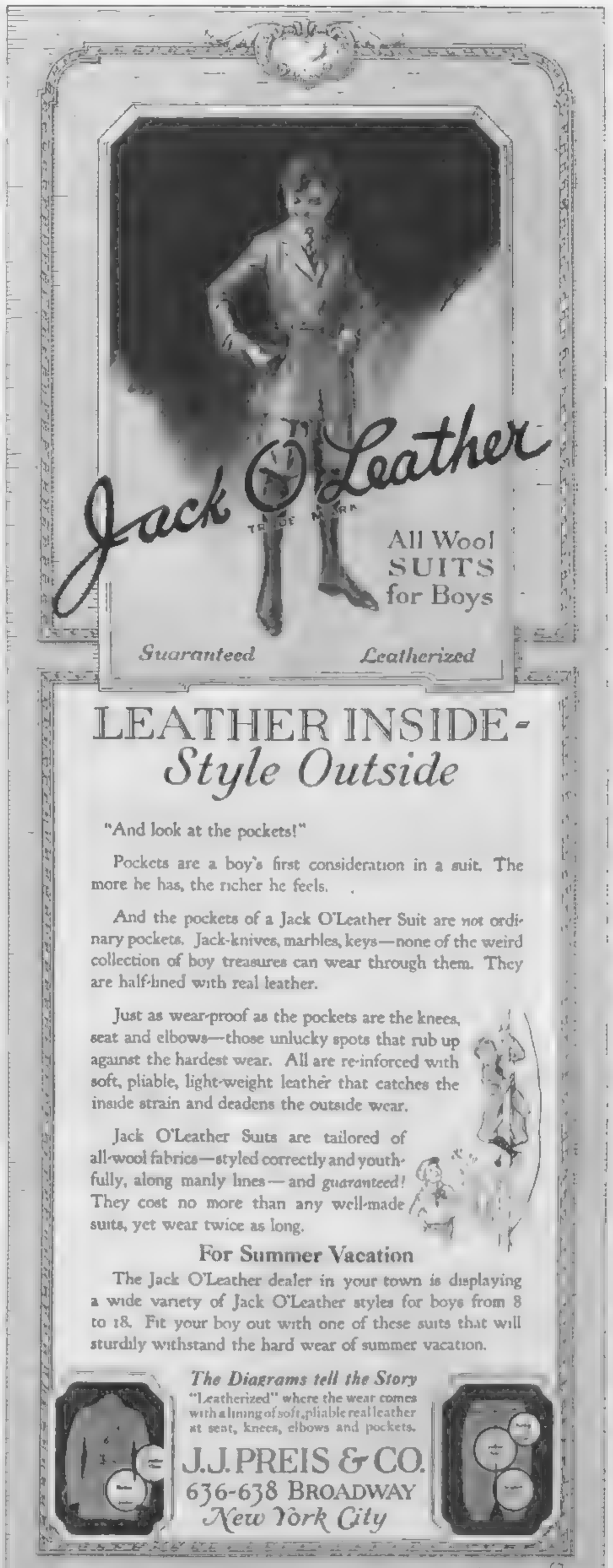
"Whish?" he inquired thickly.

"Whyn't you get that feller drunk, like you promised?"

He half freed himself from the supporting arms. His chest heaved, his voice gurgled in his throat.

"Drunk?" he echoed blankly. Then proudly, as recollection came back to him: "Huh, boysh, I got that li'l' raskil so dadblame drunk I couldn' see 'im!"

I recall as though it were yesterday the coupled distinctions that came to me as a green reporter covering his first big assignment and as an alternate delegate from my home county casting half a vote at that famous state convention held in Music Hall in Louisville in the last year of the last century—that same convention which lasted


Jack O'Leather
All Wool SUITS for Boys
Guaranteed
Leatherized
LEATHER INSIDE-
Style Outside
"And look at the pockets!"
Pockets are a boy's first consideration in a suit. The more he has, the richer he feels.
And the pockets of a Jack O'Leather Suit are not ordinary pockets. Jack-knives, marbles, keys—none of the weird collection of boy treasures can wear through them. They are half-lined with real leather.
Just as wear-proof as the pockets are the knees, seat and elbows—those unlucky spots that rub up against the hardest wear. All are re-inforced with soft, pliable, light-weight leather that catches the inside strain and deadens the outside wear.
Jack O'Leather Suits are tailored of all-wool fabrics—styled correctly and youthfully, along manly lines—and guaranteed! They cost no more than any well-made suits, yet wear twice as long.
For Summer Vacation
The Jack O'Leather dealer in your town is displaying a wide variety of Jack O'Leather styles for boys from 8 to 18. Fit your boy out with one of these suits that will sturdily withstand the hard wear of summer vacation.
The Diagrams tell the Story
"Leatherized" where the wear comes with a lining of soft, pliable real leather at seat, knees, elbows and pockets.
J.J. PREIS & CO.
636-638 BROADWAY
New York City

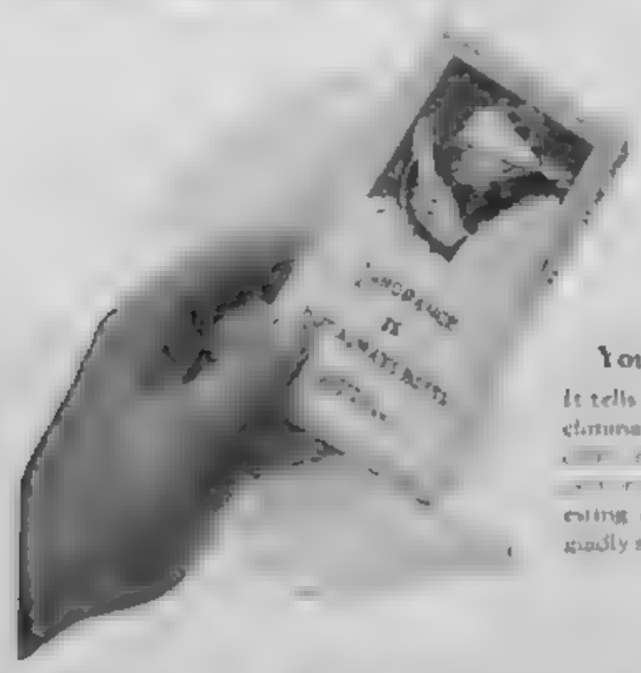
Standard Model, $10.00
In Canada, $15.00

BOYCE MOTOMETER

TEMPERATURE is the most vital factor in automobile operation. Upon temperature and temperature control depend the life and operation of your motor, the most delicate and expensive part of the car and the part most subject to damage through ignorance and carelessness.

Modern high-speed motors can't stand high temperatures. That's why experienced motorists use Boyce Moto-Meter—the instrument that tells at a glance if the motor is operating too hot, too cool or at a *safe, normal temperature.*

We especially recommend Boyce Moto-Meter for Overland, Studebaker, Dodge, Cadillac, Buick, Reo, Nash, Chandler and Ford cars.



You Need This Book

It tells how Boyce Moto-Meter eliminates engine troubles and [illegible] exciting and valuable. We will gladly send a copy upon request.

THE MOTO-METER COMPANY, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK

for two tumultuous weeks in the hottest part of a blistering hot summer, and which caused an everlasting split in the Democratic Party and which went forward into a campaign, reaching its post-election climax when one of the claimants to the governorship was mortally shot from ambush by an assassin concealed in the State House, and when his opponent, after a few stormy months of incumbency in the gubernatorial chair, fled for refuge in a neighboring state.

That was a convention for you! The parliamentary rules which governed its deliberations were strictly enforced. Hot as it was, every delegate wore his coat, not for protection and not for style, but to hide his hardware. At one stage of the proceedings for days on end half the delegates tootled on penny trumpets and tin horns, with intent, which was successful, to drown the voice of the hostile chairman whenever he sought to entertain a motion or to order a vote.

There was the thrilling moment when the sergeant-at-arms, Colonel Jim Williams, late of Morgan's cavalry, rapped an obstreperous mountain delegate to order, using the butt end of one of his pair of ivory-handled six-shooters for a gavel and the skull of the offending hillsman for an object upon which to rap. He got complete order at the third rap, I think it was.

June Gayle's Choice

There was the break in the tensity of a very strained moment when a weary rural delegate who had been taking a nap on a pile of old scenery at the back of the stage—once upon a time the Music Hall had been a theater—roused himself and stood up and stretched, and shoved a new two-dollar varnished brown straw hat right into the orbit of the revolving blades of a large electric fan. I never knew until then that you could feed one ordinary straw hat into an electric fan and get back enough straw to make five or six hats.

There was the exciting moment when a stoutish member of the Louisville fire department, a strenuous advocate on the side of the chairman, undertook to keep June Gayle, the head of the Owen County delegation, from going forward to his seat near the front of the hall. Either he didn't know who June Gayle was or, what seems more probable, was deceived by Mr. Gayle's mild and gentle mien. Up in Owen County it was a recognized fact that persons who went out looking for a little trouble with members of the Gayle family nearly always came back looking for a doctor. This particular Gayle, like all the members of his tribe, was ordinarily as gentle and kindly a gentleman as you would find in a day's march, but like them, and also like Harry Leon Wilson's immortal Cousin Egbert, he could be pushed just so far.

Now this overzealous fireman pushed him quite a distance; several yards rearward in fact.

"What's the idea?" inquired Mr. Gayle, recovering his balance.

"The idea is that you can't get past me."

"That being the case," said Mr. Gayle as accurately he pressed the muzzle of a six gun upon the third button of the fireman's waistcoat, "I suppose I'll have to blow a hole right here and go through you, but personally I'd prefer to go past you, as being less mussy."

What sticks most vividly in my memory, though, when I hark back to that campaign, is a thing that happened after the convention adjourned. Theodore Hallam, the greatest orator in a state of orators, and almost the quickest-thinking man on his feet, I believe, that ever lived anywhere, having bolted the nomination of State Senator Goebel as a candidate for governor, took the stump against him. The seceding wing of the party picked Hallam to open their fight, and chose the town of Bowling Green as a fitting place for the firing of the first gun; Bowling Green being a town where the rebellion inside the Democratic ranks was widespread and vehement. But Goebel had his adherents there in plenty too.

You could fairly smell trouble cooking on that August afternoon of 1899 when Hallam stood up in the packed, jammed courthouse to begin his speech. Hardly had he started when a local leader, himself a most handy person in a rough-and-tumble argument, heaved his vast bulk upward and stood upon the seat of his chair, towering high above the heads of those about him. Pound for pound, he was twice the size of the stumpy, shock-haired little man, Hallam, and he looked three times as formidable.

"I want to ask you a question!" he demanded in a roar like the roar of one of Bashan's bulls.

One-third of the crowd yelled "Go ahead!" The other two-thirds yelled "Throw him out!" and a few enthusiastic spirits suggested the expediency of destroying the gentleman utterly.

With a wave of his hand Hallam stilled the tumult.

"Let it be understood, now and hereafter, that this is to be no joint debate," he said in his rather high-pitched voice. "My friends have arranged for the use of this building this afternoon, and I intend to be the only speaker. But it is a tenet of our political faith that in a Democratic gathering no man who calls himself a Democrat shall be denied the right to be heard. I gather that the gentleman desires to ask me a question. If the gentleman will be content to ask his question, whatever it is, and to abide by my answer to it, I am willing that he should speak, and I crave silence from all believers in the right of free speech while he is asking it."

"That suits me," proclaimed the interrupter. "My question is this: Didn't you say at the Music Hall convention not four weeks ago that if the Democrats of Kentucky, in convention assembled, nominated a yaller dog for governor you would vote for him?"

"I did," said Hallam calmly. "And what of it?"

"Well then," whooped the heckler, eager now to press his seeming advantage, "in the face of that statement by you why do you now repudiate the nominee of that convention and refuse to support him?"

For his part Hallam waited for perfect quiet, and got it.

"I admit," he said, "I said then what now I repeat, namely, that when the Democrats of Kentucky nominate a yaller dog for the governorship of this great state I shall support him—but lower than that ye shall not drag me!"

Drama, did you say? Huh, there was drama to cart out and throw away in our politics in those days. Shotgun casualties came under the head of scattering results, and the returns were not regarded as being all in until the coroner had concluded the last inquest and every professional repeater carried his namesake on his flank.

Still Some Drama Left

Well, for all these modern improvements there's still some drama left in it. Drama even may bob up at a national convention when it is least expected. I mean the real drama of the sudden and the startling twist. The other sort—the drama that is carefully dramatized, with its well-trained supers, its scene plot and its prop plot worked out to the last degree, its star members of the cast all letter-perfect in their parts—this sort we may be quite sure of having when the production proper is launched and when, after the prologue or temporary organization has been presented, there rises up in the body of the house a frock-coated Demosthenes in his costume that is partly that of a tribune and partly that of a peasant, and utters in sonorous tones the first rolling words of his chosen rôle.

"Miste-er Chairma-an!"

The only contingency the stage managers cannot prepare for in advance is the contingency of the unexpected; and by that same token the one thing which, from their viewpoint, can mar the success of the production will be something unexpected, resulting mayhap in a smash-up of the machine, and, coupled with this, the dread danger that some of them may find themselves out of their jobs as bosses when they emerge from the wreckage. Some gifted orator may sweep the delegates off their feet; some dark horse starts a runaway that the stable hands cannot check; somebody may suddenly chuck a monkey wrench into the flywheel and gum up the works. In these days of political efficiency and expert organization such acts of political sabotage as this last are passing rare. Still, you never can tell. That's the worst of it, you never can tell.

The explosion is more apt to occur among the Democrats than among the Republicans. At least it has occurred oftener at Democratic conventions than at Republican conventions. I suppose the reason for this lies in the fact that the

(Concluded on Page 57)

Brains Brawn— and BREAD

"IN every grain of wheat there is almost a complete ration of raw food to meet the needs of the human body."—

The U. S. Department of Agriculture in Farmers' Bulletin No. 807 says:—"Bread comes so near to being complete food, i. e., to providing sufficient body building and body regulating material, that it would be an advantage, from the standpoint of economy (considering the nourishment it supplies in comparison with its cost), to use it more largely in the diet.

At present prices in the Eastern market, ten cents will now buy 1600 calories (the unit of energy measurement) of bread, 750 calories of cheese, 660 calories of milk, 600 calories of ham, 280 calories of beef, 255 calories of eggs, or 85 calories of oysters.

The American family spends approximately one-tenth of its food money for bread and derives more than one-fourth of its energy therefrom.

Bread is your best food—
eat more of it.

Nearly all bakers use Fleischmann's Yeast because it makes the best bread.

The Craftsman's Product is its own guarantee

STEVENS-DURYEA

OLD Simon Willard, whose ancestor founded Concord, Massachusetts, was the builder of some of the finest clocks ever made in New England. He became so expert that he could cut the teeth of the wheels by eye measurement alone.

And he offered no compromise, no excuses, no ifs, no buts. It would never have occurred to him to attach a card saying: "If this clock does not work satisfactorily, I will take it back." New England craftsmanship makes things right, from the beginning.

Like Simon Willard and his fellow-workers of a century ago, the modern craftsmen of New England work by instinct and feeling, using their equally modern Vernier scales, micrometers and master-gauges as checks upon their own accuracy.

They are individualists. They have a personal pride and sense of responsibility. And this is undoubtedly the explanation of how and why they work as they do.

To them the task of building a Stevens-Duryea Motor Car, for example, is a personal matter. No motor part, no bearing or gear or pinion ever goes to the assembling room until it is as nearly perfect as their keen eyes and sensitive hands can make it.

After nearly a generation of motor car building the Stevens-Duryea remains a beautiful exemplification of the New England craftsmanship tradition, just as modern New England motor car standards of workmanship are a product of the original Stevens-Duryea tradition.

STEVENS-DURYEA, INC.
Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts

Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars

(Concluded from Page 54)

Democratic Party is so full of Irishmen. Every Irishman may not actually be a leader, but show me the man with Irish blood in his veins who doesn't believe that he has the makings of a leader in him and who isn't ready when the psychological moment comes to quit being led and to undertake to do a little leading on his own account, and I'll show you a rarer bird than the South American sulphur-crested whiffletit, which is so rare that nobody ever saw one. If a word personal may be pardoned, I feel that I am in a position to speak authoritatively on this subject, seeing that I was born a Democrat and that a good many of my ancestors came—hurriedly—from the County Wicklow, which has almost the smallest Republican vote of any county I can think of offhand.

Usually though, be your convention Democratic or be it Republican, prudence, moderation and tabby-treading are the watchwords of the hour. The average delegate to the average national convention is thoroughly tamed and submissive, else he would not be a delegate. He is under the domination of his chieftain; and as for the chieftain, he usually is so canny as practically to come under the head of canned goods. Thanks be to the system by which we choose our presidents—and yet there seems to be no better way of doing it than the one we follow—the average delegate is merely the background for a large impressive badge. Take away the badge and the background doesn't count for anything except scenery, and usually not very beautiful scenery at that.

When the Machinery Creaks

Presumably chosen from the local masses of his party to express their will, he none the less, so far as any personal importance upon the floor of the convention is concerned, is merely a small, unconsidered crumbly portion of domestic Camembert. His motto, did he but realize it, is *Semper Edam*, or, as the Latins would say, "Once a cheese, always a cheese."

We think of Congress in the aggregate as a reasonably timorous-souled outfit, and so it is. Let a new issue arise or let an old one be revived—any issue for choice. Let the winds of passing favor blow stronger from one direction than the winds of disfavor from another. Let the clamor for enactment be for the moment but sufficiently deafening, and regardless of the true merits of the matter we have reasonable grounds to expect from a majority of our Congress, its Democrats and its Republicans alike, as fine an exhibition of matched and mated cowardice as has been noticed since the guinea pigs and the paired angleworms marched two by two up the gangplank into Noah's Ark. But alongside of a well-schooled, docile national convention, Congress is an aggregate of devil-may-care adventurers.

Tradition—and more than tradition, the wishes of the hotel keepers and the shop keepers who dug up the fund to pay special expenses—demands that every national convention shall last for not less than a certain specified number of days. And so through the better part of a week, even where there be no deadlock to prolong the balloting, there is stretched out and elaborated the work which, did businesslike methods prevail, might nine times out of ten be dispatched in forty-eight hours or less. There must be a committee on rules to go at great length through the motions of being a deliberative body, meaning by that a deliberate one, and then solemnly to present to the convention a set of rules perhaps prepared weeks before. There must be a committee on permanent organization to play out the farce of choosing a permanent chairman, whose speech of acceptance has been in type in every newspaper office in the country for ten days or so. There must be a committee on credentials to sit in judgment upon the merits of contests, notwithstanding the fact that nearly always everybody already knows just what groups will be seated and just what groups will be unseated or left unseated.

In a Republican convention the warring factions from the South—fast black, black-and-white checked, black with white polka dots or white with black polka dots, as the case may be and generally is—may be depended upon to furnish the bulks and burdens of the contests.

There must be a committee on resolutions to present a platform which, down to the last planks in it, sometimes, was drafted, redrafted, revised, punctuated, touched up, toned down, and O. K'd before ever a single member of that committee had been selected.

And so on and so forth while the machinery creaks and the delegates grow hoarse and weary and the crowd dwindles. All the while and through all this the initiated are fully aware that unless some latter-day William J. Peerless comes gallumping out of the West to blow up the careful calculations of the stage managers with a blast of vocal T N T, or unless some unbroken stallion colt of a brunet complexion heads a stampede, the whole thing will be worked out on a time schedule in exact accordance with the prior arrangements of the men behind the men behind the delegates.

As these words go to press the skirmish guards of the cohorts to follow will be sifting into Chicago, breaking trail for the marching clubs, the glee clubs, the brass bands, the Favorite Sons, the Native Sons, the rooters, the boosters, the pluggers, the barkers, the press agents, the claim agents, the ballyhoo boys and all the rest who follow on behind. At the time of writing, the Lowden boom has the best press agent, but the Wood boom excels in claim agents. A claim agent, as the words indicate, is one who does expert claiming.

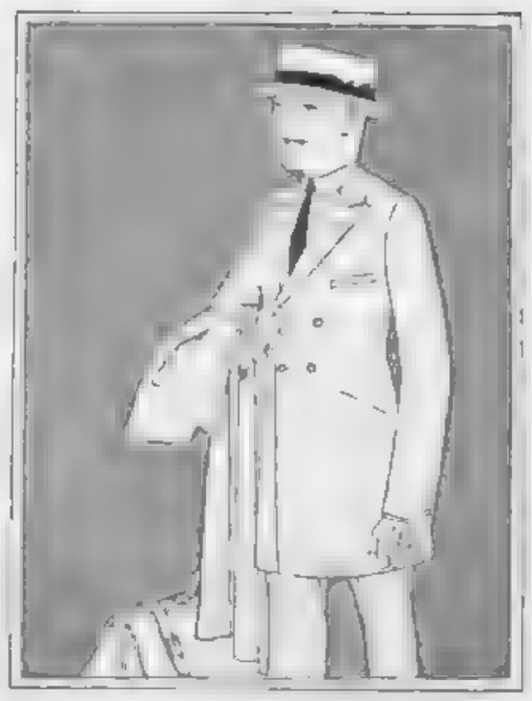
General Frank Hitchcock is probably there now, blacking up in anticipation of greeting his hand-picked colored delegates from the Gulf and Lower Atlantic coast regions. And no doubt by the time these lines reach the reader's eye there will have arrived on the scene former Governor Willis, of Ohio, the minute man of the Republican Party—and oftener than that if he can catch the presiding officer's eye. It is confidently expected that Governor Willis' vocal record at this convention will equal his record at the last convention. In fact, he will use the same record, but has ordered some new needles. And beyond peradventure, Uncle Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, the only man in the world who can dance a breakdown on a tin roof while wearing wooden shoes and never make a sound, is either on hand or on his way. It wouldn't be a national convention without Uncle Murray present and engaging in his favorite specialty of enunciating his views in a voice two octaves higher than a bat's whisper—and nobody yet ever was able to hear a bat when the bat was shrieking, let alone whispering.

Hunted With Bloodhounds

With the press agents pressing and the claim agents claiming, with the ushers being measured for their badges—all likewise must now be bustle, as the saying goes, in the leading Chicago hotels. Downstairs in the pantry the steward is jacking up the prices for food to convention standards, which are the most altitudinous standards in the world. Upstairs in the corridors the chambermaids are making up cots for the bedding down of the overflow. Toward the latter end of the convention it would be just as well for the transient sojourner, who came too late to get a bed in a room and who has been forced to content himself with these hallway accommodations, to kneel down and look under his cot before retiring. If beneath it he finds a gentleman of a furtive and shrinking aspect with a hunted look in his eye, there will be no occasion for the guest to call the police. The fugitive is not a burglar; he is merely a Favorite Son who has just been warned that he is in dire danger of being nominated for the second place on the ticket, and is now in hiding from the posse. You may think the selective draft came into vogue with our entry into the war. Not at all. It far antedates that period. For long it has been employed in the picking of vice-presidential nominees, who can claim no reasonable exemption. Every four years you can turn over a log in the woods and presidential aspirants will scuttle out in every direction; but vice presidents must be run down with bloodhounds.

Oh, they'll both be picturesque affairs all right, even though the Kentucky delegates have beaten their corkscrews into buttonhooks and turned their demijohns into tearjugs, and even though Tammany must ride to San Francisco with little save fragrant fond memories to keep Mr. Murphy's other high hat company in the baggage coach ahead.

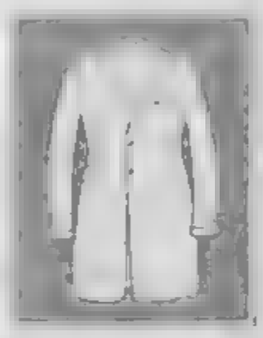
Being picturesque is one of the very best things, next to being thoroughly broken to the bit, that a national convention does.



As To the Coat Length

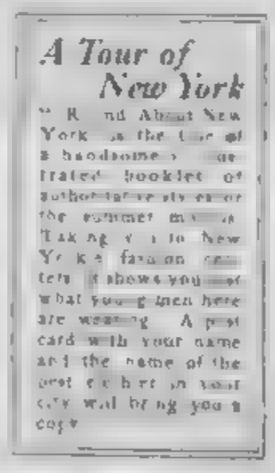
TO follow the trend of style this summer is to follow the line of the coat.

It has interested me considerably of late to observe the new proportions of the correct coat for young men. This attractive feature of the summer suit has become manifest along Fifth Avenue within the last thirty days, and is making its presence rather definitely felt here in New York.



Flaring slightly, the longer coat gives a youthful swing to the figure.

The several models I have seen have impressed me as being done in particularly good taste. In fact, it seems to me that the ideal coat length has been achieved in these new mid-summer suits. Both on the tall and the short figure the effect is equally becoming, equally smart.



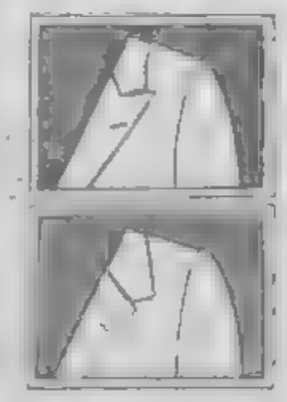
I find that in most cases the bottom of the coat comes just about opposite the middle knuckles of the hand when the arm is hanging straight. To give good proportion and to relieve the monotony of a severe up and down silhouette, a skillfully executed flare falls from the waist-line. It is this flare, combined with the slightly longer coat, which gives a vigorous, youthful swing to the figure.

Other variations from the pre-summer styles accompany the longer coat. For instance, the shoulders. In every correct suit I have seen, I find them to be of that admirable new athletic type, fully as fine looking as was predicted by the models of early spring. Snug fitting and a bit more square than formerly, they convey an air of dignity, alertness and poise. Unconsciously, one carries himself erect when shoulders are so briskly reminiscent of the service.

Two buttons effecting the coat closing seems to be the popular thing, although many attractive models have one or three buttons. Lapels vary, of course, but all are graceful, rolling and indicative of good taste and careful tailoring. The waistcoat opening must be generously low to reveal the colorful shirts of summer.

Pockets appear in modified curves and angles that are somewhat more conservative than those of the earlier models. Altogether, I can say that the mid-summer creations clothe both the young and the little-bit-older figures to their best advantage.

With a dignity and faithfulness that does them great credit, the designers of Cortley Clothes have interpreted the new mid-summer styles most acceptably. A definite correctness in tailoring, a certain carefulness in finish, make the creation of Cortley models an enviable achievement. Incidentally, one need not be extravagant to be correctly dressed, as Cortley prices are within the reach of every purse.



Two interesting lapel styles, each graceful and well fashioned

And Cortley Clothes can be had in almost any town. —*H. L.*

Cortley Clothes

by

COHEN & LANG

Style Authors
In the City of New York

LOOK FOR THE CORTLEY LINEN LABEL IN THE INSIDE POCKET

HORTENSE THE HELPFUL

(Continued from Page 21)

employee, and, besides that, it was after four, and he was to meet his partner at five in the smoking room of the Green Baize Club, where it was their custom to discuss matters affecting the interests of the firm. Hence Mr. Baldaney's hurried departure, with a curt "Good afternoon."

The smoking room of the Green Baize was as cozy as one of Joel's comfy browns, but upon this particular occasion he was immune to all those materialistic allurements which ordinarily would have appealed to his creature comfort. Joel was both peeved and perturbed.

"Well," said Killmer upon his arrival, "what are we going to do about Boggles?"

"Fire him," answered Joel.

"Then what?"

"Bring in an expert chemist and let him pull us out of the hole we are in."

"And have him walk away with all we know about the adjective colors. It's a great idea, chief. Whoever that expert may happen to be, he cannot help but carry away information that would be valuable to any competitor who wanted to copy our comfy browns and lazy blues."

"You are wrong, Killmer. It's against the ethics of the profession. You are rating them too low."

"Ethics be jiggered! There is always a leak that you cannot plug up after a move of that kind."

"Well, if you want to know it, Killmer—I blame you. We should have picked out some bright young fellow, long before this, and forced him on Boggles as an assistant."

"Post mortem!" exclaimed Killmer. "Why, that shifty old molecule chaser is as crafty as a Mexican general—you know that, or at least you should. He dyed the first six bath robes you ever made, and he's been sleeping with the key of the laboratory in his mouth ever since. He's been with us too long—that's the trouble; and he thinks that we cannot get along without him. We are a couple of fools to allow Boggle to monopolize the one big secret of our business."

"That confirms the opinion of the blond perfectionist," said Joel with a grin.

"The what?" questioned Killmer.

"The lady who functions along inspirational lines," replied Joel.

"Come back to the bath-robe business," said his partner.

"I'm talking about my stenographer. She says that she can put Boggles' formulas into our safe in less than a week."

"In the name of Jupiter's priest—why don't you send her out to the factory?" questioned Killmer excitedly.

"She wants a thousand dollars for the job."

"Send her out, I tell you. It's worth two thousand. What's her name?"

"Miss Hortense Telfer."

"I'm for Hortense. Is she clever?"

"Rather," answered Joel dryly.

Then the minds of these worthy merchants turned to the problem of sales, that they might by chance devise some plan whereby the masculine gender of the country could be coaxed or pushed up the psychological pyramid of desire every time they saw a haberdashery display of comfy browns or lazy blue Bal-da-neys.

All of which swings our story round with the clock, to a conversation held in Mr. Joel Baldaney's private office the next morning.

"Miss Telfer," said Joel, "my partner, Mr. Killmer, has suggested the advisability of allowing you to go to the factory and demonstrate your ability in connection with our formulas. Are you still of the disposition to accept such a commission?"

"Yes," she replied, "I'm quite willing to accept it, but not under the same terms."

"Ugh!" grunted Joel, as if someone had tapped him with a four-ounce glove below the equatorial line. "What do you mean, 'Not the same terms'?"

"I mean that prices have advanced since yesterday," replied Hortense.

"But, if It Isn't Going to Jar Your System Too Much, Do You Mind Telling Me Why You Ever Sacrificed So Glorious a Career for Anything So Sordid as the Bath-Robe Business?"

"Why the increase?"

"Because I have new proofs that my system is the correct one. It's approaching infallibility."

"What kind of proof?"

"Well, last night I attended a dinner party, and among the guests there was a gentleman who is the directing manager of a prominent Broadway moving-picture theater; also, an advertising man of national repute; and in the course of conversation with them I discovered that they were both greatly perplexed over problems relating to their respective lines. I settled both problems in five minutes."

"What did you do for the advertising man?"

"He was in search of a name for a new shoe blacking his firm was putting on the market. I gave it to him."

"What was it?"

"Before Dawn Shoe Polish was my selection, and if the billboard people can possibly crowd in a hundred displays more between New York and Philadelphia, you will shortly see Before Dawn streaked in letters of crimson between those cities."

"Why the name—Before Dawn?" asked Joel.

"Because just before dawn it is always the blackest," replied Hortense, gently patting a coiffured mass of golden hair, with the aid of a tiny purse mirror.

Joel was actually grinning as he asked: "What did you do for the movie manager?"

"In that case I settled a long-standing controversy between the ushers and the management. They have been unable to retain competent ushers because of their dissatisfaction over a statement printed on the house program. It read: 'Please do not tip the ushers.'"

"And do you mean to tell me that you succeeded in effecting a compromise?" asked Joel.

"Oh, yes, I changed it to 'It is not necessary to tip the ushers'; thereby suggesting to the public that though it may not be necessary it might be expedient. Some of them will get it for the first time, and the statement not only exonerates the management but satisfies the ushers. My charge for rescuing your formulas will be fifteen hundred dollars, Mr. Baldaney."

Joel sagged back to the old comfortable position in the swivel chair, folded his arms, cushioned his chin on the delicate stripes of a silk pongee shirt, and gazed in profound admiration at Hortense Telfer. The additional charge of five hundred did not annoy him in the least. It would be worth even more than that if they could crimp the arrogance of the autocratic Mr. Boggles.

"My calling you a fool yesterday was a bit expensive, I can see that," he finally said.

"Yes, I figured that it was worth an extra five hundred, at least," said Hortense, without even so much as the suggestion of a smile.

"Well, I'm not taking any chances on increasing the contract figures by repeating the assertion, but in order to secure fair returns on my extra investment I think you should know that I am still of the same opinion."

"In that case you might follow my example of yesterday, and prove it," said Hortense, bridling just a wee bit.

"That will be easy," said Joel. "Any young woman as proficient as you are in a secretarial capacity is a fool to plunge into the crack-brained profession of supplying corrective ideas—on call. Furthermore, just about the time you get started you will follow the example of your sex, since the days of Eve—and get married."

"I am not that kind," said Hortense. "Once having established the Bureau of Psychic Inspiration all thoughts of marriage will vanish."

There was something so frosty about her tones that Joel hastily dictated a letter of introduction for her to present to his partner at the factory, fearing that she might be tempted once more to increase her contract figures.

The manufacturing plant of Baldaney & Killmer was situated in New Jersey, and about an hour later Hortense was engaged in making a careful survey of the premises, before presenting her credentials to the junior member of the firm. The modern two-story concrete building, which ran back several hundred feet from the street, reflected the prosperity of the firm and was an imposing structure. At the right of this was a narrow alley which separated it from an antiquated storehouse. Both of these buildings constituted the factory equipment of the firm of Baldaney & Killmer.

Five minutes later she was seated at the desk of Thomas J. Killmer, and had presented her letter of introduction to this well-groomed youth of vigor and vim, for in the interests of truth it must be recorded that Thomas was of pleasing physical proportions, and fair for any lady to look upon, being twenty-eight by the family Bible, and of gracious mien.

Now ordinarily Tommy glued his eyes to any and every communication from his senior business associate, and generally analyzed the contents to the last period; but upon this occasion he came perilously near shattering the optic cord that keeps a man from becoming cross-eyed, because while his left eye was all business his good right eye sought to retain the radiant image of Hortense, in all the refulgence of her beauty.

"Oh, yes," he finally said, turning from the letter so as to give both eyes a chance. "You are the lady who is to—er—pull us out of the bog of —— Ha, ha! That is, we are going to boggle the bug in —— Ha, ha!"

Right there Tommy discovered that his mental carburetor was not flashing, and that his invasion into the domain of the light facetious was stripping all the conversational gears. He had bungled his Boggles quip, and to make matters worse Hortense had suddenly assumed a patrician hauteur. So, like a good fellow, Tommy began all over.

"You are Miss Hortense Telfer," said he, "and you have been kind enough to offer your services in connection with the difficulties we are in over our formulas. Is that it?"

"Quite correct," said Hortense.

"How can I assist you?" was Tommy's next question.

"By showing me the laboratory, and granting full permission to roam the factory at will," answered Hortense, drawing a spotless white kid glove from her right hand, thereby disclosing a modest solitaire that radiated mystic flashes of crimson fire.

"Pardon me one minute," said Tommy, picking up a pad and hurriedly penciling a note on it. "Just a stray thought, Miss Telfer—do not stop—I am all attention."

Which remark was true enough, inasmuch as his memorandum had been as follows: "Look in encyclopedia—which hand engagement rings are worn on."

"I think that will start me nicely," said Hortense, rising from her chair.

"Step this way then," said Tommy, opening a door that led into the factory proper. "This is Boggles' laboratory," he explained, pointing to a boxlike room that faced the alley and boasted of but one entrance, from the large room they were standing in. "You will note that the door

Continued on Page 61

"It remained for the Aeolian Company to produce a Phonograph that is a True Musical Instrument"

The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

the Only Phonograph Possessing the Artistic and Wonderful Tone Control — THE GRADUOLA

"GRADUALLY, under the influence of the ... if the singer, ... tears ... almost ... from a phonograph ... by ... for the ... Daily ..."

THE feature or device which makes the Aeolian-Vocalion a true musical instrument, and which was largely responsible for The Aeolian Company's finally entering the field of phonograph manufacture, is the Graduola, the simplest and most practical method of phonograph tone-control.

Playing the Phonograph

PEOPLE are so accustomed to hearing the phonograph simply play itself, that it is not always easy to picture someone playing it. And it is practically impossible to realize the fascination of doing so, without actual experience.

Yet the immense advantage the Graduola gives to the Aeolian-Vocalion is obvious.

Artists never sing twice with exactly the same feeling. Without changing their individual conceptions of their songs and compositions, they vary their interpretations in detail.

This is exactly what anyone can do by using the Graduola. Without actually changing the interpretations (tempo and phrasing always remaining the same) it can be *varied in tone color*, thus giving it a freshness and spontaneity which the ordinary phonograph performance never possesses.

And it is a fact that even when the player knows nothing of music, these changes sound well and add to the musical result, the explanation being that the arbitrary elements of interpretation, namely, tempo, phrasing and basic expression, are unaffected by the Graduola.

The Sum Total of Phonograph Satisfaction

THOUGH the Aeolian-Vocalion has been upon the market only about three years, it is today recognized as the leading instrument of its type, not only in this country but also abroad. This is because the Vocalion offers everything possessed by phonographs of ordinary type, and adds its own exclusive and important advantages as well.

For example:—You may search the market over and you will hear no phonograph that surpasses the rich, mellow and beautiful tone of the Vocalion; you will see no phonograph that reflects more genuine art in the simple elegance of its cases; and in addition the Vocalion allows you the great privilege of taking an active part in the playing of its records.

Vocalion Prices

Conventional models from $60—with Graduola from $165.
Period styles from $280. Convenient terms.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK CITY

LONDON PARIS MADRID SYDNEY MELBOURNE

Makers of the Duo-Art Pianola Piano—Foremost Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World

The Aeolian Company, 29 W. 42d St., N.Y.
Gentlemen: Kindly send me your illustrated Vocalion catalog

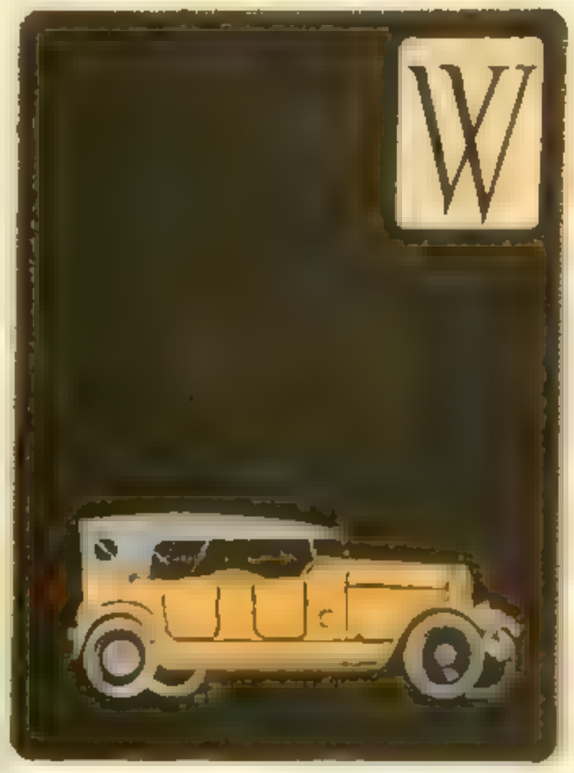
Name _____

Address _____

FOURTH OF A SERIES OF TIMELY DISCUSSIONS OF MOTOR CAR VALUES

The new MARMON idea in motor-car selling

—*stabilized design has brought stabilized investment*



WHILST MARMON engineers were making their brilliant successes in stabilized design, another group of Marmon executives were pioneering in the field of new-day distribution.

Much has been accomplished, as this report to the public reveals.

And the result, we believe, will be of no less importance than the mechanical achievements.

For most men, in fact, knowing the intrinsic worth of the Marmon 34, will see in this new development a most logical pocketbook appeal.

A new trend

THERE has been no problem to sell the latest Marmon 34's—for five anxious buyers await each completed car.

Such is the tribute to advanced engineering—and most important of all, it comes from canny men—graduate motorists who choose the Marmon 34 as their final car.

* * *

A far more interesting situation has arisen—one that grew before we realized it—so engrossed were we in making allotments of our current production:

—the public began to think of the Marmon 34 as a Series!

—the "second-hand" Marmon market disappeared!

—renewed Marmons of the 34 series—dated during six years—began to command an unusual market!

Restoration is so simple that any Marmon of the 34 series can be brought to complete usefulness and satisfaction.

And every one brings betterments not found even in new cars of like price.

Because basically sound

THIS situation has brought about a revolution in our distribution. It multiplies the Marmon market. It brings renewed Marmons at a lesser price. It insures stabilized value to each purchaser of a *new* Marmon.

And all this we owe, of course, to advanced engineering and stabilized design. These principles account for long-life, lasting newness.

Of the 16,500 Marmon 34's built to date all are now brought into service as permanent cars, easily kept up to standard.

Authorized Marmon distributors, under factory guidance, know how to make complete renewal. And to prove it, they back each renewed Marmon 34 with a liberal guarantee.

The nation over, men who insist upon those dual qualities in a car—performance and economy—can gain the utmost in satisfaction by looking upon the Marmon 34 as a car of a Series, whether new or renewed—whether 1920 production or of the past five years.

New or renewed — which?

THIS new development in motor-car distribution proves to us that men are judging cars nowadays not so much by glitter as by long life.

It emphasizes again the fact that a finely built car can go before any tribunal and win against every lesser effort.

And may we say, without hint of flattery, that it proves again the sound judgment of America's knowing buyers?

To understand the importance of this new era, visit a Marmon distributor. Let him point out the price ratio between a new and a renewed Marmon 34, as well as delivery schedules of both. Let him show you how stabilized design has brought stabilized investment.

You'll find reason in his analysis.

The highest honor conferred on any industrial organization during the war was the award of the "Champion Liberty Motor Builders" pennant to the workers of the Nordyke & Marmon Company. Awarded for October, 1918, competition. On November 16, 1918, the award was made permanent.

The MARMON 34

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY
Established 1851 INDIANAPOLIS

(Continued from Page 58)

is locked, but I understand that Boggles will be in this afternoon to make up a batch of solutions."

"If you can possibly keep him away until to-morrow—please do so," she said.

"But why not interview him as soon as possible?" questioned Tommy. "Then you will be able to gain some idea of his methods of procedure."

"I do not expect to interview him. He will never know that I have been here," she replied.

A broad grin of wholesome admiration spread over the youthful face of Tommy Killmer.

"I like the way you go at this," said he. "You know—it's sort of like Dewey at Manila Bay. I don't know that I ever saw a girl with quite so much confidence in her ability."

"That is because I am so susceptible to what I term the intuitive declarations, which I receive from time to time; but for all that, I deal largely in the concrete; even now I know quite a lot about Boggles without ever having seen him."

"You do?" gasped Tommy.

"Yes—he is ridiculously secretive, and methodical to the point of absurdity."

"How do you know that he is methodical?" quizzed Tommy.

"Because I have studied the bills which cover his supplies; in fact, I have the most of them for the past year with me. These invoices also bear your O. K."

Which remark from the fair Hortense caused Tommy to regret that his O. K.'s had not taken the form of L. K.'s—thinking thereby that the mystic letters might have conveyed the suggestion of "Love and Kisses."

At that particularly delicious moment Tommy was rudely called back to the mundane commercial sphere by his chief clerk, Brown, who informed him that long distance was calling; therefore he excused himself, and a moment later Hortense could hear his muffled tones in the telephone booth.

The conversation proved to be a lengthy one, and Hortense made use of the time by slipping out into the alley, where she discovered that Boggles' laboratory was lighted by a spacious glass front. Then she went back into the factory, where Tommy was awaiting her.

"Does Mr. Boggles have anything to do with the actual dyeing processes?" she asked.

"No—that is a separate department, in which we are properly organized. Our difficulty is really a question of proportions, and that is Boggles' pet secret. However, we seem to be having our full quota of difficulties at present. I have just received a telephone message that will require my immediate departure for the Middle West, but before leaving I will instruct Mr. Brown to extend every courtesy and aid to you during my absence. I wish you the best of good luck, Miss Telfer, and will see you upon my return."

Saying which, Tommy removed his hat, and holding it as he fancied Beau Brummel might have done, shook hands and was gone.

Now the fatal message which sent Tommy tearing westward-ho was to the effect that there was dirty work going on in the bathrobe business. Charlie Foote, the Middle West sales director for Baldaney & Killmer, had resigned. Foote, so to speak, had washed his hands of the firm. Not only that but he was wiping them on the clean, spotless records of Bal-da-ney sales in that territory, having packed his sales kit and gone over to Baldaney & Killmer's one, big fearsome competitor in Chicago.

Upon Tommy's arrival at the Grand Central Terminal he had several minutes to spare before his Western train pulled out, so he decided to telephone Joel, ostensibly to talk business.

"She arrived," he chuckled, the minute he heard his partner's voice. "Man alive, did you ever see such hair?"

"Certainly," growled Joel. "It's yellow."

"Yellow!" shouted Tommy. "Say—it's the divine radiance of shimmering gold! A glory of flaxen splendor! Good heaven's, man! Where do you get that yellow stuff? Be human. And say—tell me the truth; did you ever see a complexion such as that girl has? A dreamy tint of sunset cream—the delicate blush of ——"

"Hey there! Lay off," exclaimed Joel. "Get your mind back on this Western trip."

"That's all right, I've got a heart, I have. Take Boggles, for instance; I'm Christian enough to say, 'God bless him!' and if we did this thing right we'd pension him for life. Of course, you don't want to get fussed about the time it's going to take for—er—Miss—er—Hortense to put this thing over, but personally—I'm figuring that she won't be able to do a thing under three weeks."

"Three weeks!" bawled Joel. "You're crazy. She's leaving this Saturday."

"Whassat?" dribbled Tommy's voice over the wire. "Leaving Saturday?"

"Certainly—Saturday."

"Well, the devil take this Western trip, anyway," shouted Tommy.

"No—he won't take it. You will, and"—Joel must have pulled his watch out as he was talking, because his voice suddenly vibrated with the snappy, trip-hammer punch of big business—"you've got just ten minutes in which to catch your express, so hang up the receiver and go to it."

Now just about the time that Tommy was handing his grip to a colored porter Hortense, who with the aid of a locksmith had jimmied her corrective way into Boggles' laboratory, was seated upon a stool gazing in consternation at a bewildering array of test tubes, graduates and carboys. She was also puckering her fair brow, and chewing the rubber-tipped end of a lead pencil; and if the truth must be told—thus she sat all afternoon, for upon this particular occasion there wasn't any noticeable surge coming to her out of the cosmic ether, and at five o'clock she wearily pinned on the dearest love of a peacock-feathered hat, and started for New York. Wherefore be it recorded that stock in the Bureau of Psychic Inspiration, Inc., might have been purchased way below par that evening, because the lady directress of that institution went to bed with a fit of the red-eyed blues.

About eleven o'clock Saturday morning Tommy entered Joel's private office, slung his grip into a corner and said: "Well, Foote has certainly clinkered the steam roller for us in the Middle West."

"What's the matter?" asked Joel.

"Why, he's got the buyers in that territory broken to his whistle. They sit in his lap and eat out of his hand."

"That's all right, but how about the public? Haven't they got anything to say? Look at the amount of money we have spent advertising our Bal-da-neys in that section."

"Not the right kind," said Tommy, waving his hand as if he would fan away the argument like so much cigarette smoke. "Foote has come down from Chicago with the classiest show-window displays you ever saw. The de-luxe bathroom idea, with enough enameled fixtures to start a plumber's shop, and a wax man in each one, all properly gaberdined in one of Chicago's best garments."

"Is it a good number?"

"Say—it looks like a Chinese overcoat, but the wax gent with the crimson smile keeps up his eternal 'Look-a me' propaganda, and the ultimate consumer walks right in and says, 'Give us one, like our friend, the dummy, has on.' For atmosphere Foote has thrown in back scratchers, medicine chests and silk underwear, all detailed up in pink stitching. We got to pan some new ideas—hot water running into a tub or shower baths or som'thin'."

"I'll talk this thing over with you on Monday," said Joel, sweeping the papers from his desk into a drawer and preparing to leave for the day.

"What have you heard from the factory?" asked Tommy anxiously.

"Not a thing—you better go right out and size up the situation. Brown said he would be there all afternoon. In case anything of importance develops telephone me at the Green Baize—in fact, call me up, anyway."

By the time Tommy reached the plant it was three o'clock and he found it deserted, except for Brown, who had not taken advantage of the Saturday half holiday.

"Give me a report of the progress made by Miss Telfer," said Tommy hanging up his hat.

"Not much to tell," answered Brown.

"Was she successful?"

"If so—I never heard of it," replied the conservative Brown.

Tommy's face sank like a wounded submarine. "Say, didn't she leave a note for me—or anything?" he questioned, rummaging among his papers as if they were so many corn husks.

"Absolutely nothing," replied Brown. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Killmer, she should have waited to tackle this job until you returned."

"You said something, that time," exclaimed Tommy. "I should have been here to guide her in this thing. You got the right idea."

"The day you left," continued Brown, "she managed to get into the laboratory, but I don't think she touched a thing in there, because the next morning when Boggles made up his solutions he never said a word about anything having been disturbed."

"Did she talk with the old man?"

"She never saw him, but spent the day wandering round in the storehouse across the alley."

"Zowie!" exclaimed Tommy. "That's the woman of it. She couldn't find anything in there that would help her in a thousand years."

"The next day she never came near the factory, and nobody saw her yesterday; but this morning she came back again, and was here when I went out for lunch, but upon my return at one she was gone. The whole thing was too much for her—that is my opinion."

"I guess you are right," said Tommy pensively; "but didn't she have wonderful eyes?"

To which remark the diplomatic Brown made no reply. He simply grinned, and wondered how any sensible man could acquire that look of dumb affection in so short a time.

Finally Tommy called up Joel, at the Green Baize Club.

"She's gone," were the first words he sent droning over the wire, in lugubrious tones.

"Who's gone?" snapped Joel.

"Hortense."

"Was she successful?"

"Well—she made a big hit with me—that's an accomplishment of no mean size."

"Say—I have heard enough of this," piped Joel, with quivering wrath. "And I'll be dolly-dinged if I put up with any more of it. Between Boggles' incompetency, Foote's ingratitude, this woman's crack-brained theories and your sentimental mush I'm all fed up. You meet me at the office Monday morning without fail, and I want to tell you in advance that it is going to be some party!"

"Oh, very well," intoned Tommy. "Nothing much matters now—and we all gotta die sometime, anyway."

"Huh! What's that?" asked Joel.

"I just said 'All right': that's all. I'll be among those present on Monday. Good-by, chief."

After all, one of the fine things about life is that so many unexpected things can happen over Sunday; and some event of transcendent importance had certainly changed Tommy's drab mental negations

Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor HAIR BRUSH

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Get One for Him—

THE daily use of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush will do *his* scalp and hair a world of good. A wonderful brush for your hair, too. As its middle name—*Pen-e-tra-tor*—implies, it really *penetrates* because of the choice, extra-stiff bristles set in thin, straight-up-and-down knots and *permanently* fastened through a non-tarnishable aluminum face into a durable, special composition bed.

This brush thoroughly massages every part of the scalp, combs and brushes each strand, smooths out the snarls and tangles, and endows the hair with that soft, silken lustre which can come only from perfect *scalp-health*.

There are several styles and finishes of Pro-phy-lac-tic hair and military brushes. Always sold in the Yellow Box. Send for free book which fully describes all the styles and finishes.

Florence Manufacturing Co., Florence, Mass.

Also Makers of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush and Hand Brush

Canadian Address: 247 St. Paul Street West, Montreal

of Saturday afternoon to a brilliant aurora borealis of confidence on Monday morning, because he came to Joel's party with the swaggering strut of a blustering grenadier. However, this made no impression upon the senior member of the firm, as he started right in and said a few things. Tommy allowed him to work up to a tremulous crescendo of classical cuss words, wherein he thumped the desk continuously with his fist—then he held up his hand.

"Just a little repression of the rough ejaculatory there, chief, because Hortense has dug out our formulas. I find that just before leaving on Saturday she called one of the porters to the laboratory and had him carry five containers, covering our color schedule, to the dyeing department. She got every one of them."

"How did she do it?" asked Joel weakly.

"Don't ask me. All I know is that she got 'em. Here is a rough color test of our comfy browns and lazy blues—you can see for yourself."

Saying which Tommy passed samples over for Joel's inspection.

The gentleman had scarcely taken them in his hands when the door opened and the office boy said: "Miss Telfer to see you, sir. She wants to collect a bill."

Joel came to swift attention in his swivel chair, while Tommy adjusted his cuffs so the gold links would add a touch of decorative value, wondering the while if the little mole under his right ear had been mean enough to grow since the last time he had a good look at it.

"Invite her in," said Joel.

"Ah," said he, stepping forward to greet her, "let me congratulate you, Miss Telfer. I understand that you have been successful."

"Nothing but a miracle!" exclaimed Tommy. "How you ever managed to figure out those proportions is beyond me."

"Your appreciation is very gratifying," said Hortense, "but after all it was very simple. The day you went away, Mr. Killmer, I secured an entrance to the laboratory, where the first thing to attract my attention was five shelves, each one of which held several large bottles of coloring matter. I immediately associated the five shelves with your five standard colors, and knew that I had found the keynote of my work."

"But you had no knowledge of proportions," said Joel; "and that was our perplexing problem, and the most important."

"Also the easiest," observed Hortense. "Having once gained an entrance I measured the contents of each bottle and made a careful note of it. Then Boggles came the following morning and made up his solutions from these bottles, and after his departure I went in and measured each bottle again, thereby discovering all his proportions, because I found out how much he had removed from each one."

"But how did you know that each shelf represented a color?"

"Because I watched him the morning he worked. I could see right into his laboratory from one of the windows in the storehouse across the alley. At the end of each shelf he called the porter, who carried the solution to the dyeing room."

"What were you doing the day you worked in New York?" asked Tommy.

"Visiting the wholesale druggists with samples from all the bottles on the five shelves, for the purpose of checking them up with his supply purchases."

"Miss Telfer, have you got your bill with you?" asked Joel.

"Yes, sir."

Joel took it from her and almost without even glancing at it scrawled an official O. K. on one corner. Then he handed it to Tommy. "Instruct the cashier to draw a check for fifteen hundred dollars," said he, "to the order of Hortense Telfer."

"Wait!" said Tommy dramatically. "I got an idea. Why not give her a chance to boost this amount a thousand or so?"

"How?" asked Joel.

"By showing us how to put our Bal-daneys back on the map in Foote's territory. Maybe she can go into a trance or som'thin', and drag out a window display that will knock Charlie Foote into the shady realms of the innocuous desuetude, huh?"

For a moment there was silence, but finally Hortense spoke:

"As you will, gentlemen. I can do it."

"How?" asked the practical Joel.

"By the magic of the inspirational," replied Hortense with a rising inflection.

"When would you commence?" asked Joel.

"Gentlemen, it is impossible for me to draw specifications that will show a close relation between time and ideas, but so far as I am concerned the solution of this problem commenced last Saturday evening. My best thoughts are those of a retroactive nature, and though I was not aware of it at the time I can now see that the corrective thought which will regenerate your Middle Western business was revealed to me prior to your request for my services."

"The adorable little witch!" muttered Tommy, his jaw dropping in astonishment.

"Miss Telfer," said Joel, "you will have to excuse me, but I run all out of oxygen when I try to climb to your mental altitude; but I know results when I see them, and you certainly have accomplished wonders in connection with our formulas. Do you wish to close a contract along the lines suggested by my partner?"

"Under certain conditions—yes."

"What are they?"

"Absolute freedom to develop my big thought, without criticism or suggestion from either member of the firm."

"What do you say, Killmer?" asked Joel, turning to Tommy.

"What do I say!" chortled Tommy, fracturing a buttonhole on his vest. "Why, I say—the factory is yours, Miss Telfer. Come right out and develop any ideas you have. Stay a month if you like—stay two months."

Thus did Hortense secure her second important contract, prior to the official launching of the Bureau of Psychic Inspiration, and two days later the sound of the hammer and saw was heard in the carpenter shop of Baldaney & Killmer; but let it be understood that Tommy Killmer lived by faith, and Joel Baldaney by works—hence the acrimonious, teasing observations of the latter to the former the first day he visited the factory and viewed the new window display, which was being constructed under the supervision of Hortense the Helpful.

It was a drab shriek of canvas, paint and slats, and for his life Joel could not conceive what it was all about.

"In heaven's name what is it?" he asked of Tommy.

"Search me," answered Tommy. "It looks like the top of a flat-roofed house. Guess it must be something like that—there's an open scuttle, and here's a chimney sticking up. Wait—she's got something else over there against the wall she says goes with it."

Joel pulled the wabbling frame of canvas out into the light.

"Ye gods, man! What is it?" he questioned.

"Looks like scenery," replied Tommy, scratching his head. "It's a ringer for that distant-city effect they used to show in connection with the Johnstown Flood at Coney Island."

"Fine!" snorted Joel. "Wonderful realism! The Johnstown Flood will fit right in with the bath-robe idea. Let me ask you something."

"Yes, sir."

"Are you going to let this cheap medicine-show outfit go West as a window display?"

"We got to," replied Tommy with a sigh. "Didn't we close a contract with her. And say—it's worse than it looks. She's building two of them."

"But what is the idea behind it?"

"Blamed if I know. Hortense says she isn't quite certain herself just yet, but she's going to work it out. This morning she told me that the birth of an idea corresponds to that of an infant, and she says that both have to be swaddled and nursed to maturity."

"Swaddled me eye!" shouted Joel. "I called her a fool once—and by Jove, I was right!"

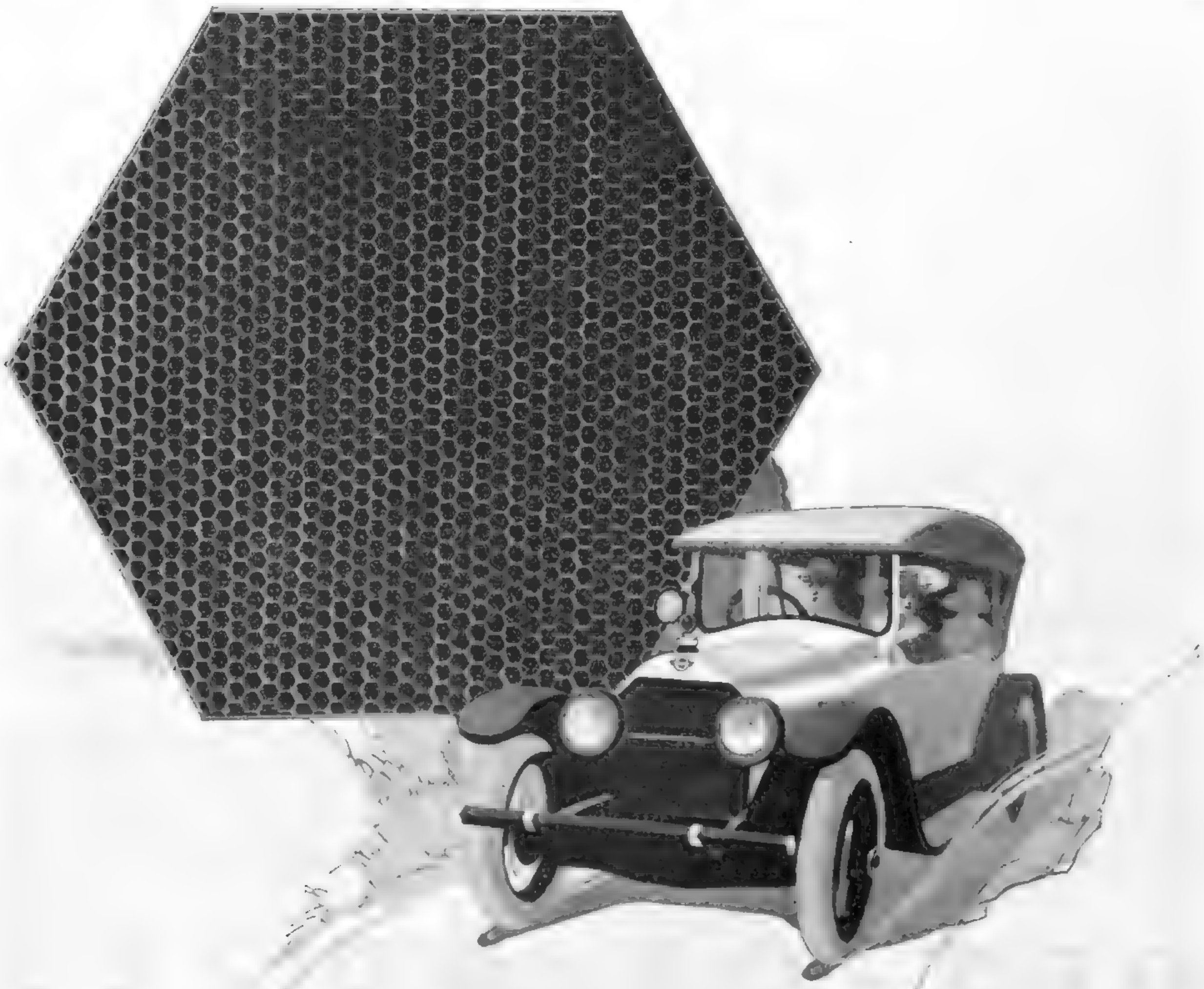
"But she's clever," insisted Tommy.

"Listen to me, Killmer," said Joel, laying his hand on Tommy's shoulder. "Clever ideas are the most dangerous in business, for the simple reason that if they do not go big they become ridiculous. However, you know just what Chicago is doing in the Middle West, and I am going to hold you responsible for what happens."

Whereupon, having delivered his ultimatum, Joel went back to New York, leaving his junior partner in a maze of doubt and uncertainty.

There really seemed but one thing to do, and that was to hedge as much as possible; so that afternoon he invited Hortense into his office.

(Concluded on Page 64)



The Harrison Radiator is a distinguishing feature of the quality automobile. The superiority of its cooling system—its durability—its all season dependability—all provide elements which are essential in high quality motor cars. The Stutz is typical of the fine grade automobiles which are Harrison equipped.

HARRISON RADIATOR CORPORATION

General Offices and Factory: Lockport, N. Y.
General Sales Offices: Detroit, Michigan

HARRISON *Original Hexagon Cellular* Radiators

(Concluded from Page 62)

"When will these window displays be completed, Miss Telfer?" he asked, hoping she would say "Six months."

"I'm leaving for the Middle West with them in the morning," she calmly replied.

"You are going out on the road for the purpose of placing these displays?" he asked weakly.

"Oh, yes; I have it all arranged."

"Ahem!" began Tommy, not being able to employ the same kind of expression he would have used if Hortense had been a man. "Ahem! In that case we better pick out a town in which to try them out."

Saying which he took a map from his desk and spread it out before her. Then he allowed his pencil to rest on a little tank-water town in Indiana, one that looked like the loneliest spot in the state.

"That's a good place—right there."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Killmer, but my plans are all made to install the first display over here," said Hortense, pointing to one of the largest cities in Ohio.

"You mean to tell me that you have it all worked out?" asked Tommy, the cold chills creeping up his back.

"It's all clocked to a day," was her reply.

Tommy gazed at her in wonder, and as he did so he noted that her eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, and enthusiasm being something to admire at all times Tommy continued to gaze; and as might have been expected Hortense blushed. It was a rose-tint flush of confidence, pride and beauty, and right then and there Tommy didn't give a bloomin' ballyhoo if she made the whole bath-robe works look as silly as sin. He was for Hortense—and ready to accept the full responsibility, so he leaned forward and held out his hand.

"You have my full confidence," said he.

Then Tommy heard the angels sing, because Hortense accepted the outstretched hand of approval; and all the stars of the firmament as well as the little birds joined in with the harmonic chorus.

"You also have something else," said Tommy, still gazing.

"What?" asked Hortense, trying to be dignified.

"Wonderful eyes," said Tommy, squeezing the lovely soft hand just a wee mite.

He might have known better, because with a frightened start she not only withdrew her hand but fled from his office, and the next morning when he arrived, a trifle later than usual, Brown informed him that the lady had departed, with all the sordid paraphernalia belonging to the freak window display.

Following her departure several days quickly slipped from the calendar; days in which Tommy discovered that trouble seldom detours, once having cranked her juggernautic flivver. There was Joel asking foolish questions about Hortense every fifteen minutes, Boggles doing his worst, and Charlie Foote moving due east at the rate of a town a day with his thousand-dollar window display—to say nothing about the trade papers that were turning editorial handsprings over it. So all in all, Tommy had very little time to think about Hortense and the Middle West.

Just about a week later Joel sent a hurried call for Tommy to come to the New York office immediately, which he did.

"Cast your eye over these," said Joel, handing Tommy a sheaf of orders.

One glance was sufficient for Tommy. He threw his hat up toward the ceiling, slapped the dignified Joel on the back and delivered a piercing: "Whoop-ee! How in the name of Selim the Magnificent has she done it? There is an order from every big merchant there."

"How soon can you reach her?" asked Joel.

"I can fix it so as to get there to-morrow night," replied Tommy.

"Then do it. Find out what she is doing and see if you cannot persuade her to give up that Bureau-of-Psychic-Inspiration stuff, because we have got to keep that girl interested in the bath-robe business. Wire all the big news, just as soon as you get the details."

After all, no one could blame Tommy as he sped westward for wishing that the engineer would forget to stop at the little towns and make all his curves on one wheel. However, in due standardized time he arrived, and went direct to the hotel Hortense had designated as her mailing station.

She was out, and would not return until eleven-thirty, the clerk informed him, and, the hour suggesting the theater, Tommy decided to pick out the most likely place a lady would gravitate toward if in search of dramatic relaxation.

"What is the best show in town?" asked Tommy.

"John Berrydrew in Society's Pet, but you will probably have to stand. It's a Broadway production and making a big hit By the way, I think that Miss Telfer said she was going there."

That was all Tommy required, and ten minutes later he was stretching his neck behind a row that was five deep. He had arrived in the middle of the second act, and when he did finally catch a glimpse of the handsome John Berrydrew he gasped, for that famous actor was standing in the center of his luxurious apartment, robed in one of Baldaney & Killmer's comfy browns. Tommy could catch but little of the melodramatic situation that was brewing, but evidently there were perilous times approaching, because one by one John's cowardly social chums were deserting him, while the roar of the proletariat could be heard clamoring in the distance. Then the curtain fell on John Berrydrew and his faithful valet, who were engaged in barricading windows and doors.

When the curtain went up again Tommy had gained a better point of view, and after taking just one look at the stage setting he nearly collapsed.

It was a duplicate of the Hortense window display.

Slowly John Berrydrew climbed up through the scuttle, still in his comfy brown, and puffing serenely on a cigar, his valet right behind him, with all those instruments of war that might be used advantageously behind the parapets of a flat-roofed apartment house.

Then the mob in the street below did their worst, while John and his valet covered themselves with melodramatic glory by machine-gunning the poor devils, and pelting them with bricks from the chimney after having exhausted all their ammunition.

Thus did the curtain fall amid wild salvos of applause, and as Tommy filed out through the lobby he heard a dozen women refer to John and his bath robe: "Wasn't he stunning?" "Such a love of a color!" "I must get Charlie one like that," and so on. And right next door to the theater in the spacious show window of the Ruttz-Pazaza Haberdashery Company was the Hortense display, with about ten thousand citizens trying to give it the O. O.

At least it seemed that way to Tommy, and when he did finally manage to crowd his way to the front he saw a wax figure of John Berrydrew, all properly set for the thrilling climax, in a comfy brown Bal-da-ney.

At that particular moment Tommy would have been ready to take the word of Hortense if she had told him that Mars was signaling for lazy-blue Bal-da-neys, and he would have answered: "All right, girlie. And we will sell 'em if you say the word."

But his reverie was broken by a gentle nudge on the arm, and upon turning he was confronted by Hortense herself, which vision of loveliness caused Tommy to stutter and blush, until they were comfortably seated in one of the exclusive restaurants of that particular Ohio city, then he found coherent speech.

"Now tell me how this big idea came to you," said he.

"Just as they all do—without a struggle," said Hortense. "I had been to see Society's Pet and knew that if I could get a line on the booking of the show when it went on the road it would be easy to trail them with a window display of Bal-da-neys. That was why I ordered two outfits—so as to have the next one all properly installed when the show moved on."

"How do you explain this wonderful gift of yours?" asked Tommy.

"I presume it is the same peculiar energizing power that Maeterlinck refers to when he talks of the 'odic effluvium.'"

"Possibly," said Tommy, "but we threw them out a coupla years ago."

"Threw what out?"

"The Odic system—no more gas engines for us."

"Maeterlinck is a poet and a philosopher," corrected Hortense.

"Oh," said Tommy, recognizing the fact that he had started wrong, and determining to right himself at all hazards. "Do you ever have wonderful ideas—that sort of gyroscope into the nebulous—hence?"

"Yes they are wonderful."

"I knew it," said Tommy. "I got one like that. Say let me ask you do they make one feel scared and unworthy like?"

"Something like that. Are you struggling for it?"

"I should say not"

"Is it surging toward the point of expression?"

"It is! Hand me that menu card. I got to get it down."

"Is it coming like the overtones of a great musical composition?"

"You said it."

Tommy had been writing industriously the while, but finally he passed the card over to Hortense. "Put your O. K. on that. I want Joel to get it in the morning.

Hortense took the card and read:

"BUREAU OF PSYCHIC INSPIRATION DISSOLVED. HORTENSE TO REMAIN INTERESTED IN THE BATH-ROBE BUSINESS FOR LIFE. WE ARE TO BE MARRIED IN THE MORNING."

"Something tells me to do it," said Hortense, scrolling a cute little O. K. on one corner of the proposed telegram.

"You don't have to struggle—is that the idea?" asked Tommy.

"No, dear," said Hortense.

OUT-OF-DOORS

States Without Stars

FOR folk with loose feet our Western country must have been a fine place in the early times. People seem just to have wandered round about where they liked and never to have liked any place very long at a time. Roads did not run at right angles, but followed the ridges after using the practicable fords. No man knew how big his farm was, and when he got a neighbor within twenty miles he moved out West. He did not always know in what county or state he had located sometimes did not even know whether or not he was in the United States. Indeed as to that latter detail he might have been in ignorance at any time close up to the memory of modern man in more than one part of America. We did not always know how far north Minnesota ran, how far north Oregon ran. Long after Texas was admitted to the Union and up to the time Oklahoma became a state we did not know who owned the Neutral Strip, or No Man's Land that prong which to-day sticks out from the west side of Oklahoma over the top of the Panhandle. The indefiniteness of that title rose out of the loose way they had of using language at the time Mexico and the United States were laying down the lines of their territory. This of course was long after the days when Capt. Zebulon Pike mistook the Arkansas River for the Red River.

Our notions of state and county lines were no more loose than some of our ideas about state and central governments At one time long after we became a nation all by ourselves the entire Mississippi Valley was figuring on seceding from the United States and joining on to Spain or almost any other country that would buy its pumpkins, which went more easily by a flatboat downstream than they did eastward over the Appalachians by pack horse. And, of course, everybody who reads history has heard of the Free State of Franklin and its coonskin currency in the days of John Sevier and his compatriots. Every once in a while we will run across a section of America which seems to have set up a little kingdom of its own. It is almost impossible for most of us to realize how rapidly change has come across the spirit of our dream.

I presume that every student of American history knows that Missouri was one of the pivotal states in the history of this country. It was made such in the ancient fight in Congress over the slavery question, which took up the admission of free and slave states and considered the balance thereof in Congress. Missouri was also a pivotal state in yet another and larger sense—she was the jumping-off place for that wild and unknown country which we have always called the Great West—the land west of the Missouri River She made the midway point between the frontiersmen of Kentucky and those of the great plains, occupying a generation of history herself as a frontier commonwealth

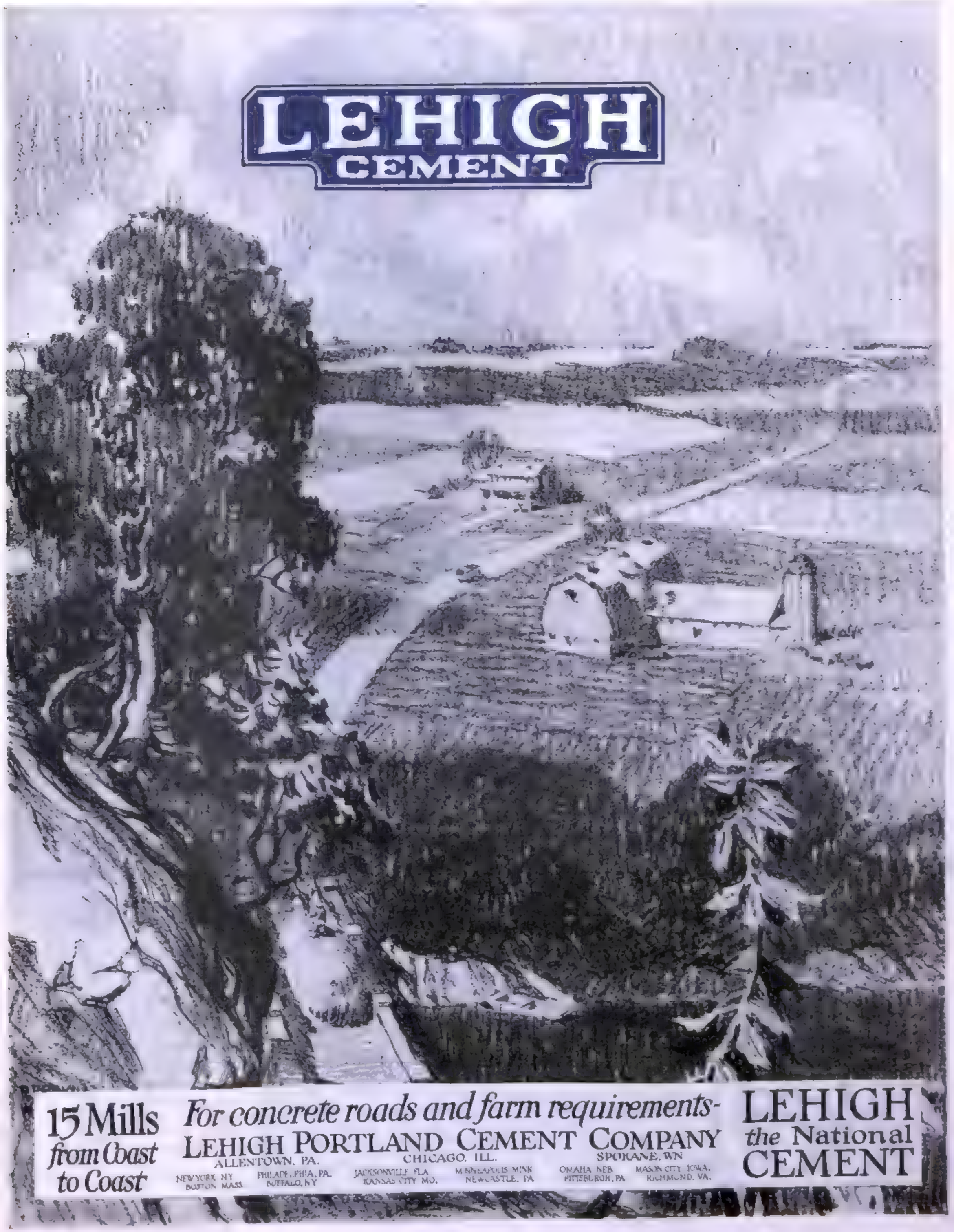
Now comes Mr. George T Desloge, of St. Louis, and gives us a little first-hand information about early times in the good old state. I presume that it will be news to most folk that Missouri—though even now accredited with an independent and exacting frame of mind -ever had any intention of setting up as an independent republic all by herself. Mr. Desloge points out that the Session Acts, State of Missouri, 1838-1839, contain a memorial to the Congress of the United States relative to the Santa Fé trade. It tells of an expedition of traders to Santa Fé in 1812 from St Louis, though it is not specifically stated that they went over the Santa Fé Trail. Our informant adds: "The early Session Acts of the Missouri legislature, starting in 1824, contain many interesting resolutions and memorials to Congress on all manner of political and historical subjects. In fact before the Civil War memorials and resolutions seem to have been rather popular. Incidentally the Missouri Constitution of 1820 starts with the preamble that the citizens of the state agree to form and establish a free and independent republic by the name of the State of Missouri."

A newspaper clipping mentions a certain lawsuit down in Texas which involves the title to a mere trifle of 55,000 acres of land which has been fenced in by certain Chicago gentlemen. This brings up a curious feature of one of the strange Western land romances of America The facts at one time were fairly familiar. In 1879 Texas had all the land there was out-of-doors. It had been trying to give away land at six cents an acre to anybody who would pull a few stumps out of the Red River or anywhere else Whole counties of land were owned by individuals, but it made no difference. Texas was land poor and tax-poor It had a government, but could not afford a capitol building. It had at different times been under five flags—the Spanish, French and Mexican flags, that of the independent Republic of Texas and that of the Confederacy. It did not even have the price of a survey of 3,000,000 acres more of land, which the state had concluded to let go at fifty cents an acre so that it could pay for a new state capitol building at Austin.

Certain Chicago capitalists, usually loosely called the Farwell Land Company, built the Texas state capitol and took their pay in land. They fenced a part of the tract and went in for cattle. At one time they were running 160,000 head. Gradually the railways edged down toward that country. Western Kansas settled and Western Texas land began to rise in value. The capitol reservation tract rose from fifty cents an acre to as high as fifty dollars an acre.

In 1914 Texas began to rue her early bargain in land. She now had money to have all the state surveyed, which took four years. She discovered that in 1880 the surveyors had been a trifle hasty—they apparently had thrown in 55,000 acres more than the 3,000,000 acres sold under the original reservation. So now the state of Texas has started a lawsuit against Mr. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, Mr. Francis Farwell and Mr George Findley, trustees of 650,000 acres of land located in Western Texas. It is expected that during the next few months a decision as to the moot title will be rendered. The Chicago attorney of the Farwell land grant went out

(Continued on Page 67)


LEHIGH
CEMENT
15 Mills
from Coast
to Coast
For concrete roads and farm requirements-
LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY
ALLENTOWN, PA.
CHICAGO, ILL.
SPOKANE, WN
NEW YORK, NY
BOSTON, MASS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
BUFFALO, NY
JACKSONVILLE, FLA
KANSAS CITY, MO.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN
NEWCASTLE, PA
OMAHA, NEB
PITTSBURGH, PA
MASON CITY, IOWA.
RICHMOND, VA.
LEHIGH
the National
CEMENT

KLENZO

LIQUID ANTISEPTIC

In Canada 35c

25¢

Banishes Bad Tastes Instantly

YOU men who wake up with yesterday's smoke-breath—or any bad tastes that give you a don't-want-any-breakfast feeling—learn this new way to banish unpleasant tastes instantly:

Before you go to bed, rinse your mouth with Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic, the new mouth purifier.

First thing in the morning, do the same thing again.

Result—all bad tastes gone—your breakfast tastes good—and you face people without having a "bad breath" to hide.

The cool, clean, stimulating taste of Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic proves to you the good work it is doing in your mouth—dissolving stale secretions, destroying germs.

Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic is sold exclusively by

The Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. 8000 progressive retail drug stores, united into one world-wide, service-giving organization. Get a bottle of Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic today at the nearest Rexall Store and start using it tonight.

Have you used *Klenzo Dental Creme*—the white, creamy dentifrice that gives you such white teeth?

UNITED DRUG COMPANY, BOSTON, TORONTO, LIVERPOOL, PARIS

(Continued from Page 64)

to Texas and came back with the surprising information, new to him at least, that people were running flivvers all over that tract. The lawsuit at one time would not have been thought worth bringing or worth defending, but the attorney general of Texas thinks that even in his state a trifle of 55,000 acres here or there is now a matter worth looking into.

The old Farwell land grant, as we used to call it, at one time was almost as well known as some of the old Spanish land grants which lay west of it. I remember that in May, 1886, when I was a member of the old C. J. Jones buffalo-calf hunting party, we ran into that very grant in a curious way. We did not know where we were at the time, whether in the Neutral Strip, Colorado, New Mexico or Texas—until we found a wire fence. Then we knew that we were on the Farwell land grant of Texas, for we had heard fencing had begun on that tract. We camped one night in a dry camp, too late to see the fence. Just at sunup we did see it—and just inside of it was a little bunch of buffalo, including several calves. Without waiting for our dry breakfast we saddled up and started after those buffalo. They ran square into the wire fence of the estimable Farwell land grant and paid no more attention to it than if it had been made of so much straw. The posts were broken off and the wires laid down perhaps for twenty panels or more, so that we drove a team and a light wagon across the down fence when we picked up the calves we had caught on the run.

That was the beginning of fences on the old open range and I can recall how bitterly all fences were hated by the old-timers. It was the beginning of the new West, which has come on so swiftly. Later we found a corner of that fence—I don't know where the corner was, I am sure, or what line it marked. What I do remember is that at that angle of the fence there was a path worn inches deep, not by sheep or cattle, but by wild antelope. They had been cut off by the fence from their ancient watering places on the dry range, and to the antelope a wire fence is as bad as a mountain range, and worse. They don't know how to go under it or to get over it and they can't go through it. I presume a man could have killed a carload of antelope if he had cared to lie there and wait until the thirsty creatures came on their daily grind along the lines of the wire fence.

The Neutral Strip

As to the old Neutral Strip, or No Man's Land, in 1886 it had no definition and no legal status. You could kill any gentleman you did not like down there and no one could extradite you. The old braided paths of the cattle trail ran across the Neutral Strip, plainly marked as any road. The ground was hard as iron and it did not seem as though it ever had rained there, as now I am credibly informed it does. There were no crops of course. There were no established waterways—only here and there a few detached holes in the dried-up valleys of certain headwaters. I recall that once we had to dig four or five feet in the sand of a dried water course to get water enough to save ourselves and our animals from perishing. That was a pretty far-off country in those times, believe me, and it wasn't any good country for a fool to be loose in. It did not occur to us that it ever would have any value for anything, and we did not care whom it belonged to.

Out in that far-western country there was once upon a time another one of those curiously undefined pieces of territory which did not seem to have any actual boundaries. It long ago has passed out of mind of the average man, but once the titles of land in Greer County, Oklahoma, all depended upon the question whether Greer County was in Texas or in Oklahoma, just as once upon a time no one could tell whether parts of Texas lay under the American, the Texan or the Mexican flag. I am disposed to make a little mention of this fact, because just now by mere chance as I pick up this newspaper clipping about the Farwell land grant I also find in my desk, where it has lain for I do not know how many years, a sort of manuscript brief on Greer County. I cannot now recall who sent this to me or where it was compiled, but here it is, and it is not altogether without a curious interest of its own in these times when land which once you couldn't have driven a nail into now sells at fifty dollars an acre or up to a hundred and fifty and when good farm lands in the Middle West are held cheap at twice the latter figure. My mysterious old compilation, whoever made it or for what purpose, may be interesting to readers who remember that once our western country practically was all outdoors, with no edge to it anywhere.

By the Treaty of Fontainebleau in 1763 the Territory of Louisiana was transferred from France to Spain. In 1800 it was restored to France and in 1803 it was purchased by the United States. But its boundary on the line of the Spanish possessions on our southwest was not yet definitely settled. Negotiations between Spain and the United States in this regard resulted in the treaty of 1819 describing a line, but adding among other things, "The whole being as laid down in Melish's map of the United States, published at Philadelphia, improved to the first of January, 1818," and further providing in a separate section that, "To fix the line with more precision and to place the landmarks which shall designate exactly the limits of both nations each of the contracting parties shall appoint a commissioner and a surveyor." This latter was not done.

This map placed the 100th meridian of longitude about 100 miles east of where it has since been astronomically located and made the Red River appear to rise in the Snow Mountains just east of Santa Fé, New Mexico, about ninety miles north and considerably west of the now known source of the Red River.

Was Melish's map to determine the line and the commissioners provided for simply to find and mark that line on the ground, or was the true 100th meridian to be sought, found and marked on the ground? And was the true Red River, instead of being a stream that perhaps better corresponded with the river shown by the map, to be considered the river of the treaty in the event this question should rise?

Of course if the meridian of the Melish map was to be the line it would fall below the confluence of the north and south forks of the Red River, and neither of these streams could be considered in construing and applying that treaty, but if the true 100th meridian was to be the line it would become important to determine whether the north or the south fork was to be followed to the intersection of that meridian. None of these questions actually rose between the United States and Spain or the United States and Mexico.

Though Coronado, a Spaniard, made a military expedition from the mouth of the Puerco, or Pecos, River to the Arkansas, Kansas and Platte rivers as early as 1541, which was followed by about fourteen Spanish and French expeditions up to and including the year 1739, touching or covering the territory in question—and though the Spanish Government in 1791 established a road which was used by traders, trappers and explorers between Santa Fé in what is now New Mexico, and Natchitoches on the Red River, in what is now the state of Louisiana, traversing the country along the headwaters of the Canadian between the Canadian and the north fork of the Red River, thence along the north bank of the Red River to a point above the mouth of the Wichita River, where it crossed to the south bank, and whence it proceeded along the south bank to Natchitoches—Capt. Zebulon Pike, who had in person explored the country of the Arkansas River to its source in 1804, published a map in 1810 in which he made the Red River appear to rise in the Snow Mountains just northeast of Santa Fé.

Clashes Over Boundaries

Melish probably relied on the Pike map in this regard and repeated his mistakes as to the source of the Red River, and there was no man nearer correct.

So all national and state and individual titles came in under the ancient and vague error in fact.

Besides evidences of the old road between Santa Fé and Natchitoches along the bank of the north fork of the Red River, there are to this day evidences of Spanish settlements and fortifications along this stream, though I am not sure of the conclusive character of this evidence as to who these settlers were. But there is no map prior to the treaty of 1819 showing with so much as approximate correctness either the north or the south fork of the Red River, and it is probable that both Pike and Melish mistook the headwaters of the Canadian for those of the Red River.

In 1828 the United States and the United Mexican States by treaty agreed to the boundary line of the treaty of 1819 and the Republic of Texas having recognized the same line by treaty of 1836 entered into a convention with the United States in 1836 for the establishment of this line in accordance with the treaty of 1819.

When Texas was admitted into the Union as a state in 1845 lines of the treaty of 1819 were again agreed to by acts of both state and National Government, but these lines had not yet been marked on the ground.

The first jurisdictional clash rose in 1843, when Captain Cooke, detailed from the Army of the United States to protect traders and travelers in crossing United States territory between Santa Fé, then in the Republic of Texas, and the northwestern portions of that republic, arrested and disarmed Colonel Snively's command of Texans in or north of what is now Greer County, regarding them as invaders of the territory of the United States.

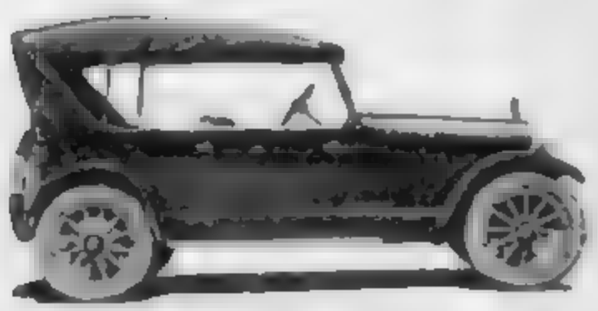
Negotiations between the two governments immediately followed, and after a court-martial had acquitted Captain Cooke and reported that each officer thought he was within the territorial limits of his own government at the time, the United States made reparation by compensation in money in 1847, after Texas had become a state of the Union.

In 1852 Capt. R. B. Marcy and George B. McClellan, pursuant to orders from General Scott, explored the headwaters of the Red River, commencing on Cache Creek, fifty or more miles below the confluence of the north and south forks; and these officers gave to the Government its first accurate information as to these waters and this country. This was the first correction of Pike's error and the first knowledge that an error had existed.

In 1845 the state of Texas proposed and in 1858 the United States accepted an agreement to appoint commissioners and surveyors to find and mark the boundary line in question, with special references to the 100th meridian and the question as to whether the north or south fork of Red River should be followed westward to this meridian, but these commissioners did not commence work until June, 1860, and separated without agreement

(Concluded on Page 69

Columbia Six



The Columbia Six
Five Passenger Touring Car

Beauty that comes from sound, vigorous physical condition is lasting beauty.
This is why the charm of all five Columbia models endures season after season.
Touring Car, Sport Model, Roadster, Coupe and Sedan.

Works With Vim

In spite of the present noisy clamor of a small minority of work haters, the destinies of our old world are still controlled, and always will be, by men who put an extra measure of ability and enthusiasm into their work because they know the real joy of successful accomplishment.

The Columbia Six has no bolshevistic tendencies.

You will find it difficult to convince a Columbia Six owner that his car does not take real human enjoyment in its job.

It is the *extra* measure of vim and endurance which the Columbia Six puts into its work that makes owning and driving one a lasting pleasure.

It not only climbs hills—it romps over them.

It not only lasts a surprising number of years, but looks young and acts young far beyond the average car's allotted span of life.

Besides honest, dependable, oversize, extra quality construction all the way through, there are a number of *exclusive* Columbia features which account for its wonderful vitality.

The self-acting temperature controlling radiator shutters keep the motor happy the year round and able to do its best work.

The Columbia Six non-synchronizing spring suspension guards both the car and its occupants against vitality sapping road shocks.

If you like a willing worker, you will like the Columbia Six.

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

Gem of the Highway

COLUMBIA SIX

(Concluded from Page 67)

before completing their work. There seemed plenty of time.

In the meantime A. H. Jones and H. M. C. Brown, acting under orders of the Secretary of the Interior and pursuant to an act of 1855 relating to the lands of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians, proceeded to find the south and west lines of the country of these Indians and on a high point of the north bank of the south fork erected an initial monument to mark the 100th meridian. This for the first time was established by astronomical observations made by Daniel C. Major, astronomer; and this work was done in 1857–9.

Prof. H. S. Pritchett has since found the 100th meridian to be 3797.3 feet east of the initial monument established by Jones and Brown, and as a result a controversy is now pending.

In 1860, by an act approved by Governor Sam Houston on February eighth, the county of Greer, Texas, named for a veteran of the Texas war with Mexico for independence, was created with boundaries as follows: Beginning at the confluence of the Red and Prairie Dog Rivers, thence running up Red River, passing the mouth of south fork and following main or north Red River to its intersection with the twenty-third degree of west longitude; thence due south across south fork and to Prairie Dog River, and thence following that river to the place of beginning.

The south fork of the Red River was then known as Prairie Dog River, a translation from its earlier Indian name, Keacheahqueahono.

It will be observed that the Texas legislature in describing the boundary of the county of Greer on the west uses the twenty-third degree of west longitude from Washington instead of the 100th meridian from Greenwich, but these are identical of course. The Civil War interrupted the controversy and it was not renewed until years later.

In 1873–4 United States surveyors engaged in sectionizing the southwestern portion of the Indian Territory sectionized Greer County, except its mountains; and in 1887–8 surveyors, availing themselves of corners established by the former, also sectionized the county for the state of Texas.

In 1879 the legislature of Texas appropriated the lands of the county, one-half for the benefit of the public free schools of the state and the other half to be used in paying the public debt.

In 1881 by an act of the legislature the state of Texas authorized the issuance of certificates to a certain class of veterans of the Texas army in the war for its independence from Mexico, and of the Confederate army, entitling the holders to locate certain amounts of land on the public domain of the state and obtain patents to the same; and some of these certificates were soon afterward located in Greer County and patents obtained in 1883–5, of course upon the erroneous theory that this act repealed or modified the act of 1879.

Disputed Territory

Col. A. S. Mangum, of Sherman, Texas, held a certificate for service in the war with Mexico, and Col. John M. Swisher, of Austin, Texas, who was a veteran of the same war, held a number of such certificates by purchase from such of his comrades as had received them.

Mr. H. C. Sweet, a Texas surveyor, after consulting several eminent lawyers of the state, undertook the location of lands certificated for Colonels Mangum and Swisher in Greer County, which he did in the summers of 1882 and 1883, and patents were accordingly issued to these gentlemen in 1883 and 1885, Mr. Sweet being entitled to a portion of the lands from the grantees for his service.

In 1884, when Wichita Falls, Texas, was the nearest railroad station, Mr. Sweet and his wife, now deceased, with their two youngest children, now Mr. F. H. Sweet and Mrs. A. R. Wilson, of this place, came to the country as its first settlers; and after crossing the south fork on April eighteenth they camped on the Elm River northeast of the present site of Mangum, while Mr. Sweet surveyed and platted the town, which he named for Colonel Mangum, establishing residence here about May first in the same year

Having implicit faith in the claim of Texas to the county, Mr. Sweet at once commenced to invite settlers, who began to come later in the year; but through representation of cattlemen to President Arthur the War Department issued orders to the soldiers in this vicinity to eject these settlers and they were accordingly notified to leave, within a specified time. But before the arrival of the day when they were to be forcibly expelled, Governor Ireland had induced the President to cause the order to be revoked.

The county had all along been under the definite jurisdiction of Texas, but was attached to other counties of the state for judicial purposes until a county government was organized and a full corps of county officers was elected on July 10, 1886.

About this time upon petitions from citizens of the two oldest settlements of the county, Mangum and Frazier, post offices were established at these places as within Greer County, Texas, but in December of the same year the Post Office Department corrected its error and designated them as within the Indian Territory! In 1879 the general Government had included Greer with a number of other Texas counties in a Federal judicial district of that state, and until March 16, 1896, the jurisdiction of Texas over the county was the same as over the other counties of the state.

The Decision of the Court

In 1885 the United States and Texas made a second unsuccessful attempt to settle the controversy through the commissioners, and this failure was followed by a provision in the organic act of the Territory of Oklahoma, approved May 2, 1890, excluding Greer County from its boundaries until it might be adjudged to be no part of the state of Texas and authorizing a suit, which was brought in the Supreme Court of the United States, to determine the question.

In 1887 the Supreme Court of the state of Texas rendered judgment canceling a number of patents to lands in the county on the ground that the act of 1879 reserved them from the location of certificates heretofore mentioned, and appropriated them for the use of the public schools and to pay the public debt, which in effect destroyed all claims of title through Texas; and in the same year President Cleveland issued a proclamation asserting the claim of the United States to the county and warning all persons attempting to acquire title to any of the lands here, but possessory rights were recognized to be in the peaceful possession of the courts. The county was the subject of a number of proclamations and executive messages.

Some of the settlers had come here believing that Texas owned the county and others believing that the United States did, and the amount of land taken by each generally indicated the source from which he ultimately expected to acquire title.

After years of work by counsel on the respective sides in hunting for and taking evidence, including not only an examination of foreign archives but additional explorations of the rivers in question, during which time Mangum was repeatedly visited by many interested parties, the Supreme Court of the United States on March 16, 1896, decided the controversy against Texas, the notification being received at Mangum on the following day, while district court was in session and engaged in trying the case of D. M. Osborne & Co. versus S. C. Vanleer.

Though the effect of the decision was to transfer the county from the de facto jurisdiction of Texas to the de jure jurisdiction of Oklahoma Territory, the county was without government until by virtue of an act of Congress approved May 4, 1896, the officers of Greer County, Texas, assumed corresponding positions as officers of Greer County, Oklahoma; and the same act validated the proceedings of the courts and officers of Greer County, Texas, and otherwise provided for the transition to the new jurisdiction.

Immediately after the decision of March 16, 1896, many of the settlers believed that they would be put out and that the land would be treated as Indian land, but everybody got busy petitioning Congress for relief, sending District Judge A. C. Brown to Washington to lobby for them.

By act of January 18, 1897, the lands of the county were opened to homesteaders free and there was a clause giving the settlers of March 16, 1896, a preference right to take free homestead and to purchase at one dollar an acre not to exceed 160 acres of additional land of which they were possessed.

Quaker Flour

With two lower grades removed

What women learn

when they try Quaker Flour

At the first glance they see a Flour uniquely white and fine.

They find that in volume it makes about a ten per cent lighter loaf than many flours. And that means lighter bread.

The looks, the flavor and the texture are delightful.

The reasons lie here:

First, in the grade of wheat. Wheats differ vastly.

Second, in the fact that Quaker Flour includes only about half the kernel. Only the choicest bits go into it. Two lower grades of flour are made from the parts which we discard.

Third, it doesn't vary. Chemists constantly analyze it, bakers constantly test it — right in the mills. Every sack is this supergrade.

We make it for people who love Quaker quality — who want a superlative Flour. And they are many. A million users have already adopted Quaker Flour. Women everywhere are telling friends about it.

Now four great mills are required to supply them, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

Quaker Flour is not sold at a fancy price. Thousands of grocers have it, and those who don't will get it.

There is no reason why women who love super-quality should not have Quaker Flour. Ask for it. One sack will change all your ideas on Flour.

Quaker Biscuit Flour

It is a self raising flour, made from special wheat in a special way for dainties. It is the right flour for biscuits, pancakes, doughnuts, cakes, cookies, etc.—much better than bread flour. It comes in sealed round packages with tops, so it can't deteriorate.

Quaker Farina

This is granulated inner wheat—just the choicest, sweetest, whitest bits of the kernel. It is impossible to make a higher grade of farina, yet this costs no fancy price. Serve as a breakfast dainty or in fritters. Use in wafles, griddle cakes, etc. The granulations add enticements to such foods.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

Akron, Ohio Cedar Rapids, Iowa Peterborough, Ontario Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In our Canadian Mills we conform to Government requirements as to percentage of wheat kernel used.

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

The Peach Plan

WHEN folly invites a crisis in the affairs of humanity there comes out of the crowd a man inspired, who shapes order out of chaos. Improvement in the technic of burglary necessitates improvement in the fashioning of locks. The invention of an armor-piercing shell encourages the invention of better armor. What man has fashioned man may wreck. If mind can conceive of a problem, mind can find the solution. A catastrophe invited by the folly of man may be avoided by man's wisdom.

The solution of our national problems is simple if we but exercise the common sense that guides us in the conduct of our private affairs.

Consider first our railroad problem. It is a problem solely because men are blinded by apprehension, whereas the proper solution is simplicity itself. It is clear that gross receipts must at all times exceed the long-haul charge based on interstate averages for the ton mile, modified, to be sure, by the overhead incident to net returns on fixed earnings.

This may be guaranteed by an *ad valorem* rating conditioned on Federal supervision of long-haul fuel consumption. In other words, gross mileage less the prorated excess on depreciation may be deducted from maintenance charges and carried as a reserve. Under this system the holder of stocks and bonds would be relieved of the burden made necessary by manipulation of priority regulations and the investor would be guaranteed against prestige in conformity with fixed economic laws. It is hardly necessary to add that a small tax on purchases in excess of thirty cents would meet the annual deficit.

We come now to the problem of labor. All efforts to adjust this matter must be conditioned on the established principle that capital, so called, is incident to the minimum wage fixed by annual labor turnover. Adam Smith makes it clear that the excess production of one year fixes the wage scale necessitated by the decreased vitality of supply. This is inevitable. Piecework, however, may alleviate economic pressure to the extent that individual initiative makes possible in case of reversion to type. Otherwise collective bargaining may be accepted as a safeguard to strengthen the commodity cost and obviate manipulation of excess.

We find, then, that a given unit of production equals the fixed return on capital, less tax and overhead, if conditions are ideal. Any increase of wages made necessary by this system could be absorbed by the consumer.

The next important problem is the matter of our relation to foreign countries. Our traditional policy of isolation is sufficient evidence that we are pledged as a people to regional control of undeveloped entities. Trade balances may be affected by a mandatory dictum of member nations, subject to fluctuation of exchange and securities held as a national reserve, but the right of self-determination is a fixed basis for computation of accrued interest on obligations incurred prior to *status quo* formations and secret understandings. It follows, therefore, that duty and interest impel us to assume these burdens and responsibilities. The great heart of America will not and dare not avoid that hope of entangling reservations adopted by the menace of economic and social revolution. The cost of maintenance could be met by a capital tax on real and personal property.

Last but by no means least of our problems is that of inflated currency and the consequent rise in the price of all commodities.

A currency issue prior to or conflicting with bullion withdrawn from circulation militates against the free exercise of fundamental economics. The solution lies in properly apportioned call loans and the manipulation of Federal short-term obligations in transit. Bulk of gold does not represent wealth if production retards a balance of trade. Once we have grasped this fundamental truth we are in position to restore the value of a dollar by an issue of silver proportioned to the existing purchasing power as against fluctuations of excess profits necessitated by the American standard of living. A Federal commission composed of men versed in this science should be established and given full power to take it out of the taxpayer if he happens to have anything left.

The First Step

A LITTLE success is a curious thing and inspires buffoons to antics that delight the gods. Great success brings with it a burden of responsibility, and responsibility sobers. The radical lifted to power finds his pretty theories an impediment in the business of dealing with hard conditions and casts them aside. He becomes a conservative, which is to say that he becomes a convert to facts. The colt prances because he is not hitched to a load.

The man who is called out of the crowd to assume a great task of which he is worthy begins at once a mental house cleaning. This new responsibility demands thoughts and familiars in keeping with its measure. The thing worth while yesterday is to-day cast aside as too trivial for one engaged in a great enterprise. The little hates and prejudices that occupied the foreground are brushed aside as one brushes aside swinging cobwebs to get a clear vision. Frequently opportunity makes the man in the sense that the man frequently grows up to a responsibility thrust upon him.

The great are simple because they have shorn off unessentials. A pose is a confession of inferiority. And the great are humble because they realize, as lesser men do not, that opportunity is no more than permission to serve and that the best servant is he who is a slave to his task.

One cannot conceive of a Lincoln with a valet, of a Jesus scornfully brushing aside humanity's driftwood, of a Socrates strutting before a mirror.

Mighty men are near to being crushed by the burdens their strength invites.

Lesser men, when lifted to a place one notch above the level of their fellows and given a light burden in keeping with their little abilities, do not experience this sense of being crushed; for whereas a great success brings responsibilities that leave no time for thought of self, a little success invites introspection and offers itself as a sop to vanity. We are ever eager to make the best possible impression upon ourselves. We seldom pass judgment upon self without recommending the accused to the mercy of the court.

The little man who has attained a little success does not look upon the great gulf that separates him from the great, but turns to feast his enraptured eyes upon the little distance that separates him from those he has left behind. Thus have we the arrogance of a millionaire, the pompous strut of a congressman, the smug complacency of a county auditor, the hauteur of a village dog catcher. Each has interpreted responsibility as an invitation to develop fatness of the ego.

When one takes the first step up the ladder of success he feels much more conspicuous than he seems. If he is possessed of a sense of humor he will appear less asinine than those not similarly endowed, but until he becomes accustomed to the elevation he will be a victim of ingrowing thoughts.

In all of his conversation the I's will have it. And if he would avoid the very appearance of arrogance and for the sake of policy assume a humility he does not feel his fraud deceives no one and serves only to accentuate the pride he endeavors to conceal.

If this first step be the last of which he is capable he will not at any time outgrow his high opinion of himself, but will go to his grave smugly content in the conviction that his passing will jar the earth from its orbit.

If the first step is but the beginning of greatness he will shortly become bored by the monotony of the level he has attained, and when the thrill of accomplishment has lost its kick he will set himself a higher goal and tense his thews for a greater burden, progressing thus step by step, with ever-lessening thought for himself and ever-increasing respect for duty, until in the end by the grace of God and industry he achieves the simplicity, gentleness and humility that are the heritage of those who serve God by serving their fellows.

Ambition

CHILDREN play a game of wishing, a game that exercises the imagination and lends itself to endless and delightful variations. Youth builds air castles and maturity nurses ambition. Ambition is but the wish of childhood plus resolve.

If I could be anything other than I am I think I should prefer being a common yellow dog.

Common yellow dogs are very literal and innocent of pose or false standards. They are not bound by precedent; they do not cringe before custom; they are free to accept an invitation to the open road; they are not cursed by the gift of introspection.

As a yellow dog I might find it expedient to sacrifice pride and wag my tail to get a bone, but mortals seeking a profit are actuated by a like expediency. There might be times when discretion would suggest grovelling to escape a blow, but men and nations follow a similar course.

If another yellow dog whose record did him little credit should greet me on the street no arbitrary standard of good manners would require me to bark pleasantly or shake his paw. I could snarl and tell him to be on his way while his skin remained whole, and neither feel nor seem a boor. If a dog wearied me with his puerile conversation I could trot away without losing social caste. If one stole a bone of mine I could threaten him with a fang instead of a lawyer.

To be sure there would be fleas to contend with, but mortals have little ambitions to keep them scratching when they would rest and invite their souls.

Other dogs would not annoy me with righteous poses while trying to put something over to fatten their purses. We might fight among ourselves to determine the ownership of a bone, but none of us would contend that fur flew to benefit the bone.

We would not brag in public concerning our righteousness, nor weep in private because of our sins; and if I should seek a lonely spot and curl up to reflect concerning the evil I had done, I am sure I would fall asleep and dream of chasing a rabbit.

I would not cultivate vices to take away my health, nor would I gather articles fashioned of metal, wood and fabric and count them great possessions.

But it may be that I would find the life of a yellow dog a little too complicated and wish at times to be a stone.

Punishment

ONE may not believe in a theory of punishment; he must in any case accept punishment as a fact of existence. The established order of things is law, and one may not violate it with impunity. Punishment will follow violation as inevitably as reaction follows action.

Persons who have avoided the task of training children hold to the belief that children may be trained without punishment—may be raised on love, as their phrase has it. It is true that one who trains children, colts or pups may avoid administering punishment, but the avoidance is merely a postponement. One cannot cheat a natural law. If punishment is not administered when earned it is held in reserve and accumulates interest against a day of settlement. One may dodge punishment for the moment; he cannot evade it.

When I was a small boy I frequently violated the laws laid down for my guidance and instruction. When my fault was discovered, as it usually was, my mother called me to her knee and, having required a partial disrobing, bent me across her lap. When I had assumed the posture best suited to her purpose she applied the back of a clothes brush where it would do the most good, and later exacted my promise to be a better boy. I honorably adhered to the promise for a number of hours, but this was due to no excess of virtue, but rather to the inconvenience I experienced when I endeavored to sit down. Virtue is in large part the memory or fear of punishment and does us less credit than we think.

I have heard men and women complain that the wicked prosper and escape punishment, living joyously in their sins to confound and trouble the faith of the virtuous poor. I have never conceded this. Indeed to my mind it seems nonsense.

Poverty is not a virtue, nor is the possession of wealth proof of wickedness. Those who are unable to get wealth may console themselves with the belief that their lack of it is due to an excess of virtue that would not tolerate or countenance the methods necessary to acquire it, for man is ever eager to make a virtue of necessity and get what credit he may from circumstances he had no part in fashioning. Yet the assumption of virtue is no more than a sop to his vanity designed to soothe the sting of failure, and the cry that wealth is wicked is no more than the whine of envy.

The industrious and competent man who deals honorably prospers. Others are punished for their laziness, their incompetence and their rascality. The failure would call down heaven's wrath on the successful man; the sin of the successful man is that he has made good.

The value of a course in the school of experience lies in the punishment received. One who has been guilty of folly and received his reward does not invite the lash a second time.

The value of history lies in the record of punishments meted to those who sinned against reason and humanity, and if we profit little by the record it is because the story of a punishment is less effective than the memory of one.

Punishment and the fear of it make good little boys and virtuous men, and the progress of civilization is the development of man's ability in the business of making punishment certain and swift.

Punishment is the handmaid of virtue—if a handmaid can be a clothes brush or a Saint Helena.

Auto-Lite

Starting . Lighting & Ignition

NO one knows just what electricity *is*.

But the perfected manner of its application in the Auto-Lite System leaves no doubt as to what it will *do* on your car.

Auto-Lite Starts, Lights and Ignites so faithfully that its mechanical operation concerns the owners little more than the nature of electricity.

Auto-Lite Starting, Lighting and Ignition is the standard equipment on more than a million and a half cars of the best and most representative makes—large and small.

See to it that your next car is Auto-Lite equipped.

OFFICE AND WORKS
TOLEDO, OHIO

ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CORPORATION

Willys Light Division of Electric Auto-Lite Corporation: Manufacturers of Electric Light and Power Plants for Farms, Etc.

DETROIT SALES OFFICE
1507 KRESGE BLDG.

How soon does your engine begin to knock? After 500 miles? Or after 5000 miles?

WHEN the car is new—or when the carbon has just been removed and the valves expertly ground—your engine takes hills with splendid pulling power.

How soon will the knocks begin to develop? In 500 miles will the engine be badly carbonized? Will you have to shift gears for these hills which you should take so easily? Will your car be slow and unresponsive to the accelerator pedal in traffic?

Carbon causes most knocks — the great loss of power. Excess carbon is caused by improper lubrication or too rich a gasoline mixture.

Many automobiles run for thousands of miles without carbon troubles. These are the engines which are properly lubricated.

Keep down the carbon deposits

Ordinary oil — the chief cause of excessive carbon—breaks down under the terrific heat of the engine —200° to 1000° F. The oil is thinned out. Even when first put in the engine, at operating temperature, ordinary oil is too thin to prevent leakage of unburned gases past the piston. In consequence all the lubricating oil is contaminated by fuel. It passes the pistons, fouls the valves, the spark plugs, and carbons the piston heads. Pistons are often badly scored and must be replaced.

To meet this growing difficulty, engineers experimented for years. They discovered the famous Faulkner Process, used exclusively for the production of Veedol. Veedol resists heat. It reduces sediment by 86%. The sediment test, illustrated by the two bottles at the right, shows clearly the superiority of Veedol. That means a heavy, durable oil film and almost no carbon.

Thousands of motorists have found that with the correct grade of Veedol in the crankcase and with a proper fuel mixture, they can drive their cars for thousands of miles with less carbon than ever before. *Carbon does not form rapidly* unless the piston rings are worn out.

Make this simple test

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine, refill with *one quart* Veedol. Turn the engine over about ten times, then drain mixture of kerosene and oil and refill to proper level with correct grade of Veedol.

Carbon causes pre-ignition or knocking on hills and in traffic. This piston head shows the coating of carbon after a few hundred miles running with inferior oil.

Make a test run on familiar roads. Your car will have new pickup and power. It takes hills better and has a lower consumption of oil and gasoline.

If the engine should continue to carbonize quickly it means that new piston rings are needed.

Buy Veedol to-day

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. Ask for it to-day. Every Veedol dealer has a chart which shows the proper grade of Veedol for your car.

The new 100-page Veedol book will save you many dollars and help you keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

TIDE WATER OIL
Sales Corporation
1518 Bowling Green Bldg., New York City

Branches and distributors in all principal cities in the United States and Canada

"One of the chief causes of automobile engine troubles is cheap oil. The motorist who drives up to a garage and takes any oil that is offered, is measurably shortening the life of his car. ***By paying a little more for an oil of known quality, the average car owner can do away with a large percentage of his engine repair bills."***

(Signed) A. LUDLOW CLAYDEN

Consulting Engineer, author of leading papers on the gasoline engine.

Ordinary oil after use *Veedol after use*

Sediment formed after 500 miles of running

THE BOY FLAG

(Continued from Page 13)

"Lord, Girl, Don't Cry That Way! The Glory's Lucky. She Was Never Out More Than Three Years"

"Well, Iccy, you see there's no fool like an old whaler. I'm taking her out the twelfth of June, son." He stared at his big lame hands a moment, then at Ichabod's varnished shoes. "All the crew signed, too—except a second mate."

"You don't think I'm too young, sir?"

"Well, I was a second mate at sixteen, Iccy. And you're getting on to eighteen, and it's time you went to sea—before all the whales are killed off. It'd be a shame if a Bolsover didn't see one whale blow, wouldn't it?"

Ichabod laughed and perched on the desk, crowding questions at his father. But Bolsover was distracted and not easy.

"I didn't put it in my letter, Iccy, but Abel Martin died Sunday. Better go and see Huldah, hadn't you?—and Erastus?"

Ichabod choked. As second mate of the Glory he could not weep gracefully, but he was fond of his old schoolmaster and it hurt him to think of Huldah and Erastus.

"I told Huldah I'd sent for you," Bolsover went on quietly, "so she'll be looking for you. Run along, Iccy."

He walked across the warm streets toward the cottage, trying to think of correct and dignified phrases of consolation and wishing that his suit was not so gayly blue. The Martin garden had a hedge of English privet, and it was too high for a glimpse of the flower beds, but he smelled the first wallflowers of the summer, and early mignonette. They had taken down the academy sign from the white gate, he saw as he pushed through. Huldah was working over the roots of a currant bush with a trowel and humming to herself. Some threads of her pale hair had fallen on the black of her gown and glittered there. A butterfly danced above her head in the sunlight. All at once the scent of wallflowers seemed to him something blown out of paradise to cheer mortality, and Ichabod walked across the beds with tears running down his face.

After a time Erastus came out of the cottage to speak to Huldah, and it is worth recording in the history of young brothers that he turned smartly about and went back. But presently hunger brought him out again, and Ichabod strolled home making silly noises which he thought were songs, and forgetting to bow to people. He found Bolsover eating three-o'clock dinner and addressed him with dignity.

"I dare say, sir, that you might think me too young to be thinking of ——"

"Bless your heart, Iccy," said his father, "I don't at all! And Huldah will be a lot better off here than in Pearl Street. But sit down and eat something. You look kind of weak."

In fact, Ichabod was the only person much surprised by his marriage next day. Erastus Martin broke three of the best China vases in an hour after his installation in Orange Street, got tipsy on a bottle of Bolsover's Marsala, found in the pantry neglected, and assumed airs of patronage toward the world when it dawned on him that he was to be the sole male resident of the palace for an unknown time. But he blubbered woefully on the morning of June twelfth. Huldah bore the business composedly, and Bolsover told Ichabod that he was proud of her when the Glory was slipping out between the lighthouse and the sand spit on the other side of the channel. Ichabod hardly heard this commendation. His eyes could see the whale walk on the roof in Orange Street above the elm tops for a long time. But in an hour the town had become a huddle of green and gray, with the gold peak of the spire like a fleck of fire drifting on the sky.

"If I was you," said the first mate, Amos Hazzard, "I'd go take a slug of rum, Iccy, an' cry my head off."

Ichabod hated rum and omitted that part of the counsel. But in a month he began to take heart, and proved a competent second mate with some coaching. Bolsover no longer repented bringing the boy to sea, and Ichabod's passion for whale oil was amazing.

The voyage fortunately was not long. It was short and lucky in all ways. Five fat and imprudent whales met the Glory east of Buenos Aires, where they had no right to be, and Ichabod saw a longboat smashed like a dry pod under the tail of one. He helped set Amos Hazzard's arm, too, and learned to stand the stench of boiling whale meat while the oil was bubbling in the brick house on deck. At night he discussed matrimony with his father and worked on that unprinted epic, Nantucket, which Ralph Waldo Emerson afterward pronounced one of the most remarkable poems ever written in English.

On April 15, 1858, the Glory of the Isle nosed into Nantucket Bay, scraping the bar, her filthy sails flapping in a mild breeze, the figurehead green with salt stains and weed. Ichabod shivered in this northern air and peered at the boats racing out from the vacant wharves. In his father's honor the bell tolled from Orange Street and he saw his own catboat beating up in the throng of dories that drew aside and gave it precedence. Its sail flapped over as it came alongside and Huldah held up a bundle of shawls that wiggled curiously. Erastus cupped his hands and shouted against the roar of the crew that it was a boy, and Ichabod became a lunatic until he was somehow got ashore.

"What's his name?" Bolsover asked on the wharf.

"Oh, I haven't named him, sir," said Huldah. "I couldn't think of that when his father wasn't here."

"And if Iccy hadn't come home for four years, would you have let the poor little squid run round without any name, madam?"

"Oh, father," Ichabod protested, "he—he doesn't look anything like a squid!"

"Better call him Steam Whistle," said Erastus cruelly. "He sounds like one."

"And why didn't you run up the boy flag, young man, instead of frightening Iccy to death like that?" Bolsover demanded, pulling the boy's ear.

"The—what, sir?"

"The boy flag," said Bolsover, then sighed.

This generation knew nothing of old customs and devices. He watched Ichabod and Huldah move off up the pier, then turned to the crowding agents of oil houses. They were respectfully eager, not clamorous as in the great days. He leaned on a barrel while he talked to them, and when he left it found his blue sleeve smeared with something black, so looked back and beheld on the barrel's side, "Kier's Petroleum Mineral Fluid for Household Lighting."

"Good heavens, Erastus," he said, "do folks use that stuff here?"

"Why, of course, sir! Everybody says it gives a lot more light than whale oil, and it don't cost so much."

Bolsover groaned, partly from sorrow and partly as the wind roused his rheumatism. In Orange Street Ichabod was watching his son blow bubbles in his evening bath, and still apologizing to Huldah for his unmanly desertion of her in the most abject manner. Huldah thought that her husband looked like the King Arthur of Mr. Tennyson's pretty poems, though his daguerreotypes do not show Ichabod as more comely than the ordinary young male, and his jaw was too heavy for real beauty. He was quite bewildered at finding himself a parent, and Bolsover could not laugh at him.

"I was never at home when any of the boys were born, Iccy. I never knew until I'd come in and see the boy flag up."

"Was there a special flag, father? Oh, yes, I've heard of that! Good Lord, sir, he might have died without my knowing anything about it!"

Bolsover sighed again, and listened to Ichabod's dark fancies of what might have happened. Next morning he sold the Glory of the Isle to Hawk & Peabody, merchants, New Bedford. His hand shivered on the signature and the check was as loathsome as a death warrant, but he threw a veil over his sorrow and settled down to the slow comfort of his house and his family.

Huldah fussed over his rheumatism and Ichabod consulted him on each small detail of the younger Ichabod's growth. He remained a king with all the honors. Hawk & Peabody always sent him word of the Glory's sailings, and he read of her exploits with the pride of an old trainer who sees his champion perform.

Nothing troubles Nantucket except wind and fog. The political brew of 1858–59 left the island calm. Even the tumultuous summer of 1860 did not bother the Bolsover house so much as the unkind cutworms that assaulted Huldah's flowers, and were in turn assailed with whale oil, which is specific against garden pests. The great gale of that September did the last blooms some damage, and Bolsover was consoling Huldah for this when Erastus trotted in with news that the Glory was crossing the bar. In half an hour her captain was drinking sherry in the parlor and loudly lamenting the storm. He had cleared from New Bedford two days since and a wave had removed three seamen, a harpooner and his first mate forever from the Glory's deck.

"I'll have to sign on men here, Cap'n Bolsover—that's to say, if I can get any."

"You'll have no difficulty, Mr. Cobb," said Bolsover, sure that Nantucket would see the Glory supplied with her best blood. "Iccy, go along down street and tell some of the men."

Ichabod went down Main Street to the wharves, where men lounged and looked at the trim ship. But he was pleasantly jeered.

"Go out under Sammy Cobb, Iccy?" said Ithuriel Hazzard, the harpooner. "Not for ten dollars gold a day. He ain't a sailor. He's a longshore clerk. Hawk & Peabody must be crazy sendin' the Glory out with a fool like that!"

"Would you sign on if I can find a good first mate?"

"To be sure," said Hazzard, "and bring along some of my boys with me."

But there was no first mate ready to sail under Samuel Cobb, and Ichabod went back to Orange Street gloomily. Cobb swore, disregarding Huldah in the next room feeding the baby his evening bread and milk.

"There's no men left on Nantucket! Well, dammit, I'll try Edgartown then, or put back to Bedford. No one that wants a first mate's berth and pay? It's a fine state of things!"

Bolsover writhed in the deep chair, where his rheumatism held him, and stared at his son.

"Nonsense, sir, you've only to cruise round the town and you'll pick up a dozen first mates! I know Nantucket better than ——"

"Humph!" said Cobb. "I guess the young fellows like stayin' ashore too well. Well, now it's come to a pretty pass when I can't find a mate and four men for the best whaler ever came out of Nantucket."

Built For "Busy" Boys— And *Guaranteed*

"MARBLES" certainly are hard on clothes! And it's a game that every boy loves like his life, and is as sure to play as he is to breathe. On his seat one minute, on his elbows and knees the next—any wonder the ordinary suit is gone in no time?

Parents: Put your boy in Dubbelbilt Clothes, then "marbles" or any other game needn't worry you. Dubbelbilt Clothes are made extra strong where the wear comes—at seat, elbows, knees, pockets, seams, and every tug-and-strain point.

It is this extra strength, so thoroughly built into Boys' Dubbelbilt Clothes, that makes it possible to *guarantee six months' service with every Dubbelbilt suit.*

Go to the store in your town where you see the name Dubbelbilt, and examine these trim, stylish boys' suits. Notice especially the famous Waldoth fabrics, in blues, browns, grays, greens, olive, and up-to-date mixtures.

$16.75—$18.75—$20.75—upwards to $36.75—same prices everywhere in the United States. Sizes 6 to 18 years.

If you can't find a store near you selling Dubbelbilt Clothes, send us color and size suit you wish, with a money-order for price you want to pay. We'll send you a Dubbelbilt suit direct.

Boys' DUBBELBILT Clothes

Barronette Finished

Six Months' Service Guaranteed

DUBBELBILT
Broadway at 11th St.

BOYS' CLOTHES, INC.
New York City

He looked at Ichabod over his glass and grinned.

"It's the same everywhere. The boys ain't what their fathers was, and ——"

"Sir," said Bolsover, "my son has ——"

"I'll go, of course," Ichabod said, and walked into the dining room, shutting the doors behind him. Huldah smiled up from her duties toward the lesser Ichabod and thought her husband more like King Arthur than ever as he spoke: "It'll break father's heart if the Glory puts out without any Nantucket men on her, and—I'm going. Please forgive me."

"Oh," said Huldah after a breath that seemed to fill her throat with hot sand, "of course you must! And what books shall I pack up for you, dear?"

Hazzard and three of his innumerable sons followed Ichabod. The town assembled to cheer the Glory out, and Bolsover watched her flag dip from the whale walk on the roof. They had gilded her figurehead now, but her lines were not altered. She was still the finest ship in the trade, and he was sure that she had the best first mate. Huldah agreed with him, then sobbed and leaned on the flagpole. The old man wondered suddenly if all women loved their husbands so.

"We'll send letters off to all the consuls in South America, Huldah, and the mails are better than they used to be. You'll hear from Iccy everywhere he makes port. I—oh, Lord, girl, don't cry that way! The Glory's lucky. She was never out more than three years."

Huldah dried her eyes obediently and helped him down the ladder into the attic. They drank champagne for supper, but something was wrong with the flavor, and the baby wailed upstairs in a dreary low fashion. The house seemed deadly silent without Ichabod's whistle. Bolsover repented his part in this act and began to study the consular map. He spent days devising a mail system and cursed the sloth of the South American states which had no telegraph then. The mutter of trouble on the mainland passed by him so completely that the shout rattling up from the night steamboat of April twelfth only thrilled him in the hope that the Glory had found a school of lazy whales and had come back full. But Erastus panted in with other news:

"They've started firing on Fort Sumter! And I'm thirteen and that's old enough to be a drum——"

"Shut your mouth, sir!" roared Bolsover in a voice heard all down Orange Street. "Shut your mouth and don't frighten your sister!"

He shook with cold. He knew the men of the Southern ports too well to fancy they would shrink from war at sea. They would arm their fast schooners and the new cotton steamboats and go out. But he found that a truthful man can lie gallantly and halfway came to believe his silly statements to Huldah. She smiled over her sewing and agreed that Iccy would hear the news at Buenos Aires or the Straits and put back before there could be any danger. On May fourth Bolsover interrupted his fluency as a prophet and went up to the attic, where there was a chestful of flags. He got out one, coughing in the fumes of lavender, and bore it down to Erastus, who was amusing young Ichabod by telling the fat child that he wasn't the baby any more.

"You'll run this up the second they sight the Glory, Erastus, or look out for a thrashing, sir!"

Erastus looked at the flag, bright red with black bars that crossed from corner to corner, and asked what it was.

"It means there's a boy in the house, young man. Now keep it in your room and remember what I said!"

Erastus kept the flag in his room. They named the second son Abel for his mother's father, and Bolsover told Huldah that Ichabod must be in by the end of summer at the latest. He walked the streets, more silent every day, and went to the wharf to meet each steamer. He spent most of his time on the whale walk in clear weather, though, and his mind was filled with old memories of waves that dash over slanting decks, and how whales are never docile in the moment of death. His eyes grew dull watching the perilous South.

On February 25, 1862, the Glory rode into the bay of Callao, and Ichabod beamed at the Peruvian shore and the white houses of the filthy town. Captain Cobb swaggered for the benefit of the port officers and boasted about their great catch in the South Pacific. The Glory was full of oil. Extra casks were cleated to the deck.

"Hey," said the Peruvian official, scribbling the ship's name and the date of her sailing from New Bedford, "an' I 'ope you get—you say it safe? Yez, safe. I do 'ope you get safe backly there. Thees war ——"

"What war?" cried Cobb.

Ichabod did not believe it when the Peruvian explained in battered English and chipped French. The crew laughed. But the English consul had copies of the London Times, and one as late as December 5, 1861, was tragic with battles and news of the blockade. Captain Cobb fell into grisly thought, and Ichabod sat playing with the consul's inkwell.

"We could run up to San Francisco and sell off there," the captain muttered, "but dunno what they'd say in Bedford."

This doubt held him to the regular course. The Glory sailed southward after two days in Callao. But at the Straits there was worse news from the mate of an English bark. The Southern privateers and cruisers were plundering any ship with a Northern flag; oil was worth its weight in gold at the Southern ports; there was no safety at sea for the Glory and her freight.

"I ought to've put back to San Francisco," said Cobb.

"We're halfway home," Ichabod frowned, "and we want to get home."

He was preyed on by fancies of Nantucket under the war cloud. The streets would be even more empty, with the boys scattered off. The sandy farms would be weedy or tilled by women. The friends of his childhood he saw in a myriad postures of combat. Erastus might be gone with the rest. His father might be dead now and Huldah quite alone with the child in the echoing house.

"We'll have to take our chances," Cobb whined, and had the ship hug the Argentine coast through the rain and mist of the South Atlantic April.

Ichabod had learned to despise this man as a fool and something of a bully. Cobb had no dignity. The men laughed behind his back, and now with the risk ahead they talked in clusters on the dirty decks that soon smelled of pitch and spilled oil as the sun became terrible and the equator drew near.

"I don't see how you can set round and write poetry," Cobb fretted.

He drank rum and lime juice at night and his eyes were hollowed with sleeplessness. His voice jangled and jarred. He talked of what Hawk & Peabody would say if the Glory were lost, and argued against himself the chance of prison in the South in long monologues that lasted for hours. On the first of May the Glory lazied over the line under a sky like milk.

"Now," said Cobb, "we're likelier to run into someone, ain't we? And we can't sail away from a steamer. Do you think they've got a-plenty of steamers? What colors did that Englishman say they flew?"

Ichabod could not remember, and went on deck to be done with Cobb's voice. The Nantucket men gathered about him. Young Jim Hazzard had dreamed that the town had been sacked by a Confederate squadron and was worrying about his cottage by the wharves.

"Rubbish!" said Ichabod. "They couldn't get near the island!"

"But my, Iccy," old Hazzard chuckled, "wouldn't your daddy's house be a mark, though—and them new explodin' shells!"

Ichabod raised his eyes to the slack sails and wished he could remember how sweet fern and bay leaf smell. The Glory rocked north so slowly that his torture ebbed into a blank distress like the pause between nightmare and sense. The ship's minstrel had a banjo, and he tried to learn to play it, though Huldah disliked banjos. He wondered if Orange Street was warm now, and whether his son could talk dexterously, and whether his father could still limp about, or if the rheumatism nailed him to his chair by the parlor windows. All his thought circled back to the shrine, and the war was a vague dream, not credible, since the latitudes fell away and brought him nearer. It was deadly hot. The men sat half naked on the planks and cursed the winds that failed them every day. There was warm fog and rain fell wearily in soft flutters. But one night the air burned, and Ichabod sat beside the wheel watching the stars until he fell asleep and a sound woke him like the slam of a door.

"Did you hear suthin', sir?" the helmsman asked.

"I thought so. What was that on ——"

(Concluded on Page 76)

In early China there was a form of punishment known as the Bastinado, which consisted of light taps on the feet with a small stick of bamboo. The constant repetition of the tapping reduced the strongest man to nervous exhaustion.

Fatigue—the greatest enemy you have in your work today

Every year 800,000 serious industrial accidents occur in the United States. Authorities claim that 83% of them would have been prevented had the worker not been fatigued.

Throughout the world tremendous efforts are being made to prevent the man who works with hand or brain from becoming over-fatigued.

Frank B. Gilbreth, whose books, "Fatigue Study" and "Motion Study," are landmarks, is constantly devising new ways to eliminate fatigue. The Society of Industrial Engineers has recently appointed a committee of noted men to study means to prevent unnecessary fatigue.

To help solve this important problem, an ingenious machine has been devised in England, which makes it possible to determine the state of fatigue of the individual.

Dr. Winifred Cullis, Professor of Physiology at the London School of Medicine, during her recent visit to America announced the results which had been obtained with its use.

One of the most important results established is that men and women in various ways *waste* their precious energy.

It is because of this waste that they become over-fatigued in their daily tasks. This is why so many fail and meet defeat.

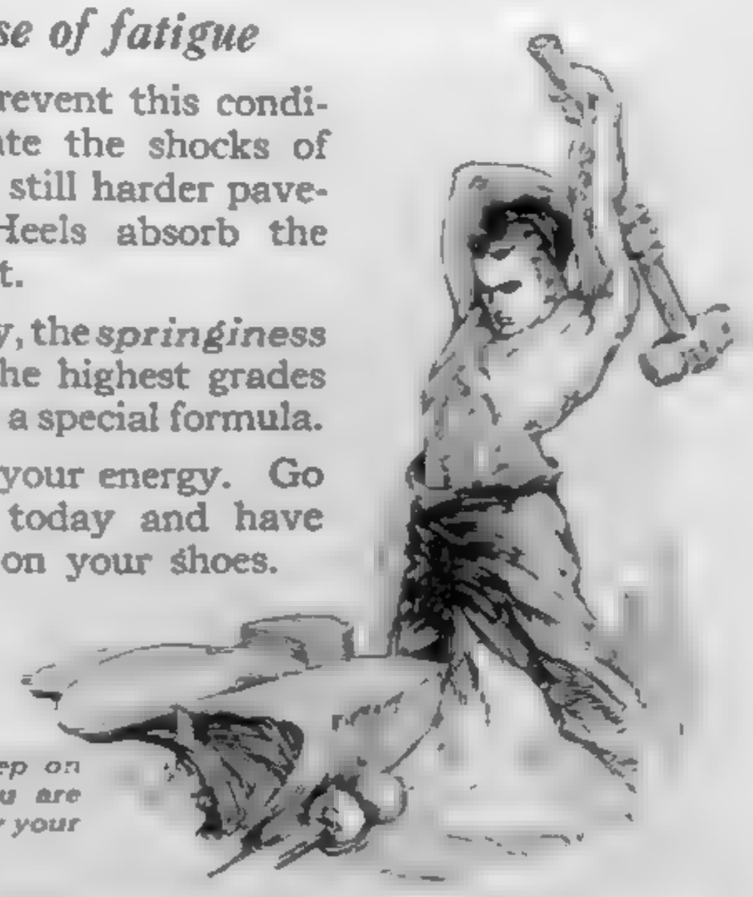
One of the greatest of these wastes comes from pounding away energy on hard pavements. Every step you take with hard leather heels or "dead" rubber heels acts as a hammer blow to your delicate nervous system. The constant repetition of the shocks from your 8000 steps a day tends to exhaust your energy—to produce fatigue.

Remove this cause of fatigue

You can do much to prevent this condition. You can eliminate the shocks of pounding hard heels on still harder pavements. O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the shocks that tire you out.

To secure the resiliency, the *springiness* of O'Sullivan's Heels, the highest grades of rubber are blended by a special formula.

Stop pounding away your energy. Go to your shoe repairer today and have O'Sullivan's Heels put on your shoes.



With every step on hard heels you are pounding away your energy.

O'Sullivan's Heels

Absorb the shocks that tire you out

(Concluded from Page 74)

Miles off a red flash loosed another slam and was answered from a distance. Cobb came lumbering up, and the ship bristled in the starlight with whispering men.

"They must be half a mile apart, sir," old Hazzard judged.

The harpooner could recall 1813, and Ichabod listened to him drawling on with a wonder at the endurance of such slaughter.

"It's getting nearer," Cobb guessed, "and there ain't a breath."

The noise grew and the red flashes took more shape. Sometimes Ichabod thought he could make out the contending hulls and the line of rigging, but just as dawn came there was a last amazing flash and the sea was lit so brightly that they could see the leap of a mast up from the red heart of the wreck.

"If the Southern boat's won," drawled Hazzard, "we're cooked geese."

But the sun rose and the flag of the conquering steamer blew out for a second. The men of the Glory cheered, and presently Captain Closser, U. S. S. Peekskill, sent his compliments by a boatswain, and an invitation to breakfast, with the addition that any ship's carpenters would be welcome.

Cobb and Ichabod were rowed to the warship, and Captain Closser genially hoped they wouldn't mind meeting a Confederate officer at mess.

"This was a regular spitfire. Well, her powder blew her hell high and all we've got is two of her crew and this officer. Ain't it the devil?"

Ichabod looked at the grooves of shot on the deck and heard the pounding below, where repairs were undertaken. Captain Closser admitted that the Peekskill would sink if the sea rose just now. She was badly hacked.

"You're a Nantucketer, ain't you, Mr. Bolsover? Well, I'm a Marblehead man myself. Come along. Breakfast ought to be ready."

These calm officers astounded Ichabod as they complained of the coffee and wondered how soon the Peekskill could make New York with her paddles crippled. But they all got up to bow when a tall boy sidled in, draped in a nightshirt and some misfit breeches. He looked at Ichabod, who realized Charley Terrill as a Confederate officer with the dizziness of a dream.

"Oh, my Lord, Iccy," said Terrill, "wherever did you drop off of? And how are all the whales?"

He sat beside Ichabod and asked about his cruise and laughed when he heard of his late arrival in the war.

"But I'm mighty glad you weren't home when we shelled the tar off Nantucket, las' week. Well, sir, she burned fine, and—oh, sit down, you big fool! You're the easiest teased man I ever did see!"

Ichabod sat down and tried to laugh, but his heart was still hammering, and after breakfast he got Terrill aside in the shade of a paddle box. The Richmond boy grinned and shook his head.

"I don't think any of our boats'd be crazy enough to tackle Nantucket, Iccy. Too much shoal water, and what's the good of shellin' a little place like that? Lord, how white you got! I'm sorry I teased you."

He listened to Ichabod's exposition of the reasons why the idea of Nantucket under fire hurt him, and beamed at the end.

"I do wish I could orate like that. There's a young lady lives in Lexington that—but I don't believe there's any such baby as that you say you've got. They'd put him in a glass case like they do clocks."

Captain Closser consented to mail a letter for Ichabod in New York, and shrugged at the suggestion of Confederate privateers north of Long Island. He loaned his cabin desk to Ichabod and waited while the long letter was written.

"We ought to make New York in three days with luck. But I'd tell your captain to stay out a ways until you're off Cape Cod. And don't get friendly with ships that don't show colors, either."

"What colors do they fly?" asked Ichabod, licking the mucilage.

Closser opened a chest and flung on the desk a red flag with crossed stripes of blue bearing stars.

"That's what most of them show—or white with a red union. It's kind of mixed. This one mostly."

Ichabod studied the banner and noted its colors. The Peekskill fired a salute, and the Glory slipped north again into the empty circle of sky and the slow wind pushed her toward the New England shore. She met nothing but fog, and Cobb became brave. He made a point of assuring the Nantucket men they should be landed on the island, but his swagger wilted when the fog dropped thick on the twentieth of June and through it the sound of unseen paddles brought the ship silent. Ichabod peered into the drift for the possible glimpse of the red flag, and that night he dreamed of standing on Nantucket wharf with the town smoldering still and that Erastus was led past him loaded with chains to be shot against a wall. Monstrous gray officers clanked to and fro and waved sabers that sprinkled blood on the cobbles of Main Street. He woke with a yell that made the watch halt on deck.

"Lord, though," said Cobb at breakfast, "a squadron could sail right into Boston Bay in a fog like this, and—well, I've been thinkin' we'd better make straight for Bedford, Bolsover."

"We signed on to be landed at Nantucket," Ichabod stated.

But he could not be very angry now, forty miles from home. He began to clear the litter from his cabin and to pack his books. A charitable wind came up and swept the Glory along all day, so that when sunset was near the man at lookout saw Martha's Vineyard plainly, and there was a moon half the night. Ichabod sat in shirt and trousers drinking black coffee and planning how to greet his son, who wouldn't know him. He stopped resenting Cobb's grating snore, and the motion of the Glory lulled him to a stark sleep that held until he woke into fog that oozed through his door.

"That ought to be the Brant Point light," said old Hazzard, squatted near the bows, indicating a glow, "but's hard to tell."

"I could swim in from here," Ichabod grinned, stamping on the wet planks, for the fog was cold at this hour.

The ship was mere mist in the mist, her sails invisible. Yet suddenly there came the noise of a bell striking far off four times like the chime of a music box, and after its note had ceased a cock crowed.

"We must be right off the channel," Hazzard laughed. "Better go get dressed up, Iccy—and I guess you won't ever go whalin' again, will you?"

Light came in the gray vapor gently, and the star of the Brant Point lamp waned as day began. The crew filed up, excited and chaffing the Nantucket men, and Cobb came on deck.

"I'd hate to risk gettin' stuck on the bar," he said, "but I'll take her in so's you and the men can land in style."

He took the wheel and gave orders pompously. Ichabod stood beside him tremulous, and the fog lifted enough to show the bay's mouth and the two points of sand. The Glory sagged in toward her native port, and Ichabod smiled, thinking that she would surprise the town stealing in. Between the points he could hear the rustle of beach grass, and then as the Glory passed over the bar the fog rose in rags from the water and rolled back up the bay, up the slope of the sleeping town, and a wind filled the Glory's sails with a vast rattle from the blocks. She swung splendidly in toward Nantucket. Ichabod gazed at the trees about Orange Street, and a flag hanging limp rippled out from a pole near the church tower, and its colors caught the light—red as blood, with dark crossed stripes. He heard Cobb's breath go into a sob, and the captain threw his weight against the wheel.

"They've took the town!" he wailed. "Help get her round, Bolsover, for——"

"That's the rebel flag!" a man howled.

The deck felt soft under Ichabod's bare feet. He glared at the captured wharves and filled his lungs with air.

"Get her out quick," he said, "before you're seen! So long!"

He threw himself into the bay and sank deep in its chill. When he came up gurgling the Glory had slued about. He could read the tarnished letters of her name on the stern, and struck out for shore with a prayer that she might escape. There must be batteries masked in the beach grass of the points, and the two small anchored ships might be Confederate cruisers. But he was thinking too fast for reason. He must get to Orange Street. Even if he was caught they must let him see his wife and his father. If they were prisoners he would be a prisoner too. He swam in long dives, and at last one of the piles of South Wharf bruised his shoulder. As he climbed the ladder beside it he saw the Glory in the channel halfway to the safety of the outer sound, and sobbed with relief; then set off, dodging behind barrels and piled lumber.

There were no sentinels in sight when he came to the foot of Main Street and looked up its shadows cut by the cross lights from the east. But he saw a man passing the brown Pacific Bank two blocks up and cowered back of a tree until the figure vanished, for the coat seemed gray. Then he raced along the sidewalk and came to the corner of Orange Street—empty too. The flag he could not see, but it must hang from some pole near his father's house, and he peered for the sentry who would be on duty at the Confederate headquarters. No one showed in the glowing street, and he ran on to the very door of the tall house. All the windows of the second floor were wide, and the wallflowers in the garden must be open, for he smelled them and did not care if a thousand enemies were in wait.

He had come home! Ichabod flung himself at the polished door and pounded it with both fists when he found it locked. A shutter of the house opposite clicked, and he saw old Mrs. Starbuck gaping at him. Then Erastus put his head out of the window above the door and rubbed his eyes on the sleeve of his nightshirt.

"Mercy," he said, "what's the matter? Oh!"

He disappeared with a yelp, and his descent of the stairs could be heard like the noise of a loose barrel. Ichabod stared into the hall over the boy's shoulder and fought off the arms about him.

"Do they let you out? Are you all ——"

"Golly, you're wet!" said Erastus. "Why, did you fall overboard?"

"I swam in. Where's Huldah? When did they take the town? Have they ——"

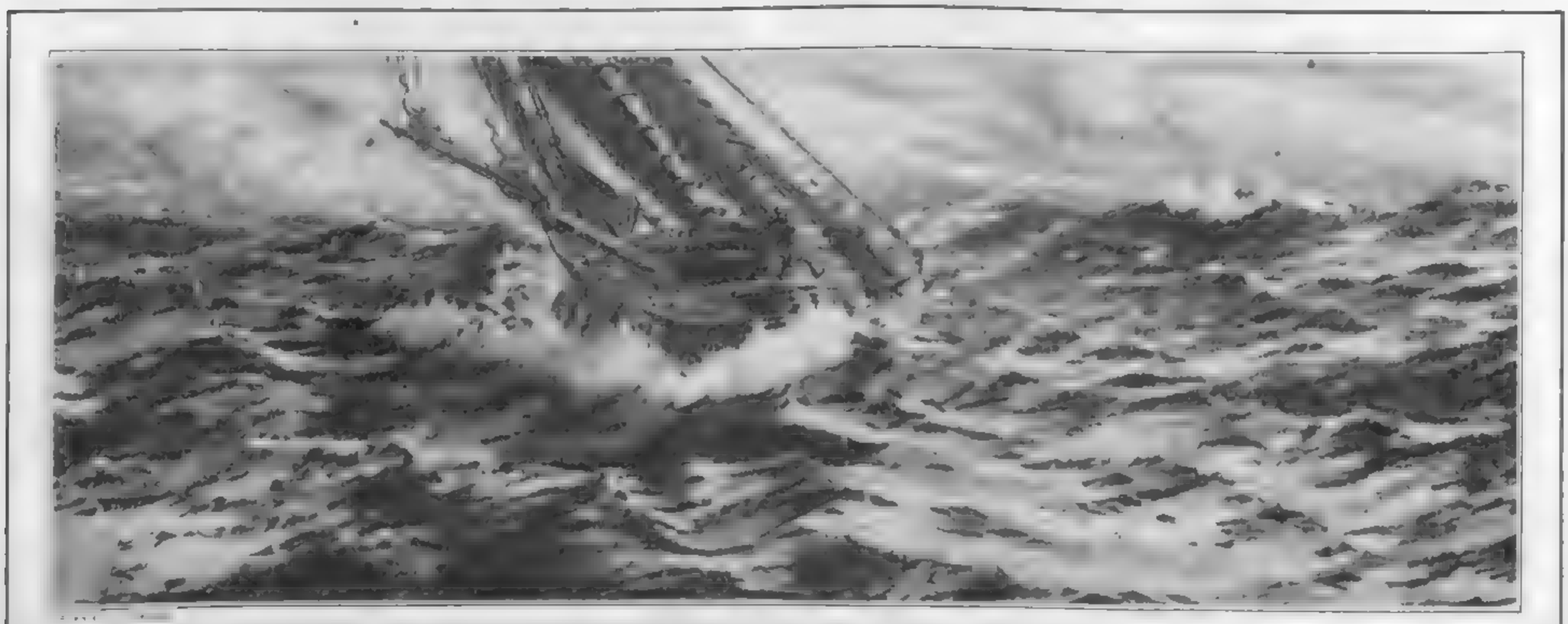
"Don't talk so loud," Erastus urged, winding himself about Ichabod again. "I'll get Huldah and your father down. Don't go upstairs—he's asleep. They were up all night with him. Say, he's the loudest-yellin' baby I ever—did you see the flag? Say, I've had to run that up ever since Huldah got your letter from New York, and I'm—there's your father!"

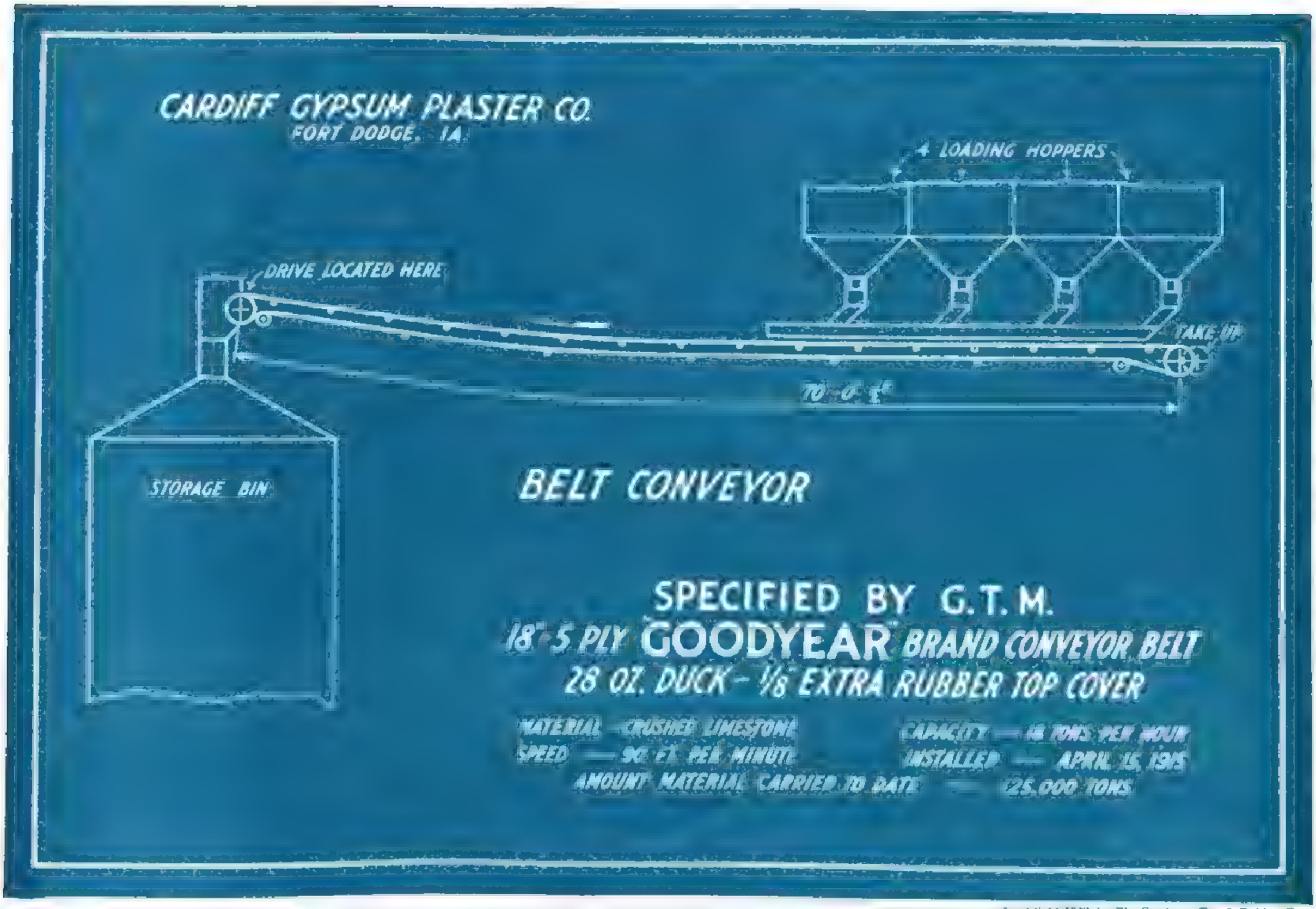
Bolsover was too self-controlled to start when he saw the sailor pale and wet in the hall. He managed a stately grin.

"Well, Iccy, it's about time. Did you see the boy flag? We've had it up for a week. What kind of a voy ——"

Here Abel Bolsover woke and began a long howl of annoyance in his nursery. Ichabod leaned on the wall and gasped, the phantoms departing from his brain; then he laughed and went upstairs to meet his new son.

The crew of the Glory never told the joke until it was so old that it passes to-day for a lie when ancient men gather and prattle of times gone by in the shade of the elms that still cover Nantucket. You may hear its echo, though, at their meetings, faint and idle like the kind wind that passes over the island stirring its many flags.




CARDIFF GYPSUM PLASTER CO.
FORT DODGE, IA.
4 LOADING HOPPERS
DRIVE LOCATED HERE
TAKE UP
70'-0"
STORAGE BIN
BELT CONVEYOR
SPECIFIED BY G.T.M.
18" 5 PLY GOODYEAR BRAND CONVEYOR BELT
28 OZ. DUCK - 1/8" EXTRA RUBBER TOP COVER
MATERIAL — CRUSHED LIMESTONE
CAPACITY — 18 TONS PER HOUR
SPEED — 90 FT. PER MINUTE
INSTALLED — APRIL 15, 1915
AMOUNT MATERIAL CARRIED TO DATE — 125,000 TONS

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

125,000 Tons of Stone—and the G. T. M.

The requirements called for a belt with character. The G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—could see that, from the very beginning of his study of the original conveyor installation for the Cardiff Gypsum Plaster Company, at Fort Dodge, Ia.

The conditions of service would be unusually severe—handling gritty, abrasive limestone, fed to the conveyor in sharp lumps averaging two inches in size. No previous experience in this mill furnished a working basis for suggestions. This was as much a test of the Goodyear Plant Analysis Plan as it would be of the belt.

You may be sure that every item affecting the efficient operation of that conveyor went into the G. T. M.'s calculations. The officials gave him full access to plant records. He figured the belt speed per minute—90; the diameter of head and tail pulleys—20 inches; their nature—bare; atmospheric conditions—damp; method of loading—from four automatic chutes; condition of bed—level; all equipment in first-class shape and well attended; weight of load—110 lbs. to the cubic foot; tonnage to be carried—18 tons per hour—day in, day out—10 months a year.

The belt he recommended is the 145-foot Goodyear Conveyor that is in operation today with five years of trouble-free service to its credit, and a record of more than 125,000 tons conveyed. It has gone on working amid the prevailing damp with all the unconcern of its moisture-proof construction. Judging by its condition today, Supt. C. C. Collins estimates that this 18-inch, 5-ply, ⅛-inch cover Goodyear Conveyor will stand up just as consistently to six years more of service.

Goodyear Belt performance like this is not measurable in first cost. The Cardiff Company's officials noticed when the G. T. M. figured on their problem that the belt he prescribed cost a little more than other conveyors. But their investment of that little additional secured them a balanced belt, specified exactly to their conveying—an earner and a saver every hour of its life.

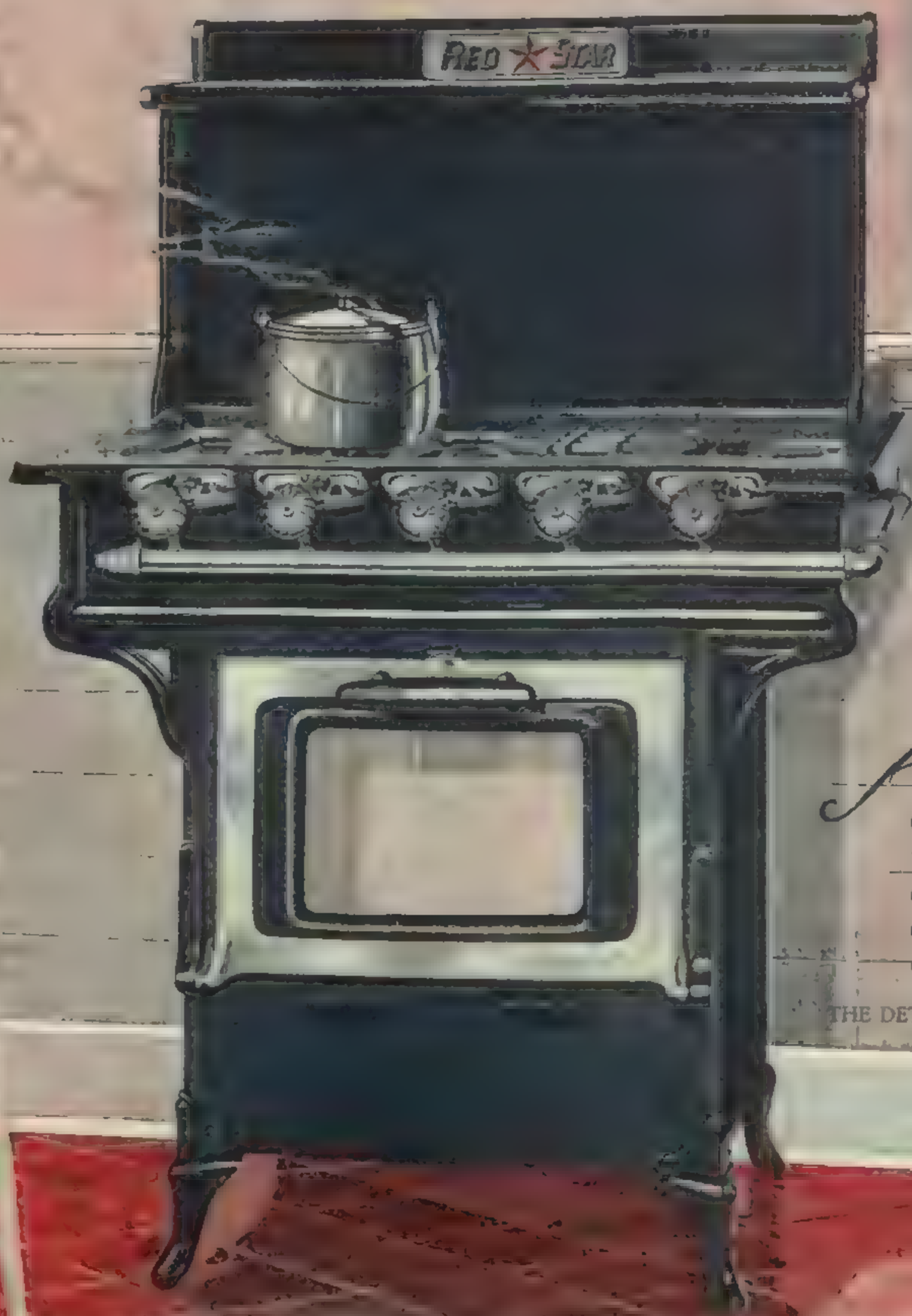
The G. T. M. and Goodyear Belts, the idea that squares with your needs and the belt that we build to protect our good name, are available for your conveying and transmission. For further information about the G. T. M.'s services, write to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

RED ★ STAR

Detroit Vapor Oil Stove



An improved type of Oil Stove having all the beauty, durability and cooking efficiency of a fine gas range.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE CO.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Sold by Leading Furniture and Hardware Dealers Look for the "Red Star"

THE RUHR AFLAME

(Continued from Page 15)

over the shoulder an efficient-looking Mauser and a full bandolier.

The first business of the day was to get an interpreter. We proceeded therefore, as I learned to do six years ago in Belgium, to a certain school of languages. There we found the Herr Professor, who, instead of sending out for an interpreter, himself entered our employ with alacrity. The Herr Professor, it appeared within five minutes, used to run a language school at San Francisco. He had taught French, German, Spanish and Italian to half of who's who in California. At first I attributed his alacrity to the joy of seeing Americans again.

Like about one-third of Germany he cherishes the almost impossible ambition of returning to America. If he ever sees these lines I hope he will not mind my saying that I now attribute another motive. Americans, with their money in dollars, paying his expenses—it was a chance to get fed! Two days before I had invited a not unknown German, a doctor of laws with a good job as German jobs go now, to luncheon with me in the best Stuttgart restaurant.

"I trust you won't mind my manners," he said as we sat down. "I shall be wolfish! I haven't been near to food like this for six months."

Another whom I invited to the same luncheon hesitated and said finally: "You must understand that it will be a great treat to me, but I can't return your hospitality in kind."

So the Herr Professor agreed to go with us as long as we needed him, even though the job involved going under fire—which is just what it did involve within forty-eight hours.

We proceeded to the State House, its gray and solid back reflected in a pretty park lake—the headquarters of the workmen, the insurgents, the reds, or whatever they were. A barricade of barbed wire slashed the way to the State House door. The chief sentry had a full soldier uniform. He spoke a little formal English, which, he explained, he had learned from a book in the trenches of the Western Front. So being persuaded that we were what we pretended to be, he passed us. Before the main entrance stood a truck, spilling over with armed men—armed not only with rifles but with potato-masher grenades. Along the wall which divided the grounds from the park lake sat thirty or forty rough, stubby men in working clothes, smoking *ersatz* cigarettes or munching black bread. As we watched two soldiers came through the door bearing sheaves of guns, festoons of bandoliers, and began to equip them.

Inside the stately corridors the winding marble stairways bubbled with confusion. Through the armed red guards, through knots of plain citizens who seemed all to be asking very energetically for something impossible to grant, we pushed our way to what seemed the focus of interest, a door at the head of a corridor before which a long line waited. Yes, the guard at the door informed us, this was the office of Comrade Stahl of the central committee for Düsseldorf, whom we should see. The magic words, "American press," got us in ahead of the line.

Comrade Stahl

In the corner of this room, until last week the office of some government functionary, stood two cots, the gray soldier blankets crumpled and tossed. In the corner lay the unwashed dishes of two breakfasts; the atmosphere was foul with the odors of sleep, heavy with tobacco smoke. At a table sat eight or ten men, prevailingly of the workingman type. All of these wore mufflers or scarfs folded stockwise about their throats; for soap and laundry materials, to say nothing of cloth, are so expensive now that German workingmen in general have given up the overshirt. The only white shirt and collar decorated the person of Comrade Stahl at the head of the table. He alone did not look like a workman. He had a clean-cut, intellectual face, and wore his mustache and goatee like Napoleon III. Before he gave his attention to us we watched the routine of his office. A citizen would enter, ask for some privilege—usually a pass to circulate after closing hours—give his name, business and reasons. Comrade Stahl would put the case to his committee. A moment of quick discussion, a vote about the table, and it was done or refused. If done, Comrade Stahl thumped a slip of paper most emphatically with a rubber stamp. If refused, the citizen was hustled away unceremoniously.

Comrade Stahl, being interviewed, denied that this was a red movement, or at least an all-red one.

"We are finished with militarism," he said. "The Noske troops, the Reichswehr, are as bad as the Baltic troops. They are monarchists and militarists. If they had their way the workman would be fighting France again. We do not need troops from Berlin to keep order in the Ruhr. We will raise our own police among the workingmen. This town is orderly, isn't it? The two Socialist parties have combined with the Communists. You see men with red brassards. They are revolutionaries. But you see others with green-and-white brassards, don't you? They are workingmen of the state police."

"Then this has nothing to do with the Social revolution?" I asked.

Comrade Stahl hesitated, perhaps because his committee was listening.

"We want," he said finally, "to see that this new government puts in a thorough Socialist program. Perhaps we'll enforce that later. But first we must put down militarism. The workmen of this district"—here Comrade Stahl exploded—"will never, never be bullied by reactionary drill sergeants again!"

He admitted that Essen, where the central revolutionary committee was then forming, took generally a more extreme view. I thought at the time that Comrade Stahl, in playing up antimilitarism and playing down the Social revolution, was merely putting forward his best-selling point. I had yet to learn that it was at the moment a very fair summary of the situation—as regarded Düsseldorf.

"The Reichswehr troops are falling back on Wesel," he added.

In the British Zone

A morning's search revealed no sharper news than this. The two Socialist editors whom we saw had nothing to offer but general remarks on the people's revolution. Try to pin them down to something specific and they began at once a soap-box oration—like the populist who brightened up the funeral with a few remarks on the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one.

In one of those offices we met a woman whom—had we been better informed—we should have lingered to interview. She was a short, rather dumpy person of middle age, with an intent face, a knotted brow and a pair of brown, unhappy eyes. She wore, even in office hours, a long, all-enveloping coat as simple as a soldier's and one of those unbecoming hats deemed respectable in Germany. This was Frau Agnes, friend of Rosa Luxemburg and Emma Goldman, a force in German revolutionary Socialism. From the meeting of the National Assembly, to which she is a delegate, she had returned to the scene of action.

But that afternoon we found in a little town some seven or eight miles away two Britons who illuminated the whole thing. The zone of actual occupation, except for the Cologne-Coblenz-Mayence bridgeheads, is confined to the left bank of the Rhine. Düsseldorf and most of the roaring Ruhr is in the fifty-kilometer neutral zone of the right bank. The district on the left bank from opposite Düsseldorf to the Dutch border is held by the Belgians. But into the right bank, to a point seven or eight miles from Düsseldorf, thrusts the circle of the British bridgehead of Cologne. On its extreme outposts two British officers rule solitary in this little hamlet over civilian affairs. We found them clean-cut, scrubbedly imperturbable, most glad to see strangers of their own speech and most thoroughly informed. Indeed as I listened to their detached, impartial summary of the situation I felt I knew why Britain, furnished at all her outposts by such calm political intelligences as these, governs half the world.

Careful Planning

The general strike, called by the Ebert government to get rid of Kapp—they said—had begun on Monday of the week before. In all the early days of that week the region had quivered with rumors that something was stirring from the left. On Thursday an army of workingmen, thoroughly equipped with infantry weapons, sprang up at Hagen, one of the mining cities, as though by spontaneous generation. They were perfectly organized; they seemed to know exactly what to do. Every automobile truck in the region, every drop of gasoline, was commandeered at once. By night they were moving southward. As they went on the towns in their path rose and joined them.

Someone had apparently planned the whole thing, even to its minutest detail, in advance. Near Elberfeld, and on the edge of the British advanced zone, they encountered the largest body of government troops in the region. It had apparently, upon news of the Hagen uprising, been rapidly thrown together in order to defend Düsseldorf.

The ensuing fight was murderous, considering it was conducted almost without artillery. The chief of the two Britons had been down to Solingen, where 1500 Reichswehr troops, fleeing in utter defeat to occupied territory, had been interned by the British.

"Their officers told me," he said, "that nowhere in the war had they encountered such fury of attack. Two battalion commanders said that they had lost a third of their strength in killed or wounded before they broke."

Now the Reichswehr troops which remained were trying to get through a hostile country to concentrate on the fortified and conservative city of Wesel, down the Rhine toward Holland.

"It's a workingmen's movement against the army," said the chief. "The Social Democrats and Independent Socialists seem so far to have the upper hand. The Communists and Spartacists are joining in just now because the movement is violent. I suppose, though, that the real reds will want to cut loose and keep up the show as soon as the others show any sign of drawing in and making terms. Probably they'll pull a lot of the others with them."

That, of course, is the general rule of revolutions—a sweep from right to left always.

"There must have been lively action again," he concluded, "judging from the firing this morning."

I looked at the wire hound, and the wire hound bent his brown eye almost reproachfully on me.

"The firing?" I said, too amazed to bluff.

"Oh, yes, probably you wouldn't hear it in Düsseldorf, the town makes such a racket. They must have taken Duisburg, down the river, because the row started there this morning at dawn—artillery, as well as small arms. It stopped before noon, but there's been a beautiful racket all day to the north."

"Englishman," I said, "the American reporter is unexcelled for quickness and speed. He feels events before they happen. The Briton is slow—slow. From the depths of your ignorance would you kindly enlighten our omniscience? Where the deuce do we go?"

The Briton laughed.

"Wesel's the place," he said. "The revolution will be made or broken at Wesel. I don't know how you can get there, but I jolly well wish I could get away from this desk and go with you to see the sport."

The News Confirmed

We rushed our little three-wheeled cyclecar taxicab back to Düsseldorf and proceeded straight into the presence of Comrade Stahl. I shall never know whether, in his political absorption, he had forgotten that morning to tell us that there was any fighting, or whether he had just received that news. At any rate:

"Oh, certainly!" he said. "We have inflicted two sharp defeats on the enemy to-day. We have driven the Reichswehr out of Duisberg. We have Wesel under siege."

Rushing back to the hotel, we held a quick council of war, with the wire the main objective of strategy. Should we follow up the insurgents on the right bank? Transportation would be difficult. Unquestionably all trains between Düsseldorf and Duisburg would be stopped. Moreover, even if all the telephone and telegraph wires were not already cut, they would be loaded with military messages and probably censored to the nines.

A look at the map gave us a daring idea. A bridge crosses the Rhine at Wesel. The left bank is Belgian occupied territory. By the left bridgehead stands the hamlet of Büderich. Unquestionably the Belgians were already occupying Büderich with a real force. They would keep an open wire from that bank. If they were the same merry and accommodating warriors I had known in the days of 1914 they would help us. So long as the bridgehead kept open we might dodge back and forth between Wesel and Buderich—the news and the wire. Even if the insurgents made it a tight siege news would dribble across the river.

We must cross the Rhine into Belgian occupied territory and see if we could not find rail, trolley or wagon transportation which would land us in Wesel that night.

The Herr Professor was shot forth to find out all about trains and suburban tramways. The nimble wire hound had scarcely unlocked his hotel room before he unfolded his elfin typewriter, had tweaked in paper and carbon, was beginning: "Düsseldorf 17,200 reds claim

(Continued on Page 81)

Red Troops Before Captured German Barracks, With One of Their Army Nurses. These are the Men Who Expelled Their Own Council in Duesseldorf and Installed a More Radical Group

Premier was the first car in existence to adopt the Cutler-Hammer Magneto Gear Shift a standard equipment (now in its 5th successful season)—a feature that appeals instantly to the woman who through choice operates her own car.

THE WORLD POSSESSES NO FINER MOTOR CAR

THE difference between absolute accomplishment, and accomplishment that *almost* succeeds is so slight that many overlook it. Not everyone can appreciate the full attainment of the Premier corps of engineering designers; but enough grasp it to make the demand for Premier cars well-nigh insatiable. Premier is without doubt the most exquisite car of the moment—it is America's engineering masterpiece. And—its gears are shifted *electrically*.

PREMIER

MOTOR CORPORATION

INDIANAPOLIS—U.S.A.

THE ALUMINUM SIX WITH MAGNETIC GEAR SHIFT

(Continued from Page 79)

outdrove Reichswehr from Duisburg smorning. Well-informed observers say ——"

The Herr Professor returned with alternative plans. At one minute after seven there started from the Central Square a suburban trolley train which crossed the river and in two or three hours landed at Moers, ten or twelve miles from Büderich. Probably there a horse carriage could be hired for a few hundred marks to take us the rest of the way. We might by that plan reach action before midnight. At eight-thirty another trolley ran to Crefeld, far down by the Belgian border. From there, by two changes of trains, we stood to reach Büderich at five o'clock in the morning—unless schedules should have been altered in the course of this troubled evening. That was the ever-uncertain point. We decided on the first course. The wire hound glanced at his wrist and took command.

"Five-forty-five," he said. "Prof, you go and buy some chocolate and crackers—Lord knows when we eat! Bill, pack up. Then sweeten the porter twenty marks and tell him to come up here. I want him to shoot the stuff by sheets to the central office. Give me as much time as you can. Best I can do. I've got to be filing all night from the way stations."

As he spoke his fingers were still going announcing for the breakfast tables of the world next morning: "Claims workmen's rising unconcerned Social revolution."

We calculated too closely, and there were complications about the payment of the bill. When we had established ourselves with bags, typewriters and camera in a little one-horse droshky it was six-fifty-four—seven minutes to make the trolley. We failed. A block away we saw it start.

"It has to stop for passengers along the line!" cried the Herr Professor.

"Then tell him to get it!" we cried, and the Herr Professor rose and poured out German in the accents of a drill sergeant. The horse began to lope, to gallop, to run. We leaned out of the cab and cheered him on. The populace stopped and watched; the red guards along the way stared in frowning perplexity as though half minded to stop this exhibition of reactionary haste.

The car gained, and all seemed lost. It hesitated at a corner, but only to let a truck loaded with soldiers pass, and we gained. It started again, and again all seemed lost. But a block ahead we saw a group waiting on a street corner. Hope dawned. We just got our bags aboard before the conductor, who had been raving at us in imperious German, snapped the doors shut. The driver, who perceived our fix, as the wire hound swung my bag aboard, had shown his presence of mind by charging me sixty marks.

The Missing Pass

The long suburban electric train was crowded to the doors. Apparently the air of Düsseldorf was already growing unhealthful for some of the more timid inhabitants. I saw a group near me drawing papers from their pockets, examining them. The Herr Professor cocked his ear.

"The Belgians have closed the bridge again," he said. "They'll examine us before they let us proceed. All Germans must have a pass to cross the bridge. It's lucky I got one last month."

He drew out his portfolio with easy assurance, and his fingers flew faster and faster as he went through his papers.

"*Himmel!* Have I got it?" he exclaimed suddenly.

He had not. A thorough search of the remotest cavities in his clothing revealed nothing more official than a birth certificate.

"Come on! We've got to have an interpreter if we're going to make it to-night," said the wire hound. "You speak French, Bill. Bluff it!"

By now we were stopped at the bridge. Everyone was piling out.

In the gray twilight and the blue-white glare of two electric arc lights we could see a cordon of brown Belgian troops drawn across the way, white tassels tossing from the peaks of their jaunty caps. To right and left were other Belgians, but these wore grim helmets; and we could see the muzzle of a machine gun pointing suggestively in our direction. A crowd two blocks long, the passengers from half a dozen trains, now piled up on the bridge, strung out before a shed labeled "Contrôle."

It was half an hour of anxiety before we bucked our bags up to the wicket. Our American passports carried the wire hound and me through at once, but the Herr Professor's birth certificate brought merely a storm from the Belgian sergeant. I tried all my blandishments, explaining the importance of our mission and the necessity for a German interpreter.

"We will be responsible for this man," I said.

"Yes, and who will I be responsible to?" growled the sergeant. "Sentry!"

Forthwith we were shoved by force of arms to one side. The guards forgot us after a minute. We tried unostentatiously to join a crowd of Germans just passed through, were caught at it, were rushed back at the point of a bayonet, were even searched for arms before we were chucked off the bridgehead.

Back to Düsseldorf we went, therefore, while the Herr Professor rushed home to look in his other overcoat. He returned, not with his own pass but his brother's. The Herr Professor is spare and has a pointed beard. The brother is portly and has a square beard.

"Well, if you throw out your chest it may go," said the wire hound. "Anyway, the eight-thirty is the last call. If they chuck you off that we've got to get to Wesel alone in the sign language. Thank the Lord, I've picked up telegraph German this last week!"

At the Bridgehead

At the bridge this time we saw to our relief that there was a new sergeant on the job. Keeping carefully away from us, the Herr Professor edged into a thick group. We saw him, as his turn came at the desk, swell up like a pouter pigeon. Also I noted that he was holding his brother's pass awkwardly somehow. Only later did I know that he had contrived to make the shadow of his thumb fall across the square beard of the photograph. Just then by luck a German beside him started some violent argument with the sergeant. In the excitement the Herr Professor shoved his pass rapidly but casually before the sergeant, who merely glanced at it and stamped it perfunctorily while continuing the discussion. He walked away, all passed, remembering not to show too much haste.

The rest of that night was crowded trains, dingy fourth-rate coaches, long, cold waits in unheated stations. The wire hound, whenever he found a place to sit down, cocked up the fairy typewriter on his knee and wrote. Twice at the stops he pounded sleepy operators out of bed, and by cajolery, threats and bribes managed to file.

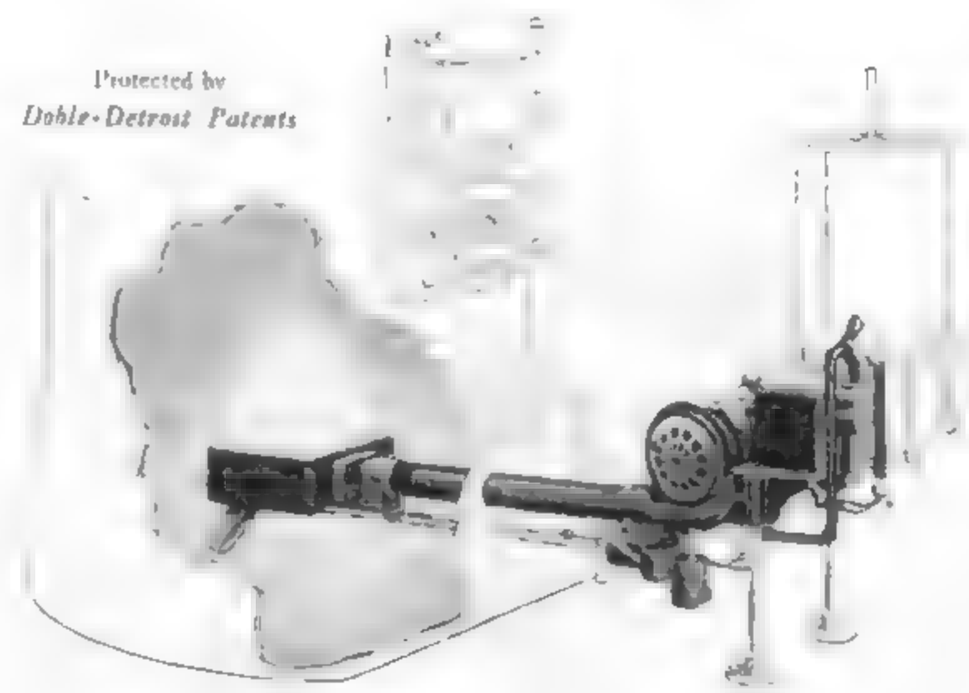
I fell asleep on the last stage, lulled by the monotonous typing of the wire hound, who was running off on his knee an item he had picked up at Crefeld from the operator. Then someone shook me, and I emerged from a dream that I was shooting past Dead Man's Corner, Verdun, with the ambulances.

"Gee, but he makes a lot of noise with that Brownie machine of his!" I thought as I struggled out of sleep.

As dream blended into reality I heard a machine gun, seeming perilously near by in the night stillness, fire a burst and settle down to a steady coffee milling. Another took it up: musketry rolled an irregular volley. Woof! And a shell had burst. Beyond the windows of our carriage rose an embankment against the faint dawn light. By instinct I realized that this was the bank of the Rhine. Above it a dim, far, whitish light was flickering irregularly against the sky. The rattle died out to silence, punctuated now and then by a short burst of machine-gun fire.

Only one light showed in the station. As for the surroundings, there was nothing but hedges and open fields. We pushed through the glass door which offered the light and found five men in German railroad uniform making coffee in a porcelain stove. Concerning the situation, they professed to know nothing, except that a lot of schweinhundishness was going on over there. No, they had no regular wire in that station; but there was one in town—a kilometer away. We checked our bags, after unloading them of cigarettes and chocolate, took the pup typewriter and set forth in the faint glimmering of dawn.

Across open fields we could make out a group of buildings along the river bank; over their roofs, now and then, shot a dull, intermittent, dark-red glow. We reached the buildings, turned into a town square and found ourselves in the midst of a



Nokol burns oil; put it in your furnace and end your coal troubles

YOU can end all the dirt and drudgery of your coal furnace if you'll remove its grates and insert Nokol.

Nokol burns oil; fits any modern steam, hot water or hot air furnace; leaves no dirt; looks after itself automatically.

A thermostat regulates its action entirely; you get any heat you want any hour; uniform all day if you wish; all automatically.

When you don't need heat the thermostat stops Nokol's operation; no oil is wasted in useless fire; a real economy.

Nokol has ended the coal troubles of hundreds of home owners; it'll do the same for you.

On the Fire Underwriters' Laboratories' List of Approved Appliances.

Price, $325, f. o. b. Chicago; average cost of installation, $35; tank prices in proportion to size. Write for literature.

Only representative men in their communities will be considered as dealers and distributers

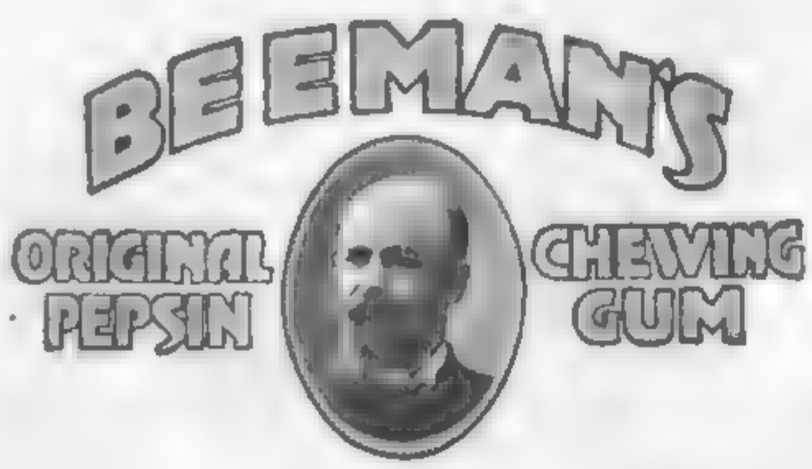
NO COAL NOKOL

automatic oil heater

THE STEAM CORPORATION

Division of Amalgamated Machinery Corporation

209–215 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLS.

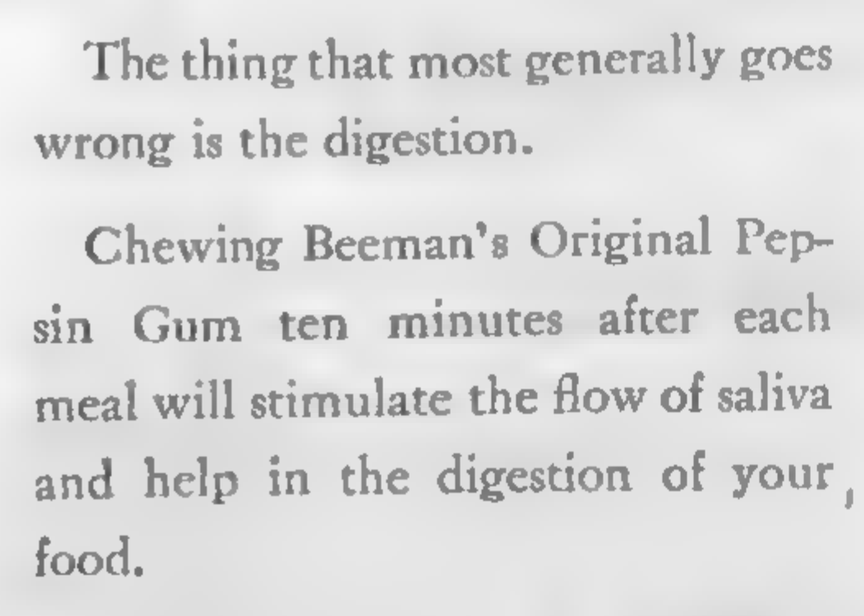


"Eating" Business

When men or women think business, eat business and sleep business to the exclusion of everything else they wake up some day to the realization of the fact that something has gone wrong.

The thing that most generally goes wrong is the digestion.

Chewing Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal will stimulate the flow of saliva and help in the digestion of your food.



American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester

helmeted, businesslike detachment of the Belgian Army. The square was filled with guns, caissons, machine-gun equipment. The horses, still harnessed, stood on three legs, their heads drooping as with the fatigue of a long night march. The men shivered with the chill of dawn. The glare had come from a camp kitchen rapidly making and issuing morning coffee. Across the river the racket had started up again—bursts of machine-gun fire and then steady milling, accompanied by the spattering of rifles, punctuated now and then by the boom of a departure or the woof of an arrival. Except for the lightness of the artillery fire, it sounded exactly like a rather nervous and lively dawn in the old days of French warfare.

As the dawn grew clearer we made out a Belgian flag and the legend "Town Headquarters" over a little gray building opposite the church. We found within the colonel working by a spluttering oil lamp—a square-built, pleasant man with three rows of service and decoration ribbons across his left breast. He seemed amused to find the American reporter already on the spot—"Ahead of my infantry," he said. As for crossing the bridge, that was impossible just now. But he held 180 interned Reichswehr prisoners, besides 100 wounded, sent over the bridge by the authorities to get them out of the way. Escorted by a private with orders, we proceeded to what seemed to be a disused private school on the very bank of the river. The firing had by now spluttered down almost to silence.

Like Real War

Someone had strewn the floor of the assembly room with fresh, clean straw, wherein lay Reichswehr soldiers in full German uniform, sleeping in the dead attitudes of complete exhaustion. At least a quarter of them wore bandages on arm or hand or head. On benches in the corner half a dozen of these bandaged men sat up, awake but drooping, as though their aches had forbidden sleep. These were only the more lightly wounded. The serious cases were in a town hospital and adjacent houses, where eight to ten of them had died in the course of the night. I tried to wake one or two men on the floor. They grunted when I shook them, opened their eyes and fell again into coma. Therefore we began with the wounded, though after we got conversation started two or three of the less weary woke and joined us.

As we patched their tales together it bore an odd, almost grotesque resemblance to the events of Concord and Lexington in our own history. The same professional army suddenly struck and defeated by an uprising of citizens, the same bewildered flight, growing every minute more panicky, through a country which buzzed like hornets with armed men, the same straining retreat to a fortified town.

"You couldn't fight them," said a wounded man whose Iron Cross proved that he had been through the big show. "You'd attack a body in front of you and fire would begin from your rear. You'd go through a quiet-looking town and it would begin from the housetops and windows."

The unwounded men admitted, with charming German frankness, that they were deserters. It had been too much for them, and they were afraid of what the Spartacists would do to them.

A short, stubby, pudgy-faced boy said: "They throw their prisoners into the air and burn them alive with petrol." His blue eyes grew round with horror, and he accompanied his words with appropriate gestures. "My captain, he told me that himself," he added.

It was war. You could see that now. The atrocity rumor had already begun. Another weary, red-eyed boy joined us. He was bare-headed. He had not deserted. Cut off with two companions on the banks of the Lippe, which joins the Rhine at Wesel, potted at all the way, he had swum down the river and reached the comparative safety of the Belgian bridgehead. There were three officers, one a lieutenant-colonel, in a school room next door. To our surprise, they wore civilian clothes. The colonel was found as frank as the civilian deserters.

He was a tall, lean man, with the hook-nosed goose type of German face.

They had all been dismissed from the army three days before, he said, and we delicately refrained from asking the reason. When Wesel was beleaguered they had been sent across to be interned. Avoiding like a soldier any information which would be of use to the enemy—as numbers, equipment and morale of the government troops—he gave a succinct, technical account which differed but little in essentials from that of the rank and file.

The detachments of the Reichswehr left scattered through the Ruhr had been ordered to march, as down the sticks of a fan, on Wesel. They had been fighting all the way—sometimes surrounded and forced to cut their way out. The day before they had groped and fought covering actions at two points where the sticks of the fan narrowed down to the handle. They had been forced back by rifle fire and by sheer weight of numbers. At nightfall all the Reichswehr troops of the Ruhr Basin were behind the intrenchments and the dismantled fortifications of Wesel. The fighting last night had been an insurgent attempt to cross the Lippe and to invest the citadel up the river from the city.

"I imagine from the direction of the firing that it failed," he said. "I hear no more shots."

True, the firing had died out, except for an occasional whip of a rifle sniping. Just then the two Belgian officers arrived to inform the Germans, coldly but courteously, that transport was ready to take them to Crefeld. As they filed out one of the younger Germans stepped out to ask us if we would make those Belgian swine give them plenty to eat.

It was broad day now—a glorious, bracing spring morning in the incomparable climate of the Rhine. More Belgian troops and transport had arrived; but they were clearing the square and moving on to Fort Blücher, their established position at the bridgehead on the left bank.

The huddled, colorless town of Büderich, thrust for a moment into history, looked from some fragments of its architecture to be at least 400 years old. Otherwise it was one of those villages so insignificant that you wonder why it is at all. Mostly it consisted of a square decorated with six discouraged-looking Linden trees surrounded by sober, two-story buildings of gray stone, and an old church, now ringing for early mass. There were one grocery, one pharmacy, one hardware store, one thread-button-and-general-notion store, displaying at the moment a shoddy line of Easter souvenirs and religious post cards, and one inn so humble that it claimed no name, but called itself merely "Hotel."

From the square ambled two or three streets which became discouraged after a block or so and let the country have its way. Among the shops the grocery alone had the dignity of a show window. At a corner near the church stood the town pump, whose handle, spout and bracket for water pails looked to have been hammered out centuries ago. When the women were not about its spout, Belgian soldiers were always washing there in pairs, one pumping while the other soaped and splashed.

The First Tip in Buderich

The inn was already making hay while the sun of war shone. The dining room proper had been commandeered for a mess. The tiny café was packed with civilians of Wesel, caught away from home, anxious to get back and solacing themselves with *schnapps* or weak beer. The Frau, plump and good-humored, made us our coffee, and being cajoled by the Herr Professor, even grafted some real bread for us from the Belgian mess. When we paid and tipped she asked what that extra five marks was for! Buderich was virgin! Further, when we asked for a morning newspaper she said that papers used to come in from Crefeld during the war, but that now the war was over people didn't need them any more. However, there was a telegraph office, with a neat, rosy-cheeked girl operator, who spoke a little book English.

When the wire hound had ripped off 500 words in a corner of the café, and filed, we joined a convoy of Belgian caissons going forward to the bridge. The small-arms battle across the river was spluttering intermittently. Every few minutes sounded a gun or an exploding shell. At the bridgehead on our side the Belgian guard, helmeted, flanked with two machine guns pointing toward interior Germany, stopped us dead, and in spite of our blandishments shooed us away. Most of that day we sniped along the banks, watching the battle, such as it was, from an all-too-safe distance.

(Continued on Page 85)

"NO holes in your stockings, children? Wonderful! Your last shoes, lined with 'Red-line-in,' certainly saved Mother a LOT of work and saved your Daddy a 'HEAP' of money."

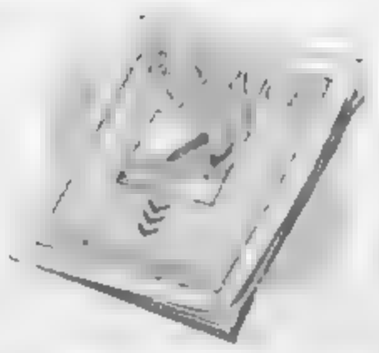
Buy 'Red-line-in' lined shoes and save-shoes, stockings, darning and money

"Red-line-in" is a shoe *lining*. We do not make *shoes*. But we do make this wonderful *lining* for shoe manufacturers who make *better* shoes—make shoes that last longer because they line them with our "Red-line-in" lining. Shoes lined with "Red-line-in" wear better. Therefore, they cost less. *More* wear—*less* cost. Quite simple, isn't it?

Tell your shoe dealer you know that "Red-line-in," by reinforcing the leather and easing the wear in seams, adds from 50 cents to $2.00 worth more wear *to any shoes lined with it;* that it means extra shoe-looks and extra shoe-comfort. And that it will reduce the holey-stocking pile in the darning bag. Because, you know, it's the broken lining that ruins stockings.

So when you want shoes for your children that will give more than usual wear, that will save stockings and save darning, just say to the shoe dealer: *"Give me shoes and see that 'Red-line-in' shoe lining."* Nothing will reduce the children's shoe and stocking expense as effectually as a "Red-line-in" lined shoe.

Insist upon "Red-line-in" lining in *all* your shoes. It is easy to tell it. There are *Red Lines* running through the lining—up and down. Your dealer has these better-value shoes or can get them for you.



"THE SERVICE STRIPE"

Upon request, and without obligation on your part, we will send this booklet. It tells how NOT to buy shoes in the pig-in-the-poke way. It will give you information on shoe values you probably never thought of before.

FARNSWORTH, HOYT COMPANY, *Est. 1856*
Lincoln and Essex Sts., Boston, Mass.

'Red-line-in'
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHOE LINING
Makes shoes wear longer

Secrets from a Waste-killer's note book

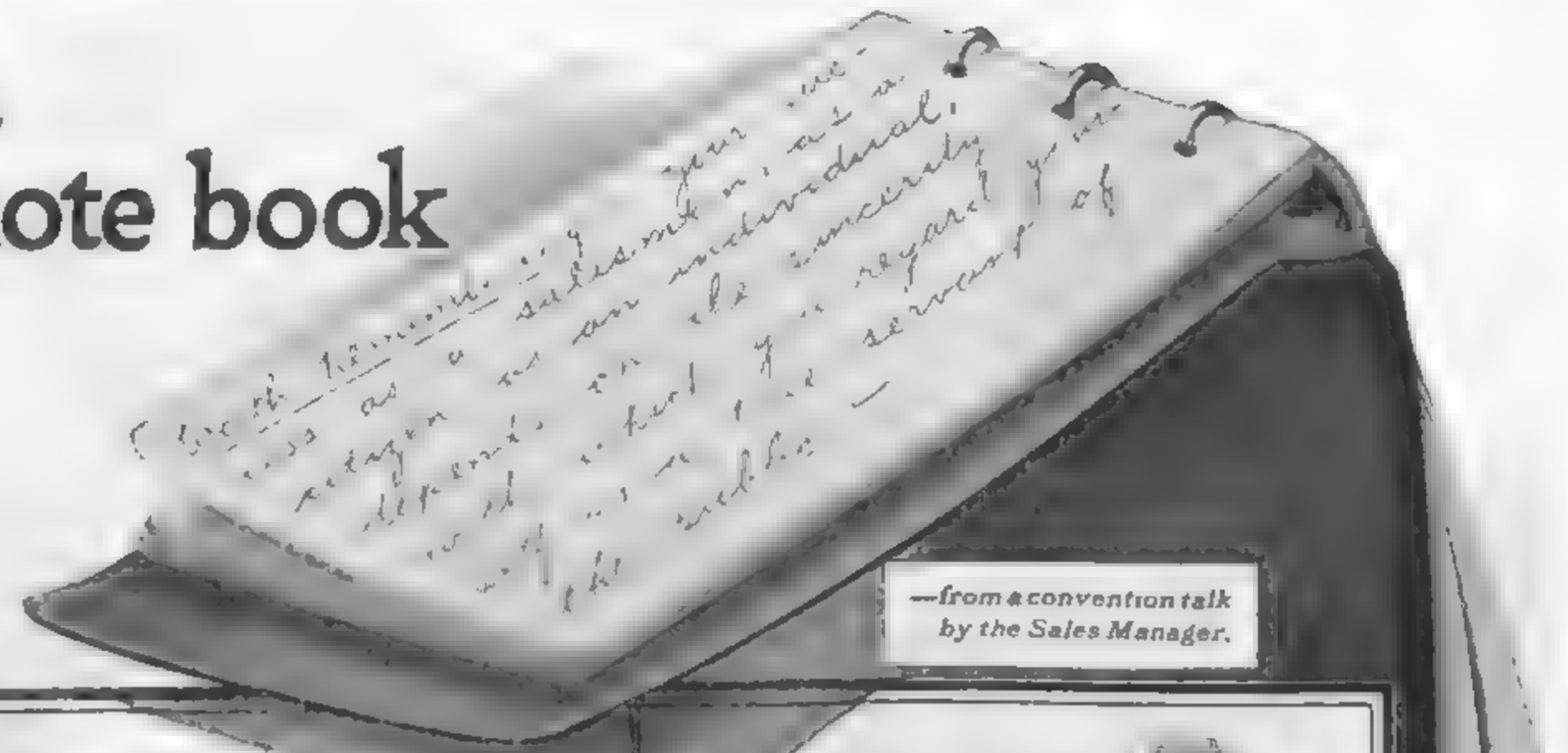
SUCH bits of salesmen's experience as are quoted below are representative of the spirit of the Johns-Manville Sales Organization.

When Johns-Manville salesmen are assembled in conventions all over the land, these "close-ups" of personal experiences in everyday serving and selling come to light.

From note books, reports, or even from memory come incidents which indicate more truly than anything else the kind of men they are and the type of institution they represent.

Each of these men in his territory is the Johns-Manville Company to a certain group of people. Collectively, these "waste-killers" are Johns-Manville Service—humanized.

So in presenting these little human experiences we are hopeful that those who as yet may not know this company, through its men, may gain in part at least the regard for them that thousands with whom we do business already have.

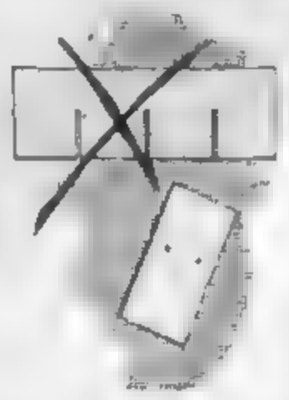


—from a convention talk by the Sales Manager.

Garage man says, "Our Brake-Lining is too good"

J. T. J. Garage says, "Our lining lasts too long." A hard one to come back at, because the answer sounds like preaching. Told him that even though he sells less of our brake-lining per customer, per year, he'll be building the kind of confidence that makes more customers. Either the advertising or the brake-lining itself is making people ask for Johns-Manville instead of just brake-lining—maybe both.

Confusion between Asphalt and Asbestos



Saw a man today who swore he bought Asbestos Shingles in flexible strips. He didn't have Asbestos Shingles at all. Very much surprised when I showed him how much more durable and better looking and fire safe the Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingle would have been.

There's a lot of confusion between asphalt and asbestos shingles in the public mind. I notice our advertising is trying to straighten this out.

A piece of chalk that saved $5,000.00

Tuesday went through a plant where they had a lot of dryers and other equipment representing thousands of square feet of bare, hot surfaces. Drew a small square with chalk on one dryer wall and bet the engineer that one ton of coal a year was lost in wasted heat. Proved it with our tables—in fact, the figure should have been 1.6 tons. We start insulating all his dryers 2 weeks from today. He's glad I came in, he says.

Here's a funny one

Saw two pumps exactly alike in engine room, Hotel ——.

To start one, you had to open the steam valve two turns, then kick the rod before she'd move.

The other pump started easily with ¼ turn opening of the valve. Good idea to prove reduced packing friction when our Sea Rings are used instead of ordinary packing. Also less loss of steam power, saving in rod and packing wear.

Sold 4,500 sq. ft. of silence

Stenographic room; 24 girls all working; some noise! Sold owner acoustical treatment by showing him saving from increased efficiency from his office force. Installation contract has clause in it which says: Work to be done without serious interruption to business—easy!

Remember this date—

Give lecture on fire prevention. Our Asbestos Roofing distributor and his dealers asked me to give a talk at the High School, next Tuesday, on Fire Prevention. We should all do more of this, as a part of our service of conservation.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
296 Madison Avenue, New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities
For Canada:
CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd.
Toronto

COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos
and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak-proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risk
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Continued from Page 82)

Just above this bridge the mouth of the Lippe cuts a slash of brighter water into the more soberly colored Rhine, which at this point is nearly a quarter of a mile wide. Just before it joins the Rhine the Lippe throws off a short boat canal, so forming an island. That island was considered Belgian territory—a part of the northern bridgehead. To reach Wesel one must cross the Rhine bridge, turn to the left on this island and traverse the shorter Lippe bridge.

That Lippe bridge was set as the dividing line between the Belgian territory and belligerent territory. Through glasses borrowed from a passing officer we could make out brown Belgian sentries standing helmeted at our end of the bridge, gray German sentries at the other. To the left, along the Rhine, stretched Wesel, a compact, pretty town of some 30,000 inhabitants; near by a fringe of factories, half of them working, though the town was at the moment shelled; farther away gray-peaked roofs and spires. But action, except for the fall of an occasional shell on the town, lay to the right, upstream from the bridge. First in view was that fortified island of the Belgians, topped with a little forest. It sloped with geometrical regularity to a wide, green meadow, through which we could trace the pale, bright course of the Lippe. Beyond that were fringes of houses, knotted into a village toward the extreme right of the view.

Through this stretch of landscape men—of course invisible—were banging away at intervals all day long with rifle and machine gun. At intervals the Reichswehr shelled the fringe of houses beyond the meadow, and especially the little town. It was Friedrichsfeld, the Belgians told us, and served as advance headquarters for the insurgents on that wing. You would hear the detonation of the gun from Wesel to the left; you would hear the scream of the shell—you could almost imagine you saw the projectile in its course; you would hear the "crump" far to the right. Then from Friedrichsfeld would drift up a pillar of pulverized plaster in case it had struck a house, or a black dust in case it had landed on the fields.

This bombardment of a German town by the Germans seemed to be giving the Belgians most intense satisfaction.

"Good! Score one more for Ypres!" I heard one of them exclaim as he marked through his glasses a perfect hit.

A Truce Agreed Upon

Belgian officers, hampered now by no rules of military censorship, fed the wire hound all the story he needed in the course of that day. Somehow it got across the bridge, as news will with armies.

The night attack, with the object of crossing the Lippe and taking the citadel, had failed. The Reichswehr was driving the enemy back on this side—but not too far back. They dared not. Greatly outnumbered, they feared that these persistent assaults along the river were only ruses to draw them away from the defense of the other side of the town—far less strongly fortified and their opening to the government base at Münster.

"Some say there are 50,000 reds before Wesel," remarked a Flemish captain who passed with us the time of day. "And some say there are 10,000 Reichswehr. If you told me 20,000 reds and 5000 Reichswehr I shouldn't dispute with you. The line is ten or twelve miles long—held only in spots of course. At best, the boche can't spare many troops if the reds try to outflank their left."

At about three o'clock all firing died out. There was not even the whip of a sniper's rifle. The wire hound, plodding back to Büderich to play his pocket typewriter and to file, found that the town had adopted the last desperate measure which it takes only in times of great excitement. The village bus driver, going down toward Crefeld to get more beer, had been asked to bring up the papers. Even the Berlin journals are bad enough as purveyors of news. The German provincial journals are the worst things in print. Brazenly, between political essays, they publish scissored items with date lines three or four days old. But this one did have a single item of current date. It reported that the leaders of both sides, meeting in Bielefeld, had agreed to a truce of forty-eight hours. We interviewed the colonel, who was cordial but cagy.

"However, I still think you'll see some fighting if you care to remain," he said.

By now the Belgian army had started a set of those rumors which mark the early stages of all wars, even a little one like this. The Bolsheviki were rising all over Europe, they said. The Russian army had broken through on the Polish Front, had taken Warsaw, was marching on Posen. Pressed for authority, they said they got it from the Reichswehr officers across the river. At dinnertime a young lieutenant from Liège even trimmed the story by whispering that barricades were up in Paris.

But all was peace in the region of Wesel. Just after dark, however, the show started again, though very lightly. We plodded across open fields to the bank of the Rhine and watched a rather pretty fireworks exhibition. The Reichswehr, apparently equipped with all things necessary for war, was sending up parachute flares at intervals. They would rise, burst, hang, bringing out of the darkness as on a cinema screen a brilliant blue-white circle of houses, trees and fields. From the darkness beyond that area would snap little sudden flashes—singly for rifles, in rippling series for machine-gun fire. Now and then in the distance would twinkle the giant electric firefly of a bursting shrapnel shell. Worn out by now with forty straight hours on our feet, we rolled into the surprisingly clean and comfortable beds of our hotel.

Under Fire Again

At dawn we were up and having a wash de luxe, not at the town pump like the soldiers, but at the exclusive private pump in the back yard of our hotel. The silence was absolute. A Belgian captain, coming in sleepily from a night tour of inspection, informed us that fighting had stopped at about midnight. We hurried up our coffee and had the luck to catch the colonel just as he entered headquarters. We had been with his army a whole day now—doubtless someone had been watching us—and he must have known from our activities with the wire that we were what we represented ourselves to be. So when we opened again the subject of a pass into Wesel he acquiesced at once. The wire hound took time to rip off a brief flash on the events of the night, and we started.

Just then a heavy gun went off across the river, and the machine guns spattered into its echo. As we walked down the road along came the colonel's car, driven by his special chauffeur, a sprightly Flemish youth who spoke English, German and French equally badly and whom we had already on our staff.

"Aha," said he, "you see a fight to-day! Those reds is merely 100 meters from our bridgehead! Back one time again!"

In fact the rattle was increasing every minute. Just as we turned down the last stretch of wood toward the Rhine bridge the air shook and a black, falling cloud appeared out of nothing. When we came into better view of the bridges and the opposite bank it happened again, and directly over that Lippe bridge which we must cross to enter Wesel. It was shrapnel—the German variety, as black as the cinders of hell. My mouth began to get dry, as it always does under such circumstances. I glanced at my two companions, for whom this sort of thing was a new experience. They looked perfectly game, though the wire hound admitted afterward that he found a sudden and specific interest in the question whether his life insurance included war risk.

As we crossed the Rhine bridge it happened again. The rattle just behind the little hill wood which created the Belgian island was increasing. That Rhine bridge, made for defense as well as for passage, has two heavy concrete towers like fortresses on the northern end. We found them packed with Belgian troops, prudently under shelter until needed. An agreeable young fellow in mufti—some kind of functionary in the Belgian civil control, we thought—took our pass and gave us advice.

The fighting was on up to the very edge of the Belgian island. Through a crack in the thick iron gates which the Belgians had drawn shut he pointed out the Lippe bridge, where two Belgian sentries stood at stiff attention, notwithstanding one of them had his back toward the action. The bridge was being shelled, he said. Lord knew why, because no one but an allied commissioner or so had passed over it for two days. We'd better hurry on there, because the shelling was intermittent; you couldn't count on it.

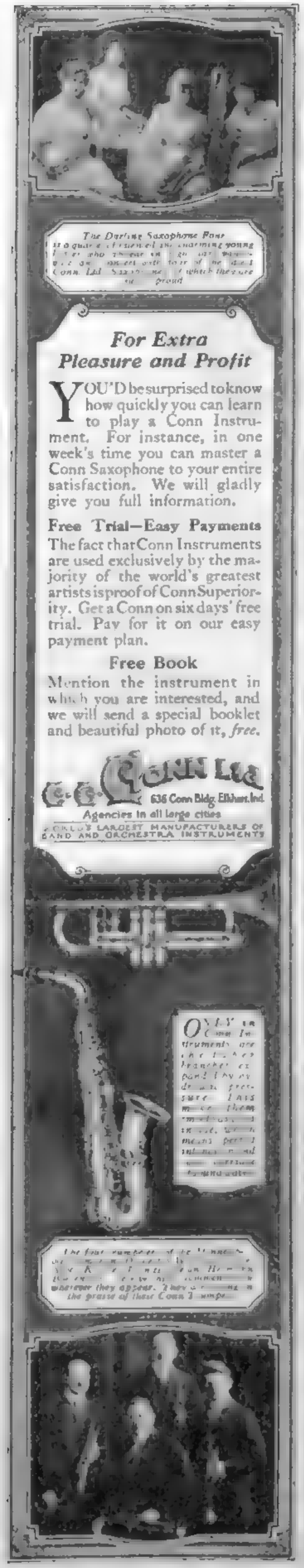
YOU'LL make it perfectly clear what you want when you come out flat and say to your dealer, "Give me a pair of Ivory Garters." He'll know you're on the inside of a first class sock security and will respect your choice as a wise one.

For Ivory Garters return full dividends in leg comfort and service satisfaction. They have no metal or pads. They are light and soothing and easy on your "pins". Scientific principles of design and construction make them instantly and naturally adjustable to your legs. Their easy purchase on your limbs makes them a secure and safe sock support, yet they're so light you don't once realize you're wearing garters.

There's no secret about how to get your Ivory Garters. Say to your dealer, "A pair of Ivory Garters, please," and he'll cover your signal.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans, U. S. A.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN


The Darling Saxophone Four
For Extra
Pleasure and Profit
YOU'D be surprised to know how quickly you can learn to play a Conn Instrument. For instance, in one week's time you can master a Conn Saxophone to your entire satisfaction. We will gladly give you full information.
Free Trial—Easy Payments
The fact that Conn Instruments are used exclusively by the majority of the world's greatest artists is proof of Conn Superiority. Get a Conn on six days' free trial. Pay for it on our easy payment plan.
Free Book
Mention the instrument in which you are interested, and we will send a special booklet and beautiful photo of it, free.
C. G. CONN Ltd
636 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.
Agencies in all large cities
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

Just then another shell, quite accurately timed, made a vicious black cloud in the air over the bridge, and those two Belgian sentries never moved a muscle. But the real danger, our instructor went on, was the banked road just beyond the bridge. That was out of the protecting cover of the wooded hillock on the Belgian island and in direct range of the insurgent rifle fire. As soon as we left the Lippe bridge he recommended us to drop down behind the road embankment and to crouch as we walked. We hurried on at as fast a pace as pride allowed.

Those Belgian sentries at the bridge entrance turned out too utterly imperturbable. They insisted on stopping us for passes. When we explained that our passes were left with the officer there in the rear they argued the question and wanted us to go back for special orders. My eye cocked upward involuntarily as I talked, and with great relief I heard a voice hallooing from the Rhine bridgehead, saw an officer waving to the sentry. No more shrapnel broke, but the machine guns behind us had now passed from short, sharp rattles to a steady drumming.

Then just as we passed the German edge of the Lippe bridge an odd thing happened. I heard a sharp burst of German, and found myself suddenly, dramatically surrounded by three men in the uniform of the old enemy, even to the all-enveloping helmet. One does not shake in a moment the mental habits of five years. I found myself for a fraction of an instant under the impression that I had been taken by the enemy. But their intentions were benevolent. They were only dragging us down to cover from that dangerous road. The sergeant in charge of the squad explained that at times it was all kicked up with bullets.

At Headquarters

The firing began to fall off. The banked road ran into level with the earth 100 yards or so beyond, and there was still another 100 yards or so before we got the cover of Wesel proper. Still tempering speed with dignity, we traversed this space without hearing the sing of a single bullet. The fire was growing lighter every moment. We shot round a building into a street of little garden-haunted cottages. And down the street were coming school children, swinging their book satchels, playing tag, dropping out by ones and twos at their own front gates! It is always happening so in besieged or beleaguered towns.

Wesel indeed appeared on the surface much like any of those French towns which were under occasional shell fire in the days of the great war. Life was going on normally, but at a muted pace. Traffic was proceeding on the streets—country carts, bakers' wagons, trucks. Women were scrubbing doorsteps or hanging out washing. Children were playing in the crannies by the cathedral. The shops were all doing business. And still the civilian crowds were rather slim. A shell exploded a few blocks away. At the sound everyone stopped for an instant in what he was doing, and then proceeded from exactly where he had left off—like a momentary halt in a movie film.

As we approached the center of town we encountered more and more German soldiers. They seemed to me exactly like the big, gray, stalwart, stolid fellows whom I used to see in Belgium during the early days. Even the officers, striding along in their fawn-gray overcoats, seemed to walk with the old assurance—very unlike the officers whom I had seen in Berlin in the days just before the Kapp coup. Those seemed to be apologizing for their existence. A squad of gray-green huzzars on fine, lean, black horses clanked down the streets. They looked down on the civilians with splendid, tolerant scorn.

Headquarters had been established in an old Imperial barracks, and the daring idea of interviewing the general struck the wire hound. In the guardroom, as we sent up our names, lounged a dozen burly, square-shouldered infantrymen, all but one—I noticed—wearing the Iron Cross of the first or second class. They, too, looked Old Army. We were blocked off from the general by a little pop-eyed, scrubby captain, who seemed rather nervous in presence of the American press and who handed out a meaningless statement to the effect that all was going well. As a matter of fact, the general was closeted all that day with certain representatives of the Allied High Commission, passing and repassing that curious hidden diplomacy which obscured this Ruhr affair all through its course. Apparently that little battle by the bridgehead, through whose fringes we had passed, had already turned out a Reichswehr victory.

"The insurgents infiltrated again across the Ruhr during the night," explained the captain, "but we have driven them back even beyond Friedrichsfeld. We expect reënforcements."

On we passed then to a more open and certain source of information—the editor of the town newspaper, who, after only one day's suspension, was getting out his sheet again. He emerged from his sanctum—a grave, gray-headed, dignified man—accompanied by an equally grave dachshund. He confirmed the news of the initial victory; he confirmed also our suspicion that the Reichswehr dared bring up no very great force to resist the persistent attacks on the citadel and the area by the Belgian bridgehead, because they feared a flanking attack on the other side. But so far most of the real action had occurred by the bridgehead. The town was cut off; all the railway lines between it and the Dutch border were held by the insurgents. But Wesel was provisioned for at least two weeks. Further, he gave reasons for the Reichswehr picking this city as a point of concentration. Not only was it a fortified town with two bridges leading back across the Rhine, but it was politically conservative. The Burgomeister was of the People's Party—heir of the old National Liberals. There were only a few Communists. The young men of the town were enlisting. His own son was fighting at the front as a volunteer.

We believed that the town was well provisioned when at the hotel a Guatemalan waiter stranded in Germany served us a better luncheon than we had found at Stuttgart or at Düsseldorf. In the midst of luncheon a disturbance broke out on the street—people flashed past the windows, running. We ducked outside in time to see a squad of soldiers marching away three roughly dressed men who walked with their hands up.

"Spartacist spies," ran the rumor through the crowd.

Scarcely were we seated when I heard strong, heavy masculine voices singing four parts. Past the window came a machine-gun company with its transport, singing on the way to action just as I used to hear the Uhlans in 1914. Only they lacked the old, confident ardor of the days when the great war was new. They marched indeed with their shoulders hunched a little forward, as though they already expected bullets. That attitude, and the great helmets cocked on the back of their heads, gave them a remote resemblance to the Jewish comedian of our vaudeville stage.

Wesel Bombarded

The waiter informed us that the three long-range guns which the insurgents captured at the first rush by Elberfeld had been firing on the town at intervals all night. Twenty or more shells and several buildings gone, but only two children and their nurse killed—we had that already on the better authority of the editor. And we had scarcely paid and departed than a "Crump," followed a few minutes later by another, showed that the insurgents were shelling us again. Perhaps eight or ten shells struck in the next twenty minutes. Wesel behaved exactly as bombarded towns always behave. It went about its business, but all human voices stopped and the crowds showed a tendency to huddle in knots. First the adult voices were heard no more, and the cries of playing children came disagreeably shrill through the silence. Then the children caught the infection. You heard only the rumble of wheels and the occasional bark of a dog. A quarter of an hour passed without any further explosions—and the city buzzed again.

When—started back on the trail of the inexorable wire—we reached the outskirts of the town we heard infantry action, but farther away. On the banked road to the bridge stood now one or two citizens gazing intently northward. The German soldiers at their head of the Lippe bridge had come out from the shelter of the bank and the sergeant had set up shop in a large sentry box. However, when we started to spread a map he made us come indoors, because we were still in range and the flutter might draw fire. The shooting began again presently, and we saw within a few minutes as much as a detached spectator ever does see of modern battle. The town cut off our view to the left, the bulk of the Belgian island that to our right. Between the two stretched a flat, light green prospect of marsh and meadow varied by an occasional gray building.

Prominently, in the center of the green view and perhaps three-quarters of a mile away, rose a big, pinkish-gray building with bizarre turrets. Just to its left was a railroad bridge across the farther reaches of the Lippe. The firing of rifles and machine guns seemed all to come from that direction. The building was the Lippeschloss, a suburban resort which was always changing hands in this curious little war. We heard the toot and puffing of a train, which seemed odd to us in this town of severed railway connections, and into view down the track leading to the railroad bridge emerged a locomotive pushing a single square, gray car with no visible doors and windows. Machine guns rattled. We could make out a light mist about the car.

It was an armored train. It stopped a little short of the railroad bridge and the firing went on for perhaps five minutes. Then it pushed forward again until it passed the railroad bridge and stood just before the Lippeschloss. A minute or two of continuous machine-gun and rifle fire, and complete silence fell. In imagination I could see the insurgents rushing back, crouching, from their trenches by the railroad bridge, tumbling from the back door of the Schloss. The train rested with steam up, seeming by its heavy, confident puffing to proclaim itself monarch of all it surveyed. But no one fired, except for an occasional sniper.

An Indignant Colonel

But when we had traversed the Rhine and came to the Belgian end of the bridge we encountered spot news which sent the wire hound on a dogtrot back to Wesel and the wire. The Belgian guard, to whom by now we were familiar—essential feature of this miniature war—surrounded us, talking all at once. Three shells—three shrapnel shells—had just been fired across the river at them not half an hour ago. Look! Two burst just down there. The other had struck in front of Fort Blücher—their fort—had ricocheted, had burst beyond the back entrance. They ran down to show us the hole that it had scooped in the macadamized roadway exactly in front of the entrance to Fort Blücher. We proceeded, breathless, to the colonel. His blue eyes were snapping, and he became almost undiplomatic in his indignation.

"Not only those three shells, gentlemen," he said, "but seven others in the last two hours on the island which is part of our advanced bridgehead—besides rifle fire. Fortunately none of my boys was hit. The fire came from the insurgent positions. I have sent word through Duisburg that if this happens again we will fire. Those boche ——"

Here he checked what promised to be a fine burst of language and turned the subject. "A curious war, *n'est-ce-pas?* Really you gentlemen must find it a test on your literary skill to vary your reports from day to day. In and out, back and forth, like an accordion."

He made the gesture without which no two-handed man seems able to mention an accordion.

We had settled down to writing on the table beside the beer tap of our hotel when something went off with a violence which rattled the windows, and the son of the proprietor came running in to announce that they were shelling Büderich. The words were not yet translated by the Herr Professor before the wire hound had tweaked out his regular dispatch, turned in a fresh sheet with carbon and was typing a flash. Then away he sped, to confirm for himself before filing. The Herr Professor, trotting in his wake, picked up confirmation as he ran. Just then another shell screamed overhead, but no explosion followed.

Investigation showed that Number One had struck in the earth not 100 yards from a Belgian field battery on the river bank. Either it was high explosive or overtimed shrapnel. At any rate it had dug a fine little crater. And just as the wire hound was filing, the station master, spluttering with indignation, telephoned that a shell which failed to explode had buried itself between the rails of the railroad track, smashing two ties. He wanted the telegraph operator to complain at once to the Belgian colonel and to telephone for the Allied Armies—the British, the Americans, the French—anybody to stop this swinehoundishness on his

(Continued on Page 89)

Entrance Belgian Embassy, Washington, D.C.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

OWNERS who have driven this car for long periods, over great distances, and under all conditions of travel, find that its power is increased and it runs even more quietly after miles of use. They declare the *only* change in the Willys-Knight Sleeve-Valve motor is *improvement with use.*

They find a source of steadily growing satisfaction in its daily consistency of performance, and the realization that its sleeve-valves need no adjustment.

From this accumulated experience of owners, *you* can judge what the Willys-Knight car will mean to you.

Willys-Knight Booklet on Request

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

Willys-Overland Limited, Toronto, Canada

The John N. Willys Export Corp., New York

On the 5:15

"It's a short run and a merry one" when Velvet is timekeeper.

Let a man relax between office and home with a brier-load or two of kindly Velvet and just watch the good-humor ooze with him right in through the front door! It couldn't be otherwise. Velvet had sunshine grown into it down in old Kentucky—America's tobacco wonderland.

Then it was mellowed into mildness by its two years' ageing in wooden hogsheads. And with that real Nature-made tobacco fragrance circulating 'round them—when they get the aroma and smoothness of Kentucky's prize Burley, you bet every man will say: "The 5:15 is just a pleasure excursion every day."

But as Velvet Joe says:

"A page of argufyin' can't talk tobacco sense to you like your little old friend pipe."

Pass the Velvet!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyright 1920.

America's smoothest tobacco

(Continued from Page 86)

railroad. Three other shells, we found later, had hit the Rhine just in front of our field battery. None of this could be accounted for on the theory of wild shooting. We waited all the evening for more shells, but none came, and the night across the river was very quiet.

When, next morning, we started again for Wesel, it occurred to me to cross the Belgian island and look a little nearer at the state of affairs along the Lippe. That island is all a knot of military works, now by the treaty dismantled of its guns, but still cut into queer mounds for the complex purposes of defense. On its top, as I have said, lies a hill forest of three or four acres; its farther side runs down in a rolling, open meadow to the Lippe canal. Near the canal is a bank like an exaggerated golf bunker, with cemented dugouts on its lee side. This the Belgians were using as an outpost.

Across the meadow, canal and marshes we could see much more nearly and clearly the Lippeschloss. It appeared from the succinct, soldierly account of the Belgian sergeant in command at the outpost that the insurgents during the night had filtered back into the Lippeschloss and the environs of the railroad bridge. In that direction indeed rifles were firing invisibly at invisible foes. It was a pity we hadn't been at the outpost day before yesterday, the sergeant added. They had seen the insurgents just beyond the canal charge recklessly against Reichswehr machine guns—and fail.

"They went down like flies over there," said the sergeant.

Then as we watched, a Reichswehr patrol of four men came trudging into sight along the canal.

"Drawing the enemy fire to find where he is," said the sergeant, and added grimly, "if one succeeds over there one dies."

The four men plodded along, making little excursions forward, falling back for a consultation, going on again. Their gray uniforms against the tender spring green of the marshes made them beautiful targets, I thought. On the marshes, and between us and the Schloss, lay a series of parallel gullies. Down these they crawled, as though for a closer look. Intensely interested, both the Belgians and our party mounted the parapet of the outpost, watching every move. Rifle fire began—two or three shots at a time—from over by the Schloss.

Dodging Snipers' Bullets

"They've drawn it at last," I started to say, when I noticed the sergeant and all his squad leaping in undignified haste from the parapet to cover. At the same moment I was aware that two invisible bees had buzzed in the air. The wire hound, the Herr Professor and I followed to cover. Quite plainly this was no mistake. Someone over there had been shooting at us. From cover we watched the patrol wriggle forward, stop, establish itself in fox holes.

Apparently there would be no action here for the present. We turned back—I, who knew a little more than the others about such affairs, with a shade of nervousness about crossing that perfectly open meadow. But though the Herr Professor caught himself on a wire fence and had to be extricated at leisure, nothing happened until we were fifty yards or so from the little hill grove. Then came a buzzing and almost simultaneously the whip of a rifle much nearer than the others we had heard that morning. By instinct I did the absolutely wrong thing.

"Drop flat!" I yelled, and set the example.

"Buzz-crack!" again.

My knees were scarcely on the earth before I realized how foolish this was—not to add undignified. We hadn't the cover of a three-inch blade of grass—were only making of ourselves perfect set targets.

"Run for it!" I yelled, and as I started I saw to it out of the tail of my eye that the others were following.

Afterward we were proud of the fact that we hadn't run very fast, for the cynical eyes of the Belgians were on us. As we started a burst of shots came in rapid succession, as though there were two or three men firing. Also more bullets sang. Then two leisurely shots—the snipers were taking better aim—and something with a most convincing punch hit the trunk of a tree just ahead. As I reached the wood I heard a pair of feet running beside me, and for a terrified instant remembered that there should be two. I whirled, half afraid of what I might see. But the Herr Professor was behind us, holding the collar of his fur coat up round his ears as against rain and going strong for a man of his years. As we settled in the cover of a bank a little gray rabbit leaped out from almost under our feet and streaked down the road.

"Take your time, molly cottontail!" said the wire hound. "You're safe from me this morning!"

In my youth I often shot at running jack rabbits with a .22 rifle. Until that instant I never appreciated their emotions. The snipers, I calculated, had fired from some three or four hundred yards. Possibly every irregularity in the marshy meadow concealed a lurking insurgent rifleman. And I thank the heavenly powers that they were not American Marines, for the shooting had been very poor.

Buttoned Shoulder Straps

Wesel was almost a new town when we arrived. Reënforcements had somehow made their way down from Münster during the night, and the streets were full of soldiers. Even more than the day before did they bear the aspect of Kaiserism. I wondered then, and I wonder yet, whether the insurgents were not half right in their declaration that the Noske army was in its spirit monarchistic and militaristic. There were the old black-horse Death's Head Hussars, for example, with their mortar-board helmets, their skull and crossbones on collar and pennons, their display of Iron Crosses and war ribbons, their air of superior insolence. The whole atmosphere indeed had grown more insolent.

The day before, beleaguered and under vigorous attack, the Reichswehr officers had seemed comparatively humble. Now when we applied for a sight of the general and for news we met only cold formality and were handed out a communiqué as devoid of nourishment as an *ersatz* German soup. And the Herr Professor, of course, better informed on German affairs than we, noted one slight but significant detail. All the privates wore shoulder straps embroidered—and sometimes elaborately—with regimental numbers and insignia.

Now in the American and British armies the buttoned shoulder strap is a useful part of the uniform, for we sling much pack from the shoulder and the strap helps hold it in place. The Germans use blanket rolls and knapsacks; the shoulder strap is merely an ornament. It had become, however, a symbol of old-fashioned iron militarism—of the system. Buttoned, it signified that the wearer was under strict discipline; unbuttoned, that he was on leave or under discipline of the second degree. The National Assembly long ago ordered the shoulder strap abolished, along with much other imperial trapping. But here it was at Wesel, back again on the German uniform and tightly buttoned.

A new placard, flaunting its red paper on shop windows and walks, hinted not only at this spirit but at a story. Recruits, it proclaimed, were wanted from among the loyal youth of Wesel for the Eleventh Düsseldorf Hussars. No cowards, but brave, loyal German men, understanding their true duty to the Fatherland. A statement in the communiqué deploring exaggerated rumors as to the numbers and power of the enemy gave us another hint. By trailing down the gossip to its source we found that there had been a lively local night attack somewhere to the north, and that the Reichswehr troops at this point had run like rabbits. Streaming back into Wesel, they had spread terrified rumors that 50,000—100,000—even 150,000 reds were marching on the town.

They had been arrested, disarmed, discharged in disgrace.

The lines lay farther out to-day. The Schloss was firmly in the hands of the Reichswehr, which was shelling occasionally a group of buildings in the far distance. A cautious look on our way back to Büderich seemed to prove that the insurgent pickets had abandoned the meadow beyond the Lippe. One of the insurgent heavy guns was reported captured. Only four shells fell on the town. One took a nick out of that wire factory on the Rhine bank which had worked all through the rumpus, but did no further damage. The accordeon had pulled itself out again. You could feel the pep departing from this little war.

Now all day the wire hound, scooping up rumor and sifting it out into accurate news, negotiating for a telephone connection between Wesel and Büderich, asking a million questions through the Herr Professor from anyone whom he could buttonhole—the wire hound had been speculating on the whereabouts of his competitors. That we should find an unloaded wire to Paris next door to a story of such world importance—that we should work it for three days and encounter no rival—seemed like a Richard Harding Davis reporter story.

"It looks too good to be true," he said in one of his pessimistic moments. "Probably the rest of the American and English gang are somewhere on the inside—Münster, say—with all the information and a connection to New York via Berlin, scooping the buttons off my shirt."

This mood alternated with one of extreme, exultant good humor. It was in this mood that, as we dragged our weary, sore feet across the Rhine bridge, he spoke his heart.

"Here I wanted to get into the big show," he said, "but a married man with a family, in his late thirties, wasn't in a position to volunteer. I applied for an overseas job, but after Sharkey got it in the leg in Russia and Charlie Thompson's face was dented on the Carso, the G. M. ruled that he'd send over no more married men. I didn't get across until after the armistice. And now I've been shot at! And I wasn't half so scared as I thought I was going to be!"

"Wait until the second," I said from the depths of a little experience.

I was privileged by now to add to the wire hound's reports what slight military knowledge I have. So I did not violate good manners when—arrived at the inn—I looked over his shoulder as the keyboard of his Brownie typewriter disappeared under his fingers. He started:

"Büderich, 51,700. Correspondent accompanied American writer atsniped seven times insurgent riflemen smorning while on Belgian territory."

Then he tore the paper out of the machine and started again.

"I'd better put that in farther down," he remarked.

But as he said it there were quivers of pride about his mouth.

Camera Boys on the Job

He had, a half an hour later, other reasons for pride. As we passed down the street to the telegraph office a sergeant hailed us from a window of headquarters, handed out a telegram addressed to the wire hound.

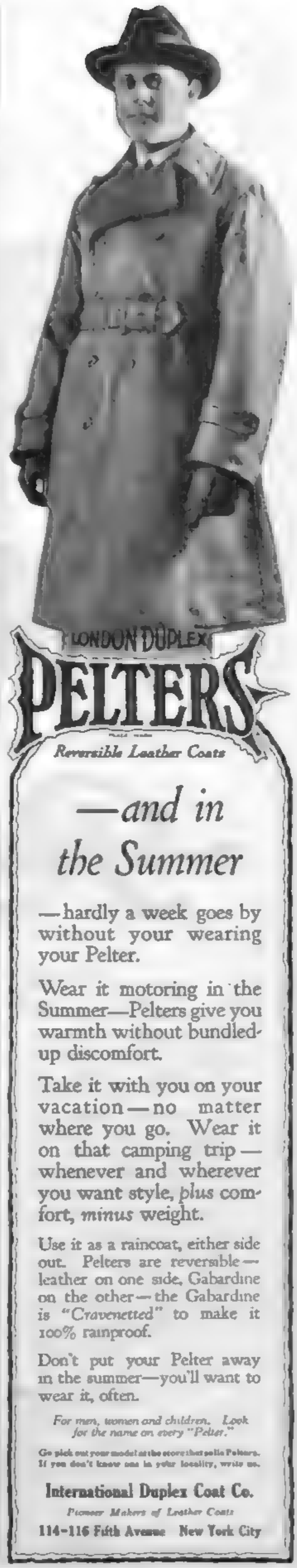
"Paris, 42100," it read. "Congratulations. Newyork wires your South-German dates practically exclusive. Watch Essen."

So the reporter's dream had come true! Not another wire hound in Europe had thought of that simple, obscure little telegraph office just across the river from Wesel. Even the Herr Professor and I felt a vicarious pride.

Next morning the dream broke. As we were getting a morning wash at the town pump, our private hotel pump having at the moment a waiting list, an unfamiliar black automobile drew up before the inn. It discharged a cinema outfit, with operators, and three dark-complexioned, spruce gentlemen with canes hooked over their arms who would have been recognizable on Mars for Parisian journalists. Le Matin's man presented his card and his professional felicitations to his American confrères, and would we kindly tell him what was doing?

There were other signs indicating that we might as well go away from that place. A crowd was lined up before the commandant's office—all kinds of people with all kinds of baggage. The insurgents had fallen so far back during the night that our colonel had opened the bridge to bona fide residents of Wesel caught outside by the attack. We streamed across the bridge with them, I tormented with memories of old refugee mobs in the five years' war. It was strange how many tiny resemblances this little affair bore to its larger predecessor.

We crossed the bridge, the film and camera men dropping out to register the Belgian troops manning a machine gun. The Belgian Army, relieved from the strain and irritation of the past four days, was in a pleasant, sociable and joking mood. However, as we stood watching the machine gunners act before the camera we heard cheering and the bubble of human excitement down the road. We ran out for a look. Two artillery ammunition wagons were advancing at a mad gallop. They passed a squad of infantrymen standing at



—and in the Summer

—hardly a week goes by without your wearing your Pelter.

Wear it motoring in the Summer—Pelters give you warmth without bundled-up discomfort.

Take it with you on your vacation—no matter where you go. Wear it on that camping trip—whenever and wherever you want style, *plus* comfort, *minus* weight.

Use it as a raincoat, either side out. Pelters are reversible—leather on one side, Gabardine on the other—the Gabardine is "Cravenetted" to make it 100% rainproof.

Don't put your Pelter away in the summer—you'll want to wear it, often.

For men, women and children. Look for the name on every "Pelter."

Go pick out your model at the store that sells Pelters. If you don't know one in your locality, write us.

International Duplex Coat Co.

Pioneer Makers of Leather Coats

114-116 Fifth Avenue New York City

Ralston

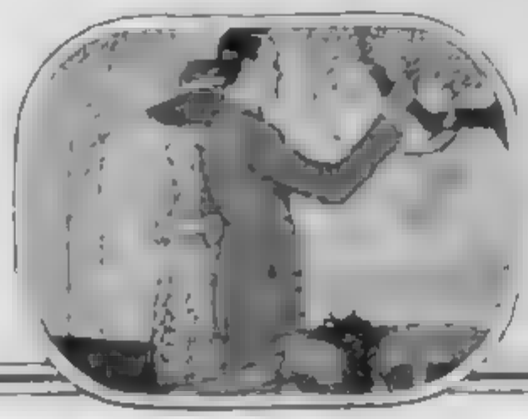
True-saving shoes
at an honest-value price

WHETHER measured by price or measured by value, Ralstons return the utmost in all the essentials found in *your* idea of a good shoe.

Ralston style cannot be questioned. Skilled artisans model the lasts. Perfect lasts insure perfect fit. Perfect fit promotes comfort. How restful it is to put your feet into *comfortable* shoes! Besides, SERVICE is built in every pair of Ralston Shoes. A notable example of Ralston's worth is the unusually fine-looking shoe shown here, the "Loraine."

Ralston dealers know that *value at an honest price* counts nowadays. There is a Ralston dealer in every neighborhood. His name on request.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
BROCKTON (Campello), MASS.



ease under the roadside trees. These stubby, brown-clad little warriors waved their helmets and cheered. What did this mean? Were we going to advance? Had belated orders come for reprisal—fire on the insurgents? The wagons shot past us and turned into the fort. They were spilling over with bottled beer!

An inspection from the Belgian island showed the insurgent line now miles away, and Wesel reported that there had been no attacks on the other flank. We walked back to Büderich and the wire. Here the wire hound got another telegram:

"South German stuff still exclusive. If situation warrants would appreciate Essen dates."

The wire hound contemplated these veiled orders, and the light went out of his brown eye.

"What Sunday's this coming?" he asked. "Palm Sunday, isn't it? There goes Easter in Paris with the wife!" His eyes grew less contemplative. "Essen's insurgent headquarters. I'll bet there's a censorship. Know anything about wire arrangements up there?"

When we broke the news of our intention to the Belgians the colonel viewed us with slight suspicion, his adjutant with alarm.

"You aren't going to change fronts, are you?" asked the colonel.

"Oh, of course we won't do that!" I answered. "I've had enough experience to know that changing fronts isn't done in war."

"My position is peculiar," said the colonel. "I must be strictly neutral in this affair unless we're fired on again. I let you across, you know."

"We are going into insurgent country, not to the insurgent front," I repeated with emphasis.

The adjutant caught us outside. He reasoned with us on more personal grounds. We should be slaughtered at Essen. No one could tell what might happen to a foreigner and a member of an Allied nation there among the reds.

If he failed to move us it was not because of our intrepidity—or at least mine. It was only that I remembered Bill Shepherd's useful maxim: "They always tell you it's hell where you ain't."

"We're Americans," I said, "and thanks to our Senate, at the moment at war with both sides over there across the Rhine. We've as much right to be in Essen as in Wesel—which is none at all."

"You Americans," said the adjutant, "are a peculiar people."

As we hurried away to pack our bags and catch the noon train out of Büderich I glanced back. He was still contemplating us, and his expression was both puzzled and mournful.

Plainly he was taking leave, in his mind, of three doomed men.

And so, as I hope to set forth in another article, we went wire hunting to Essen and vicinity, and discovered that by and large Bill Shepherd said it.

Sense and Nonsense

The Ruling Passion

ARCHIE ANDREWS is a Chicago banker who spends his summer vacations cruising about in a three-story-and-English-basement steam yacht. Up near Cape Cod one day last summer he dropped anchor just off a fishing village for the night. While he was sitting on deck puffing a cigar before retiring he saw one native approach another who was perched upon the dock, and heard the newcomer say, in excited tones:

"I walked in the house and the first thing I noticed was some blood spots on the kitchen floor. And then I seen how everything was mussed up, so that give me a kind of a start, and I dropped everything and went on into the setting room, and there was my wife stretched out on the floor, plum' unconscious, with a club layin' alongside of her where somebody had knocked her cold. It certainly was a terrible thing.

"Here I come home, tired out after fishin' all day long ——"

"How was the fishin'?" inquired the friend.

Truth is Mightier Than Friction

JIM CARSON, who practices law in Miami, Florida, and runs a citrus plantation on the side, was on his way one day last summer from his home to his groves. On the road he overtook a lank native who seemingly was in a high state of indignation, muttering to himself as he trudged along and clenching and unclenching his freckled fists.

Carson stopped and offered to give him a lift.

"I ain't goin' so very fur," said the stranger as he climbed into the buggy alongside Carson, "but I can't git to whar I'm goin' a minute too soon. There's a feller livin' down the road here a piece by the name of Ed Watts, an' jest this mornin' the word come to me that yistiddy, in town, he told a gang of fellers that I was a low-down, hawg-stealin', wife-beatin', aig-suckin' cur dawg.

"So I'm on my way to his place to settle it with him. When we git thar you better stop while I go in an' jest see whut I'm goin' to do to him."

Presently they came to a cabin set among straggly fruit trees where a very large, very strong-looking man sat on a doorstep busily engaged in doing nothing at all.

"Stop right here," commanded the aggrieved person. "That's that thar Watts yonder. Now, mister, you jest keep your eye on me!"

From the buggy Carson watched while his late passenger dismounted and marched toward the front door of the cabin. At his approach the larger man straightened up to a height of considerably more than six feet, at the same time moistening the palms of his two brawny hands after the approved fashion.

The two men exchanged a few words; then with the air of having satisfactorily accomplished a difficult but necessary piece of business the invader turned about and returned to where the rig stood in the road.

"Wall," he said, "that's all settled."

"What happened?" inquired Carson.

"I axed him ef he'd said what them fellers told me he'd done said, and he come out like a man an' owned up that he hed. Ef he'd a-denied it I'd a-beat him half to death."

The High Cost of Fox Hunting

A GROUP of wealthy Southerners, Virginians and Kentuckians mostly, were on a train returning from a meeting of the National Fox-Hunting Association. Naturally the talk dealt largely with the sport of which they were devotees. A lank Vermonter, who apparently had never done much traveling away from his native state, was an interested auditor of the conversation.

Presently when the company in the smoking compartment had thinned out he turned to one of the party who had stayed on. He wanted to know how many horses the Southerner kept for fox-hunting purposes and how large a pack of hounds he maintained, and about how many foxes on an average he killed in the course of a season.

The Southerner told him. In silence for a minute or two the Vermonter mulled the disclosures over in his mind.

Then he said: "Wall, with fodder fetchin' such high prices, and with dog meat for hounds a-costin' what it must cost you, and with fox pelts sellin' as cheap as they must sell in the open market, and takin' one thing with another, I don't see how you kin expect to make much money out of it."

Who's Who

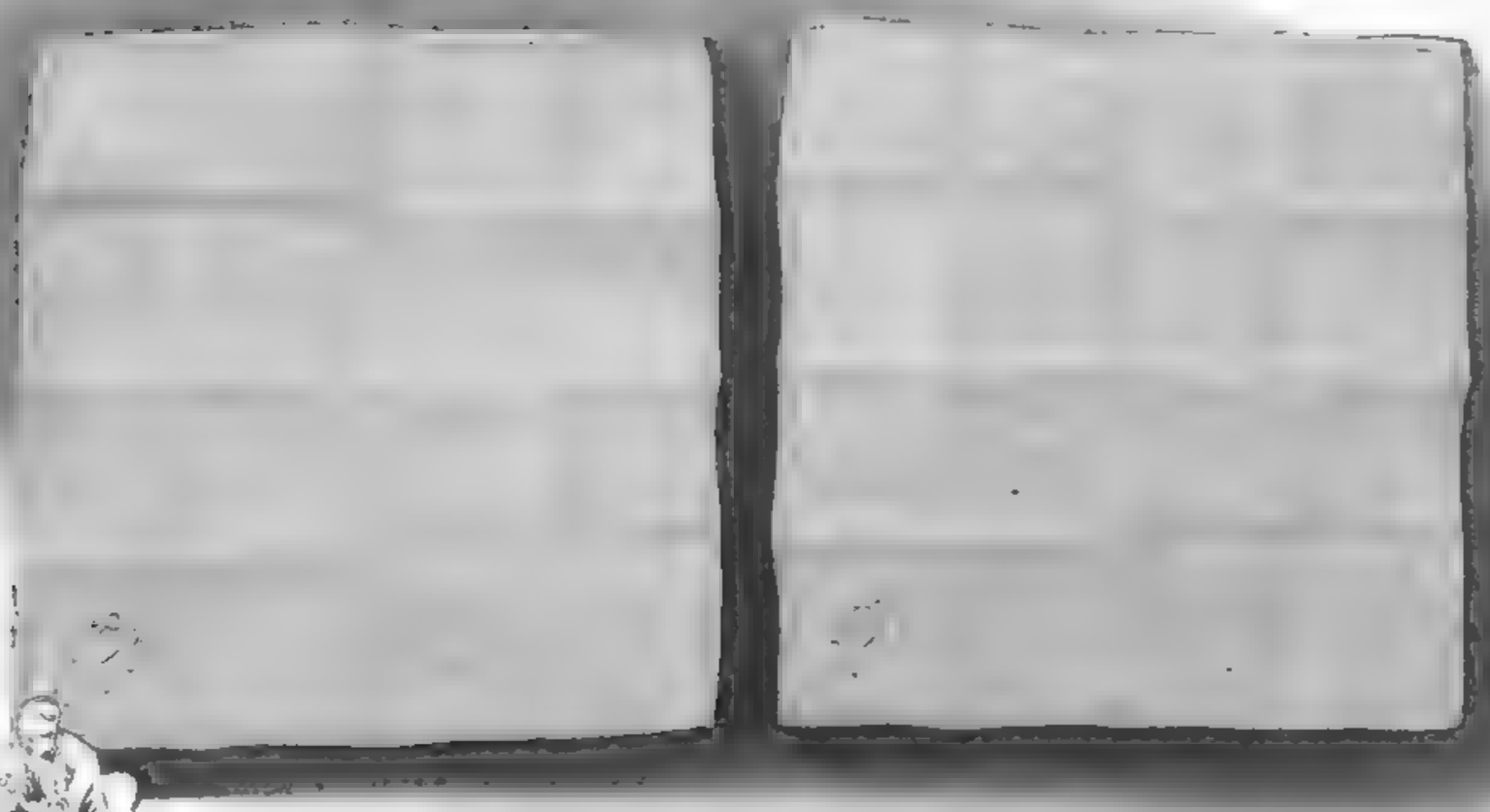
BACK in those old, sinful, wet days that ended in January, two gentlemen, both far overtaken in alcoholic stimulant, were seen under a lamp-post on a street corner in Newark, clinging to each other for support.

As a spectator passed them he overheard the following dialogue carried on in somewhat fuzzy accents.

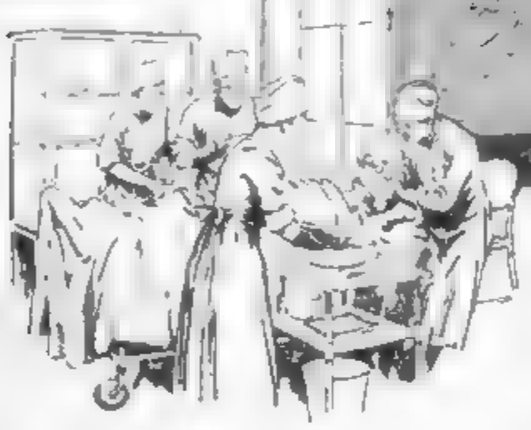
Said Souse Number One to Souse Number Two: "Do you know Bill Talbot?"

Said Souse Number Two, after a moment of reflection: "No; whuzziz his name?"

Said Souse Number One: "Who?"



To all external appearances two handkerchiefs, such as these pictured here, may seem ideally clean. Actually they may be microscopically unclean. This knowledge has been utilized by modern laundries for the protection of the public. Their laundering method is a combined washing and sterilizing process.



The sterilization required in hospitals is obtained with equipment like that which laundries use.

How the Modern Laundry Protects You from Invisible Dirt

Men and women were quite satisfied a few years ago if a thing merely looked clean. In the best hospitals of Civil War times infection flourished, yet linen and bandages seemed immaculate.

Today we know the reason. We have learned that while apparel may appear spotless to the eye, it is possible for it nevertheless to be *invisibly* impure.

Modern laundries take this fact of sanitary science into account. The things received by them in your family bundle are *sterilized* as well as *cleansed*. Not alone is visible dirt expelled—the soil that is unseen also is washed away.

An undergarment, for instance, is first given a rinse in soft, lukewarm water, then a series of three sudsy baths in three more waters; and finally a concluding series of four to five rinses in more fresh water.

The ironing process is equally purifying. Steam of 320 degrees temperature is employed to heat the ironing machines.

Many things, like bath towels, that require no ironing, are dried for 15 to 20 minutes in a current of air that has been heated to a temperature of from 280 to 320 degrees.

When you wish to make water safe for drinking you boil it 15 to 20 minutes at a temperature of 212 degrees. In a modern laundry your things are given a purifying treatment that is even more complete.

Of course the details of the method are varied for other classes of goods, like silks, woolens and fine linens, but in all instances the process insures sterilization that is sufficient for all practical purposes. This is a fact that numerous impartial investigators, like Rodet, Elledge, McBride and others have many times confirmed.

Modern laundries have become more than "laundresses" for you—they have become guardians as well of your own good health.

It is another of the many sound reasons why you can with perfect security entrust your family washing to modern laundries. If the help problem vexes you, or washday is an ordeal, try one of the modern laundries in your city.

The American Laundry Machinery Company

Executive Offices, Cincinnati

THE UNCONQUERED

(Concluded from Page 32)

An hour—he lor : had cleared the confines of the city and had begun to stalk about in search of food. A field, a springing rush, the terrorized blatting of a calf; then silence except for the tearing of flesh ■ Highbrow settled to the kill.

Early morning, and he started on again, glutted with food, seeking instinctively protection from the coming day. The lion and tiger within him called for the soggy dampness of the reed marah, the humid thickness of jungle. There was none, but from the dim hills in the near distance came the redolent scent which told of forest—and Highbrow headed toward them.

Dawn found him threading his way through the rough gully-cut upheavals of the foothill country, black in spots with outcroppings of ancient lava, scrawny and desolate and bare. Higher he mounted, leaving behind the scraggly soap weed and sage, the bowlder-strewn hummocks, pushing on into the hills, where the pines grew in thick confusion, where the spring torrents roared and inquisitive chipmunks chattered at him from the rounded surfaces of the great rocks before scampering for safety. Higher—higher—the effort of the wild beast to leave as far behind as possible the things which represented to him his enemies—upward to a silent land of sheer ascents, where the sun glinted on jutting crags of red and blue and copper, where——

The hybrid paused and sniffed. A sudden bite had come into the wind; the sky had become a glowering black, scudding toward the sun. Soon the bright colors of the mountains had turned to dun and the fickle spring had vanished. The pines lost their humming and began to moan with the sweep of a wind that rapidly grew more chill, more penetrating. Highbrow roared uncertainly and moved forward to a jogging doglike trot.

The velocity of the wind grew greater, bending the pines and causing the needles and dust to rise in spasmodic eddies. One great trunk, long dead, crashed downward, loosening bowlders and sending them bounding and crashing into a rocky ravine far below.

Winter—jealous, tenacious—had returned to grasp again at the hills in one final deathlike clutch before giving way to the months of summer.

The thick hair rose about the neck of the hybrid. His stripes ruffled, then were lost as his coat roughened, and he turned away from the wind, seeking refuge. A crevice in the rocks—it was colder there than on the move. Highbrow strode forth again.

A swift rush of wind and the beast went to his haunches, to sniff and slap at sudden swirling white things that were circling all about him. Snow! And Highbrow, his home a steam-heated menagerie house in the gaunt months of winter, his cage carefully side-walled at the slightest hint of cold weather during the circus season, had never seen it—snow which came in blinding force now, beating into his eyes, sifting into the raised fur of his body and melting there; snow which meant an enemy that could not be fought with teeth or claws.

Nevertheless, Highbrow roared his defiance. No fear was in his heart, for fear never had been there. No past experience could tell him of the grim, silent, gripping danger which was present. He only knew that comfort had ceased; that this swirling current all about him was unpleasant and hateful; that he suffered less when he moved hurriedly than when he stopped and sought to combat it. Hours, climbing higher, going deeper and deeper, without realizing it, into the heart of it. And then captivity began to tell.

Muscles ached and cramped from cold and excessive use; muscles attuned during a whole life to only the narrow space of a circus den with its consequent limits on exercise. The heavily padded paws, accustomed only to smooth floors and soft straw, began to rebel against the constant roughness, the scrambling over rough sharp breakaways from the walls of stone still jutting through the fleece of white. His coat, wet now from the constant melting of snow, was scraggly and flat against his body. Again Highbrow sought an opening in the rocks and strove by curling tightly to summon warmth. Dampness, the cutting slap of the ice-tinged wind which crept in upon him, made it impossible. Again he roared in a strange racking fashion, and went on.

Night—he fought in vain against the darkness, against the sweep of the blizzard, against the pain of aching muscles and raw, cracked, swollen paws. Now and then he stopped to lick them in wondering fashion, his rough, filelike tongue tearing loose the particles of silt and stone which had lodged in the interstices, grating against the torn flesh, yet soothing it. Then, shivering from inaction, the distressed beast leaped again into a galloping pace, traveling dazedly against the storm until the blood had begun to course once more in his veins and the shaking tremors of the chills had ceased. Dawn—midday—late afternoon, while the snowfall ceased; it was all the same, except that the pace of the beast had slackened now and that his intermittent roar carried with it a new tremulous note it never before had borne.

Hunger was gnawing, but there was nothing to appease it. The woods were still. The mountain squirrels long before had sought their winter homes; the chipmunks were deep beneath the rocks; even the birds had vanished. Of all the bleak mountain world, of all the gaunt white land of gripping blasts and ice-fringed gorges, only Highbrow moved—Highbrow and one other.

The hybrid stopped short when he saw the tracks—large five-toed prints in the fresh snow, studded by the marks of unretractive claws, leading from a heavy cluster of tumbled rocks just before him. The ache of cold-cramped bones and muscles vanished. The weakness of privation and of horrible exposure faded away—even the pain of raw torn paws that spotted the snow with blood at every step was forgotten. Highbrow was on the scent of a kill; of some great animal of the wild that left a five-toed, claw-marked trail. What it was Highbrow did not know, nor did he care. Food was before him; that was enough

His white belly dragged in the white snow as with long, creeping steps he verged into the path made by the other animal and started forward. The tracks were new. The scent, strong to sensitive nostrils, carried the information that the quarry was not far ahead and that stealthiness was mandatory. High to the point of a ridge went the hybrid and, crouching there, peered below. He hissed softly. Not a thousand feet away, plodding stodgily through the snow, perhaps reflecting with bruinlike denseness upon a too-early exit from the soft berth of a winter, was a big, shaggy, shambling creature which humped along in dragging, shiftless steps nor paused to look about it. Highbrow's eyes grew glittering and centered. He crouched, then slunk forward, almost seeming to drag himself through the snow, yet moving at a pace which cut down the distance between the quarry and himself minute by minute.

Two hundred yards—one. The actions of the training hybrid grew more furtive, more slinking. Fifty yards—twenty-five. The broad-backed grizzly bear had not looked back. Ten—almost near enough for a spring. Then as the cat animal set his tired muscles for the final effort the quarry turned and with a growl of surprise settled to its haunches, mouth open, beady brown eyes glittering, fur bristling and its heavy short arms hanging straight, seeming y limp, before it.

Highbrow roared, but did not hesitate. A spray of snow disturbed by plunging paws gleamed and circled in the dying sunlight. Highbrow had sprung, and as his long heavy body sailed into the air, as his long curved claws extended, the limp short arms of his adversary leaped into action. The impact—but it did not knock the grizzly from his haunches. The struggle of a sleek round head and dripping jaws to find flesh. Failure—for those short bristling arms were working like the steady movement of a swift rotary. Even before the claws of the hybrid had sunk themselves in his heavily furred breast the grizzly had ripped the throat of Highbrow and was tearing his shoulders and chest to bleeding furrows of raw flesh. The irresistible and the immovable had met—the grizzly, fiercest of all the beasts that call the wild their home, and Highbrow, the unconquered.

Swiftly, with the realization of flowing blood, the hybrid loosed his hold and sprang away, while again the bear's arms dropped limply and the shaggy head turned slowly on the great shoulders as though in wonderment at the attack. Then like some sleek-muscled, smooth-functioning lightweight sparring for an opening, the hissing cat crept forward, first one paw jerking out in semicircular attacks, then the other; jabbing at the haunches of the grizzly; lacing swiftly in toward his flanks; then jabbing upward toward his breast and head. Blood began to flow. The cat leaped far to one side, sprang past the grizzly and returned as quickly, tearing a great hole in his adversary's back before the shaggy beast could turn fully to protect himself. Then the cat renewed the tantalizing swift rushes and retreats, the swerving short blows that caught first the hind legs, then the flanks and shoulders and breast, and maddened the beast before it.

Only so much blood and torn skin—yet to an object. Again—again and the goal had been obtained. The grizzly, baited, outgeneraled, went to his four feet—and Highbrow sprang once more, this time to land safe on the grizzly's back and seek to turn swiftly that his wide-spread jaws might find a vein of the throat. But the grizzly had reared for the second time and was cutting at the dragging hind legs of the hybrid with the full force of his jagged claws. Time after time they bit into the sore muscles, while the blood spurted upon the snow, and the hybrid strove in vain to drag his hind quarters free from the lacing blows which by their swiftness seemed to hold them immovable. Deep into the spinal muscles of the grizzly Highbrow sank his long teeth and pressed hard his jaws in an effort to find the vertebræ and crush them. In vain—heavy fur and thick-rolled fat prevented.

There were no growls now, no roars. They were fighting silently except for the swift rush of air into their nostrils, the tearing of flesh, the gurgling snarl as one or the other found himself at a disadvantage and strove to overcome it. Snapping and biting deep, Highbrow turned to the folds of fat at the side of his antagonist's body, seeking vainly for some vulnerable spot, some place where the sinking of his saberlike teeth might cause surrender. Then came a scurrying and an attempt to leap free. The bear, himself practicing generalship, had fallen straight backward.

The ruse worked. Highbrow scampered to elude the crushing weight and in doing so turned his back for just an instant—but it was enough. The short arms went about him; he was caught, head downward, back to his foe, in the tight-locked arms of the grizzly. The torn hind legs of the beast slashed frantically, but caught only air; the wide-spread jaws snapped first to one side, then the other—in futility. With gathering strength, the arms of the grizzly were pressing harder and harder.

A yowl of pain, almost of frenzy. A crackling sound—a stabbing pain in the side of the hybrid as a rib gave under the consuming power of the yellow, coarse-haired monster. Harder, harder—then all the power, all the strength that Highbrow ever had known came back to him. Some way his bulging muscles forced back those arms the tiniest part of an inch. Some way he found the power to turn in the tight-locked embrace—and a roar of triumph echoed across the hills. The teeth and claws had found a vulnerable spot at last. Fiercely, savagely, they were tearing now at the grizzly's stomach, and slowly the arms above relaxed.

A grunting growl of pain. Highbrow felt himself suddenly loosed, to be weaving weakly in the snow a second before summoning the strength to leap again. Ten feet away a bleeding, torn thing was shambling through the snow—the grizzly. One last gathering of the muscles, one last triumphant roar, and Highbrow again was on his enemy, his head darting swiftly from side to side to avoid the frenzied struggles of antagonistic jaws, and then—the jugular, a spasmodic moment and they fell together. Nor did either move. To one death had come—death from the teeth and claws of the only thing that could master him, an unbeaten, unconquered fiend; to the other unconsciousness. Short twilight fell, and darkness, to find them lying side by side.

A cold moon rose and traveled half across the sky before the striped, scarred beast stirred. Then, conscious at last, Highbrow struggled dazedly to his feet, sought to loosen his crampled muscles, and dropped weakly again to the snow. He turned, his tongue moving slowly over the jagged, ripped skin. He fretted, then grimly fought himself to his feet again, and with slow, dragging steps crawled out into the gleaming night.

He had killed from hunger—pain and weariness had taken away appetite now. He had fought with all the savagery that had grown within his brute heart during years of dominance. Now he dragged his sagging, limp way through the snow, seeking dully some cavern, some retreat where he could lick his wounds to wellness and be free from this never-ending struggle against the grip of cold and snow.

A mile—agonized, slow. The scent of some animal as he veered into the rim rocks. A cavern, gleaming eyes in the darkness, reflected from the moonlight without; a hissing spit as a cowardly cornered mountain lion, finding flight impossible, made a show of fight. But the muscles of the unconquered did not stiffen for action. No roar of defiance came from his lacerated, blood-crusted throat. A second he hesitated, waiting hazily for the other animal to spring. The attack did not come. Weary, weaving a ragged path through the snow, Highbrow went on.

More intense came the cold, freezing the seeping blood which flowed intermittently from the big cat's wounds. The raw paws began to numb; he stumbled dazedly, drunkenly; scrambled; then tumbling, rolled scratching and hissing down the steep incline of a shale rift, there to lie moaning and yowling, and at last to force his way onward again.

Dawn again, while he held to the smooth surface upon which he had come; wandering, without knowing it, steadily downward along a broad mountain road. On—on—ever more wearily—then he stopped and sniffed, his whole being tense with an impulse to leap forward with his greatest speed. But the muscles refused to respond; step after step, the dragging process—no faster.

A shout from the distance. Highbrow heard, stopped to sniff again, and went on. Forms visible now in the growing light—an automobile, its heavy chains clinking, that came to a sudden stop as men alighted and reached for rifles. Then an advance, the men toward the beast, slowly, carefully; the beast toward the men, panting, staggering, fighting the last fight against all-pervading fatigue, but fighting on toward those men and their rifles and the scent which told of warmth and comfort—and peace.

A hundred yards separated them. One form parted from the others—small, active and authoritative.

"All right, fellows! One or two of you open up that shifting den. The rest of you keep him covered with the rifles. Looks torn up—like he'd been fighting. Gosh—I wonder——"

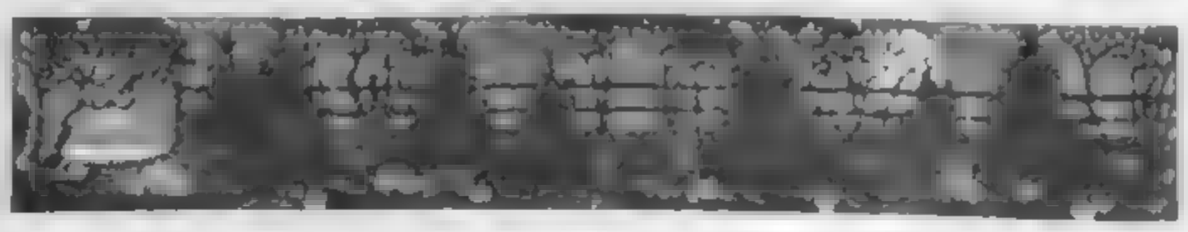
Jimmy Winthrop stopped and, perking his head to one side, scratched thoughtfully.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "I wonder—listen—don't shoot unless you have to! I'm going to take a chance!"

Then going forward, straight toward the beast, he allowed the old grin to come to his lips, the old cajolery to his voice.

"Highbrow!" he called. "Highbrow! Come on, old fellow, you've got to stick with me now! I've got a night-and-day job to keep you away from pneumonia." He was talking more to himself than to the beast. "Highbrow! Come on—nobody's going to hurt you! It's just your old podner—just old Jimmy Winthrop. Come on—come on!"

And then he bent low and raised a hand for the animal men to bring forward the shifting den. For Highbrow, Highbrow the unconquered, had crawled to his feet and, crouching there—had whimpered!



Chrome Nickel steel made Red Edge shovels the leaders

Sooner or later, in every great industry, one manufacturer emerges and becomes the leader through the sheer merit of his product. Within six years this has happened in the shovel industry.

Until six years ago all shovels were made of carbon steel. To most people, a shovel was a shovel, with little choice between various brands. Even big users—the railroads, mine operators and contractors—bought on a competitive price basis, with little regard to quality.

The Wyoming Shovel Works was the first to awaken to the fact that the severe requirements of a severe age demanded a better shovel. The rapidly increasing cost of labor emphasized the need for a tool which would give a man a chance to do a full day's work.

Carbon steel had reached its limits in wearing quality. Carbon increases the hardness of steel but decreases the toughness. Other industries saw this and one by one turned to alloy steels to get greater resistance to abrasion and shock. The automobile industry, for example, adopted vanadium steel.

And so the Wyoming Shovel Works began an exhaustive investigation of alloy steels. At last we found a special Chrome Nickel alloy steel peculiarly fit for shovel blades. Chrome Nickel makes a steel that is both tougher and harder, with resistance to abrasion and fatigue alike.

In our own rolling mill, we roll our own sheets; we give the blades exact heat treatment in modern furnaces.

Thus has been produced the Red Edge shovel, which has become the leader because it will last two or three times as long as an ordinary shovel. It is tough and strong without being brittle. It will not buckle or bend, and it wears back slowly and evenly, keeps its edge, cuts cleanly.

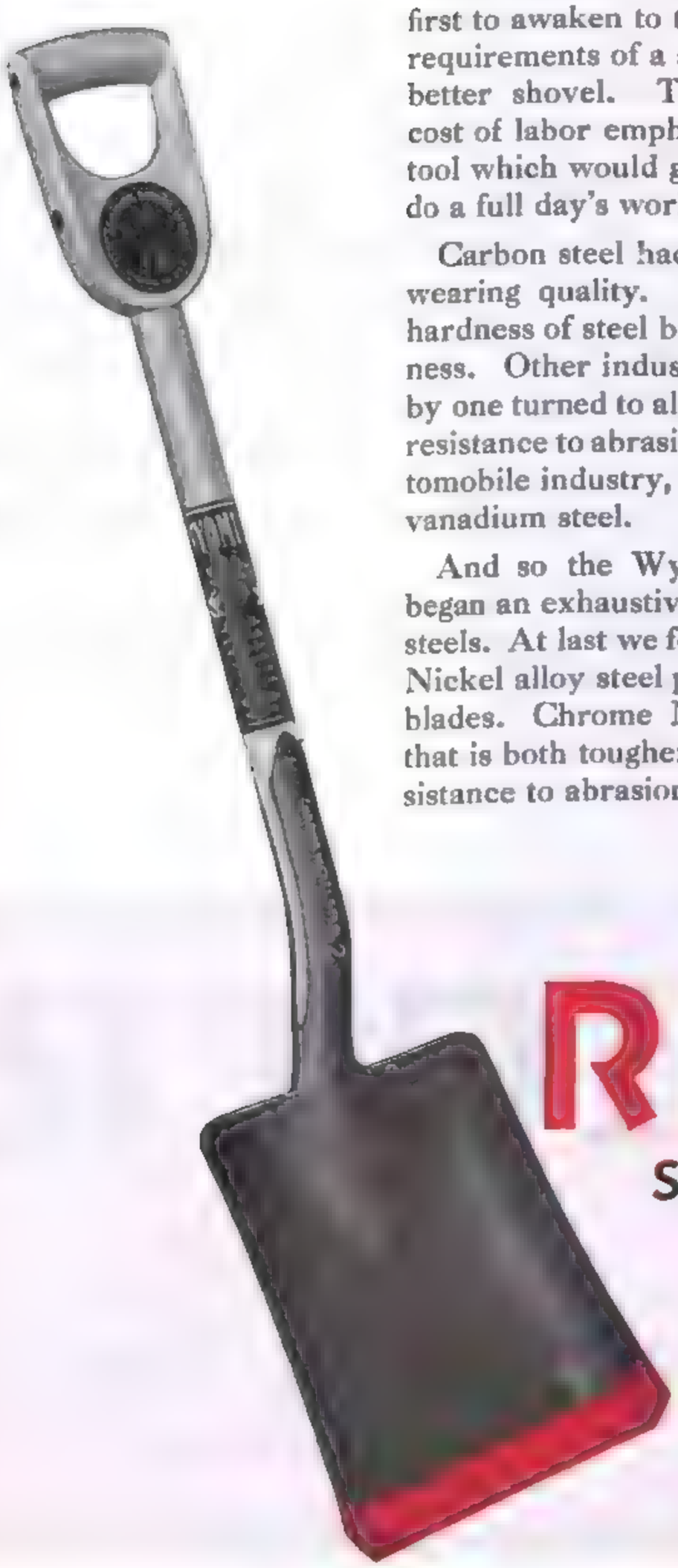
Every Red Edge shovel is subjected to three severe tests. (Note on the blade the mark of the Brinell test for determining the hardness of the steel.)

Red Edge shovels, scoops and spades soon came to be recognized as the leaders, by railroads, mines and contractors. For six years we have been making only for these big purchasers. Now we have trebled our capacity and can put Red Edge shovels within the reach of every user.

So when your old shovel goes, don't ask for just "a shovel." Ask for a Red Edge—the finest shovel that can be made.

How Red Edge shovels became the leaders is an absorbing—yes, romantic story of modern industry. It is told in pamphlet form. Ask our distributor, probably the leading hardware store in your town, for it, or write us.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
Wyoming, Pennsylvania



WYOMING
RED EDGE
SHOVELS - SCOOPS - SPADES

With the Victrola and Victo you hear the greatest just as they wish to be.

Your interpretation of a piece of music may be in its artistic achievement, but not if superimposed on the inter a master. It then would be neither one thing nor the oth

The Victrola is equipped with doors so that the volu may be regulated to suit varying conditions. They are not be used in imposing amateur "interpretations" upon those of greatest artists, for that would be to lose the very thing yo finest known interpretations of music.

A Victor Record of Caruso ***is*** Caruso himself—provided some less qualified person shall not tamper with what the a has done.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. Victor dealers everywhere. Records on sale at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid, look on the label.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

VICTRO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

is a trademarked word which identifies products manufactured by the

Victor Talking Machine

Camden, New Jersey

r Records artists heard

elf a highly
pretation of
ner.
me of tone
intended to
f the world's
ou seek—the

always that
rtist himself

New Victor

DLA

Company

Victrola XVII, $350
Victrola XVII, electric, $415
Mahogany or oak

Your Building is Ready

Ready to answer your summons for more space. Ready to help you fill the gap between production and demand. Ready to be erected at a minute's notice, wherever you designate.

Time and care have not been spared in the construction of Prudential Sectional Steel Buildings. No operation has been hurried. They are constructed for permanency.

Blaw-Knox Company has anticipated your needs. All this has been done so that a week need not elapse between your order and your occupancy.

When you order your Prudential Building you are free from doubts. This sectional steel building has served the largest railroads, industrial plants and contractors for over ten years—and served them well. Behind that record you have Blaw-Knox Company.

The unique and ideal design of the Prudential Building will appeal to your engineering mind.

All buildings are clear span. They are absolutely fireproof, rainproof, snowproof and windproof, constructed of steel from the peak to the ground. The windows and skylights are of wire-glass. The trusses and columns are rolled steel sections, shop riveted. Although the Prudential Building is permanent, it can be taken down and re-erected without any damage to the building.

These buildings can be furnished in widths from 8 feet to 50 feet in multiples of 2 feet and in any length. The following sizes are carried in stock for immediate shipment: 8, 10, 12, 20, 30, 40 and 50 feet wide.

Remember, your building is in stock. The value of that to you can be measured in dollars-and-cents.

For quick action, phone, wire or write our nearest office.

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY, Pittsburgh

New York, Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, San Francisco, Detroit

QUIXET—*The National Garage*

To furnish economical garage facilities for the American people the country over; to give them a building worth while, a structure designed by skilled engineers, Blaw-Knox offers the Quixet garage.

This all-steel garage is attractive and substantial. It is high-grade in every detail.

Your needs will be cared for by the Quixet agencies throughout the country.

There are over 10,000 Quixet garages in use today. Blaw-Knox Company will gladly tell you how to obtain this ideal garage.

These products are built and trade-marked by Blaw-Knox Company

BLAW STEEL FORMS for all kinds of concrete work—sewers, tunnels, aqueducts, dams, culverts, bridges, retaining walls, factory buildings and warehouses, columns, floors, foundations, manholes, subways, reservoirs, piers, roads, sidewalks, etc.

BLAW CLAMSHELL BUCKETS and Automatic Cableway Plants for digging and re handling earth, sand, gravel, coal, ore, limestone, tin, scrap, slag, cinders, fertilizers, rock products, etc.

PRUDENTIAL SECTIONAL STEEL BUILDINGS.

KNOX PATENTED WATER-COOLED Doors, Door Frames, Ports, Bulkheads, Front and Back Wall Coolers, Reversing Valves, etc., for Open Hearth, Glass and Copper Furnaces; water-cooled standings, shields, and troughs for Sheet and Tin Mills.

FABRICATED STEEL—Manufacturing plants, bridges, crane runways, trusses, etc.

TOWERS—for supporting high-tension transmission lines.

PLATE WORK—Riveted and welded steel plate products of every description.

BLAW-KNOX

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY

THE MAN FROM ASHALUNA

(Continued from Page 27)

do what's right and hold my head up and look folks in the eye—whether I paint pictures or hem towels. And I don't see why I should give a darn if Mogridge makes money off any deal with us. The point is, can we trust Mogridge? Is he on the level? Won't he trick us some way?

"I don't honestly want to see the Ashaluna basin turned into an ocean. Country I've tramped over and hunted in and logged in, where folks I've known all my life have little homes and farms, some of 'em inherited from their people before 'em. I'd kind of feel like I was betrayin' 'em. Maybe I'm wrong, but it makes me hesitate just the same. Now you let Mogridge get control of the sluice and block this lake-makin' plan of Jordan's and in a few years you'd hear the old saws and axes goin' in the woods once more."

"And see the loggers swarm down off the drive in the spring to get full of bad booze in the towns."

"In a pro'bition country?"

"They'll get it—don't worry. I suppose the Intercontinental would put up a big pulp mill below the sluice and in a few more years strip the basin of lumber again."

"Well, that'd be better'n turnin' the whole darned country into an aquarium, wouldn't it?"

Duley smiled tolerantly.

"Jud, you're a good arguer. But I can't figure out whether you're a deep commercial genius or just a plain nut with an artistic temperament."

"Temperament? You're the second person to spring that on me. Don't know whether to feel complimented or insulted. Anyhow, I can't bring myself to do somethin' I don't feel like."

"Do you think you ought to consult Jordan before disposing of the sluice property?"

"Don't see why. Mogridge has come through with an offer. Seems's if it ought to be treated confidential."

"Jordan might offer you more money."

"And flood the valley, eh? Don't think I'd sell my principles for another million, Dule."

Duley smiled again and sighed.

"You see how little help I can be to you, Jud. You make your own decision and I'll be satisfied. Of course you have to remember the general reputation of the Intercontinental."

"It ain't what you'd call first-class, Dule. Gosh-darn it, I wish I knew what was the right thing!"

Mogridge did not allow twenty-four hours to pass before calling the Independent Improved Churn Corporation. He hoped Mr. Dunlap had reached a favorable decision. No? Well, he'd take the liberty of calling again next day.

"That cuss is in a terrible desperate hurry," thought Jud. "Just for that he can wait till the end of the week, no matter when I decide."

Jud worried and puzzled and drove poor Duley half crazy with arguments pro and con. Finally as the week drew to a close he set his jaw and made an announcement.

"Dule," he said, "I've decided. You and I have a business here that suits us. We're goin' to make a lot of money. 'Twasn't so many months ago we didn't either of us have more'n—what was it you said?—a shoe string. Now we can go on and make a success, and any time I get restless, like if I was to learn plain-and-fancy embroidery or set myself up in the Flossie Dunlap Fancywork Corporation, she doovers worked in colored yarns while you wait ——"

"For heaven's sake, Jud, what are you talking about?"

"You. Some day I might sell my share of the business to you and study paintin', livin' on my income. I'm goin' to turn Mogridge down."

"All right, Judson, old top. That suits me—all but the painting part. Going to call up old Moggy?"

"No need of that. He'll be on the wire any minute."

Mr. Mogridge, however, did not call up. The matter was too important. Judson's repeated postponements made the paper manufacturer nervous and he had something to say in case of a declination which he rather thought would clinch matters.

Consequently within an hour of Jud's announcement of his decision Mogridge's motor stopped outside the factory and Mogridge himself appeared in the office of the Independent Improved Churn Corporation. Dunlap was not in his overalls this morning. He now had a desk next to Duley's, where he spent most of his time like an ordinary business man, though he told his partner he didn't much care for that. He'd far rather be doing something useful with his hands.

"Well," he told Mogridge, "I guess you won't be surprised, from the way I've kept puttin' you off, to hear I've decided to stick to the churn business with Mr. Duley here. Mr. Duley agrees with me that the concern has a nice-lookin' future for a couple of young fellers that are willin' to work hard, and though he wouldn't stand in my way if sellin' out to you would be a benefit to me on account of the sluice deal, I don't think it'd be fair to ask him to do that just so's I could feather my nest."

"That's very generous of you, Mr. Dunlap, but isn't it possible that you could compensate Mr. Duley in some way? It seems that my offer to you is big enough to permit of a mutually satisfactory arrangement."

"Mr. Mogridge," said Jud seriously "I'll tell you. I'm sort of playin' safe. Trouble is, I want to do what is right all round and I can't see why there should be such a hurry. I've said a lot of times the Ashaluna'll be there next year and the year after, and I might be awful sorry for a hurry-up decision. You come round later and talk it over again."

"I suspect, Mr. Dunlap, that other interests have been at work ——"

"You can suspect what you darn please, Mogridge. I can't help what you suspect."

Jud's inherent dislike of the man, in spite of his studied friendliness, his suavity and his manifest attempts to conciliate, flamed out. He wasn't going to take any back talk from a hundred-and-ten-pound millionaire.

"Quite so," said Mogridge. His eyes had narrowed. "However, you may not have had sufficient business experience, Mr. Dunlap, to appreciate the old adage to the effect that there is more than one way to remove the feline epidermis. Now in the present case it may interest you to know that I have recently acquired a heavy stock interest in Burns, Elkman & Co., the Chicago mail-order house. This interest is so considerable in fact that I find myself in a position to dictate the policy of the house."

Mogridge swung a triumphant gaze from Dunlap to Duley.

"That's very ingenious of you, Mr. Mogridge," smiled the plump partner. "You must want this deal to go through even more than we thought."

"You are aware of the position it puts me in, I suppose."

"You mean," put in Jud Dunlap, "you'll try to break the contract? Come, spit it out, Mogridge! I'm glad some instinct warned me not to do business with a skunk like you!"

"Look Here, Mary, What's So Absurd About It After All?"

Mogridge's eyes fairly popped with surprise. He was quite unaccustomed to being so addressed.

"I'd advise you to moderate your language, Mr. Dunlap," he said. "As for your contracts, I have not said they would be—er—invalidated. I simply wish you to understand exactly what your position is in relation to your market, which at present consists of one customer to whom you are bound during a period of years to supply your churns exclusively. You supposed you were making a very good contract with Mr. Silver, but that gentleman is not used to signing important documents while blindfolded.

"It is advisable for you to consider very seriously just what your chances are. I am not threatening you. I am merely suggesting that in my humble opinion and knowing the circumstances as I do your best course would be to accept my offer for the business with the collateral arrangement touching Ashaluna sluice."

Mogridge got no further.

"There's two flights of darned steep stairs between here and the street, Mogridge," remarked Jud in a tone ominously calm. "I'm sorry we haven't got an elevator that'd get you out o' this buildin' quicker. Come, make it snappy—and please notice the moderation o' my language."

The Wall Street man seized his hat and with a curt "Good day, gentlemen," departed abruptly.

"That's a devil of a thing, eh?" sputtered Jud. "Regular blackmail!"

"About the same thing, Jud. But it shows you how Mogridge does business. Makes the outlook for the Independent Improved Churn Corporation rather dubious, doesn't it?"

"Dubious nothin'! Say, do you know that old skin has done us a service? He's pointed out a terrible weakness in our whole plan. We've been buildin' up a business with a market consistin' of only one customer, just as he said. He's given us the warnin' we needed."

"Too late! There's the contract. Mogridge will see that we live up to it, but so strictly that it will be a burden to us. If you have it analyzed you'll find that if he has the intent to make trouble he can do a thousand nagging picayune things that will eat up every penny of profits and more too. Mogridge will make you so sick of that contract that you'll be driven to violate it in some particular or throw up your hands in desperation and give him his own way. There's the matter of inspection alone. Burns, Elkman & Co. can condemn enough goods as imperfect to ruin us. You'll find the contract reads 'acceptable merchandise.' They'll construe it so as to give them absolute discretion as to acceptability, and if you go into court over it they'll tire you out with litigation and expense."

"You're quite some little pessimist, ain't you, Dule? Say, it can't always blow west and soft, you know. We've got to go over our bumps and this is the first one we've hit. Now you're the financial manipulator of this corporation. You rustle round and dig up a hundred thousand dollars right away, that's a good feller. Then we'll talk to Brother Mogridge in language he'll understand."

"You're crazy! No bank would lend us that much."

"Can't we sell another bunch of stock?"

"Possibly. But you won't have Jordan and Mogridge bidding against each other for it. I'll make a suggestion. Go to Jordan and tell him the story just as it's happened. Let him advise us and he'll probably see us financed—provided you can show him how you're going to use the money. I'm rather in the dark on that point myself."

"I don't want his money. Gosh, ain't we under enough obligations to him now? Nothin' would tickle him more than to strengthen his holt on us and then fix things so's I'd have to sell him the sluice—and that'd be one more step toward his lake scheme. I'm ag'in that lake idea, I tell you. Of course Jordan's a director, but if you and I agree on a thing we can outvote him. Don't let's allow him to hornswoggle us, Dule. He's a Wall Streeter same's Mogridge, and while I like him pretty good and think he's honest, I don't want him to get in any deeper with us."

"You can hardly vote stock out of the treasury without acquainting him as a director with your plans."

Jud pondered this, but came back shortly with: "All right. I'll tell you what, Dule. We'll have to handle him. I told you the other day he wasn't more'n human. You call a directors' meetin' for the very first minute the by-laws will allow, and meanwhile I'll explain what we better do—that is, if you think so too."

XVI

"BY GOLLY, Mr. Jordan, I've got my mad up, and I don't calculate to let Mogridge bully me! Nobody ever did yet, and nobody's goin' to. We're agreed, Duley and I, to issue stock enough to raise

Sanispoons

CLEAN, DAINTY, useful Sanispoons are made of the purest fiber. Strong, handy, well balanced and gracefully designed, they are used wherever a spoon is needed—yet cost so little they may be thrown away after using once. Think of such a clean, convenient little article. The mere mention of it brings a hundred uses to your mind.

Sanispoons come in three sizes—Teaspoon, Demi-tasse and Soda Spoon. Soda Sanispoons are used at all fountains where sanitary service is considered essential.

Saniforks have well shaped, stiff, sharp prongs—excellent for salad, vegetable and meat courses.

Use Sanispoons and Saniforks for auto trips, luncheons, church festivals, children's parties, dances, teas, picnics, the camp, the sick room or general household use. Sanispoons and Saniforks are sold everywhere in neatly designed packages.

Packages of 25 Teaspoons or 36 Demi-tasse or 20 Saniforks—25C PER PACKAGE

SANITARY PRODUCTS CORPORATION OF AMERICA
136 Liberty Street, New York City

TO DEALERS:
If your jobber is unable to supply you write us direct.

a hundred thousand dollars and blow it in right away advertisin' our churn. There's a place for it in every family in the United States—more or less—and we was foolish ever to button up our sale through that one channel. Look at the mess it's got us into."

"But Burns, Elkman & Co. will hold you to your contract."

"There isn't any contract. There was, but, by gosh, they've broke it themselves! Remember lately me tellin' you about five thousand dollars bonus money due us as soon as we made our first shipment of churns? They haven't paid it and they haven't paid for the churns."

"Are you sure these delayed payments violate the contract?"

"Absoloot! Y'see, Silver's off on his vacation and somehow or other he neglected to instruct the treasurer about those payments. We wrote immediate and notified them as soon as the time for payment had lapsed, and this mornin' we got a letter from the treasurer sayin' he had no authority in Mr. Silver's absence to make any such disbursements, but he had no doubt it would be all right as remittances would be made the minute Silver got back, which would be in a week or ten days.

"Well, ordinarily you wouldn't bust an important contract for that kind of a thing and, of course, that's what that treasurer is bankin' on. It was a slip-up on Silver's part and no one that wasn't a hog would take advantage of him, especially when it would be cuttin' off our own nose to spite our face, only now things are different, and old Mogridge has tried to play foxy with us. Prob'ly if he'd of dared he'd said he intended to prove the contracts invalid just to hurt us, but he was too cautious. Now, with us telling him we won't be bound by the contract it puts the boot on the other foot."

"You have a technical violation of the terms of the contract, no doubt," said Jordan. "Still it may not be wise to avail yourselves of it just yet. He can institute a lot of troublesome litigation. Of course if it were merely a question of finance I should be only too glad to ——"

"Sure you would!" cried Jud. "That's just the trouble. We ain't goin' to let you."

"But as a stockholder and director I have some rights. Besides, I'm really interested in you young men. You've done very well and ——"

"That's all nice and kind and we don't want to appear ungracious, Mr. Jordan, but we have to take facts as we find them. You are prejudiced by your desire to get hold of the sluice property. If you can put me under further obligations to you so much the better. You thought you was getting the thin end of a wedge into the situation when you bought a block of stock in the churn company, but while that may be the case you must recollect it was your own voluntary doin' and didn't make us beholden to you any. In fact I guess you're obligated to us some, because we didn't have to let you in if we didn't want to. The broker had his instructions ——"

"What's that?" cried Jordan. "Well, I'll be damned!"

"That may be too, Mr. Jordan. They say the needle's eye pinches somethin' fierce. Maybe that's why I don't grab a million or two for the sluice. Now if I could get this churn thing straightened out and then sort of retire and gratify my amb— say, gol-darn it, Dule, keep your feet where they belong! My shins ain't ivory like some folks' heads."

"Then if I am correct I may gather that my assistance in the present situation isn't sought except as a mere matter of form."

"Well, strictly speakin', Mr. Jordan, that is true. If you was only a poor man like Duley and me and didn't have an ax to grind we'd be only too glad of your advice. But when I know you're crazy to turn the whole darned Ashaluna basin into a waste o' waters just for a monument to yourself it makes me think twice."

"But what are your objections to this lake plan, Dunlap?"

"I got plenty and I won't be backward in explainin' 'em at the proper time. What I'd like to know now is whether or not it is the unanimous sense of this here assemblage of directors that we yank a hundred thousand dollars more stock out of our treasury and sell it for the benefit of the cash drawer, thereby makin' it possible to advertise churns and let Mogridge and that Chicago bunch go hang."

"A very formal and doubtless legal manner of stating a motion," said Duley.

"I got my idea across, didn't I? You don't have any difficulty in understandin' me, do you, Mr. Jordan? Duley here thinks I oughter talk like a college dude, and goodness knows I'm tryin' to sandpaper myself down in spots, but when I get excited I forget my teachin'. Now listen, Mr. Jordan, you better string along with the majority, hadn't you?"

The great man smiled, stroked his chin and rose to go.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you do just as you like and I indorse your decisions. I don't see why I should feel so much confidence, but I do believe in you. Perhaps you are aware that if I wished I could make things very, very unpleasant for Mogridge. He has been exceedingly brash lately and perhaps a good lesson is what he needs. I could assure you of ample financing for any plan you choose to adopt. It would be a great pleasure to do so.

"However, Mr. Dunlap has expressed himself quite plainly and I appreciate his point of view. I wish to say very sincerely that I shall not allow my interest in the purchase of the Ashaluna property to influence my attitude toward you. You will in a few days offer a block of stock on the curb, but I am not going to buy a share of it, because I can see that if I enlarged my holdings in your corporation it would tend to embarrass Mr. Dunlap. I shall let you strictly alone until such time as you feel that my assistance is necessary. Then come to me and command me.

"As for Ashaluna, if Mr. Dunlap will call at my office and give me an hour or so of his valuable time I should like the opportunity to go into the matter seriously and make some things clear that are evidently not fully understood. The project is very near my heart, Mr. Dunlap. It is not primarily a money-making scheme. It is so vast in its conception that only a very keen imagination can possibly comprehend what it would signify to the community. However, we shall leave that for later discussion. I wish you a very good morning—and the best of luck."

"Well, Mister Bullhead, you got your own way, didn't you?" commented the plump partner when L. J. had departed. "Can you beat it?"

"Sure I got my own way," said Jud cheerfully. "Say, that was a turrible kick in the shin you give me."

"Saved you from a confession of shame. By George, old-timer, we've got to scratch gravel now if you propose to call that contract off."

"You watch me," said Jud. "Going to do it by wire too—and send old Moggy a copy. Bet he'll throw a fit."

Duley regarded his partner with a kind of scared admiration. There was no question as to the dominant member of the organization.

"Dunlap, we're either ruined or made. If judgment is worth a hoot the Independent Improved Churn Corporation is on the skids. You've refused the assistance of the most powerful man in Wall Street and you're bucking another who's not to be sneezed at. Your salvation lay in starting a fight between them. I honestly believe Jordan would go after Mogridge hammer and tongs, using his attack on the churn company as a pretext. All the Street agrees they've been itching for a row these three or four years. I guess if it hadn't been for the war they'd have been at it long ago. And oh boy, when it does come it'll be one lovely scrap!"

Within a very few days following his notification that the Independent Improved Churn Corporation had canceled its contract with Burns, Elkman & Co., Mogridge learned from the faithful Vail that a block of churn-company stock was to be offered through Waxman, the broker.

"And," said Vail, "they're going to push it right out on the curb without any preliminary over-the-counter sale."

"Shows they're afraid of it," said Mogridge. "Shows they admit to themselves they can only sell it by making a market for it at fictitious valuation. By George, the day will come when the curb won't allow that sort of thing! It's outrageous!"

To prove the sincerity of his virtuous indignation Mogridge now issued orders to Vail, which were promptly transmitted to several brokers.

"We'll put a spoke in their wheel!" he threatened.

He was a vindictive little man whose malice sometimes outran his judgment. The extent of his power had enabled him many times to take summary vengeance

(Continued on Page 100)

"but it's Miles to the Truck I'm after"

"Miles to the gallon? Yes, of course, I want to get the most out of my gas, but that's really a small item. What I'm after is miles to the *truck*. That's the *big* thing."

The motor-wise man satisfies himself before he buys his truck that it is built around reliable parts of known merit, properly engineered into the complete mechanism.

He pays particular attention to the parts that transmit the power, that vital combination which determines whether he will be glad to "trade her in" after one season, or whether he will pile up 200,000 miles or more before reluctantly discarding his old friend for a new model.

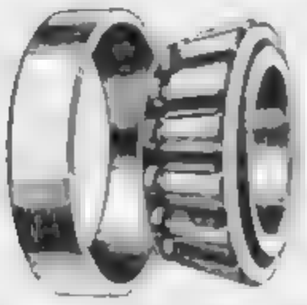
The word "Timken" is pretty sure to satisfy him regarding the whole drive, for right bearings are usually associated with other right parts.

And the tapered roller bearing—the Timken type—is *the* type of bearing that will function properly under radial load, or thrust load, and all possible combinations of the two.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, Canton, Ohio

Plants at Canton, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio. European Factories: Birmingham, Eng.; Paris, France. General Offices, Steel, Rolling, and Tube Mills, Canton, Ohio

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Tractors, Farm Implements, Machinery, and Industrial Appliances



STANDARD PRACTICE

The use of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings at points of hard service in the great majority of motor-vehicles is proof of leadership established on the tapered principle of design, quality of manufacture, performance on the road, and service to the automotive industry.

TIMKEN BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 98)

for offenses against his dignity or fortunes, committed by weaker men who dared oppose him.

"We'll see just how easy it is for a couple of upstarts to go into the market any forenoon and pick up a hundred thousand dollars or so to help them avoid their just obligations."

The fact that he had intended to make the contract so intolerable for the partners that they would sooner or later beg to have it abrogated or accept far less liberal terms for the purchase of their enterprise than those he had offered did not diminish his resentment at Jud's taking the initiative.

Consequently the appearance of I. I. C. C. stock on the curb met with a very chilly reception. A few shares changed hands at close to par the first day. There were some modest advertisements in the financial columns of the newspapers. The reputation of Waxman, the broker, was such that a considerable clientele might reasonably be counted upon to buy any security for which he stood sponsor. But very early in the day a rumor, which Waxman took no pains to deny, spread about that the I. I. C. C.'s contract with the big mail-order concern was canceled. Consequently the sale of the stock received a decided setback.

And then a broker who didn't represent Waxman at all offered a hundred shares two points down. Waxman's man, surprised that stock so recently sold should thus come back at him, bid it in hurriedly. A little more moved at the prevailing rate, when another block came out and the price broke again. This continued throughout the forenoon. Instructions came over from the Waxman office to take all offerings on a scale down, and by closing time instead of having disposed of a good quantity of the stock he found that he had taken in almost as much as he had sold.

"This isn't raising capital very fast for you," said the broker to Austin Duley, who dropped in shortly after closing. "Of course I make my commissions, and I'm certainly not losing money when I buy back the stock a point or two cheaper than I've just sold it. Someone is trading in it to break the price and scare the public off. Published in to-night's papers the volume of transactions and the difference between opening and closing will be discouraging reading for investors. Of course it's plain enough who's doing it. Say, what has that chap got against you fellows?"

"Tried to buy us out and we wouldn't sell, so now he wants to hurt us all he can. Of course you understand L. J. owns a fifth of our business."

"Sure! But that won't help unless L. J. takes an active interest in its affairs. L. J. owns stock in a lot of things, and not all of 'em are gilt-edge, I can tell you. Even the big boys pick lemons occasionally."

"Did you know he was one of our directors?"

"No when did that happen?"

"Few days ago. The Street ought to be informed. It would help."

"Yes, it would help some, Duley. It helps with me, because I've somehow been a little shaky about the thing. You came bouncing in here with a lot of enthusiasm and girlish laughter and got me all het up and I sold your stock as you directed. There was something sort of out of the ordinary about the whole proceeding, especially when L. J. and Mogridge both came after it. You and that partner of yours decided to swing the deal L. J.'s way and he paid a good price for the stock. I understand Moggy was pretty sore.

"Now you come along with another block and no one will touch it with a ten-foot pole. Jordan seems to be off it. We didn't hear a peep out of his crowd all day yesterday. Mogridge don't want any, except a few blocks to turn round and sell at a loss to break the price. It beats my guesser.

"Of course you're one of the uptown guys. Belong to clubs and wipe your feet on some of our best doormats. Probably call the Jordan girls by their front names and all that. Doesn't your social drag carry any influence these days?"

"Nothing doing there, Waxy. I don't mingle my business and social affairs, and if I did I haven't any special stand-in with the Jordan family."

"But that partner of yours, the bird from Podunk—say, what is he? Kind of a man of mystery? I hear he's strong—very strong with the Jordan family."

Duley was perplexed.

"Dunlap strong with the Jordan family? He's met the old man a couple of times in a business way, but so far as I know he's never crossed his threshold. Won't even come downtown to Jordan & Co.'s office. Where do you get that family stuff?"

"Oh, I don't know. Where does anyone get gossip or rumor? And do you know any small country village where gossip travels faster than right here in the shadow of the subtreasury? Someone told me that this man Duncan or Dunlop ——"

"Dunlap."

"—— Dunlap—is a family friend of the Jordans."

Duley's impulse was to persist in his denial. Of course it was absurd. But suppose he didn't appear too eager to scotch the rumor? What harm would it do?

His round face rippled with a grin.

"It's a small place, this li'l' ol' N'York, isn't it? Dunlap is a mighty good boy. I rather think L. J. appreciates his good qualities. Don't know so much about their social relations."

"I got an idea your partner was a hick more or less—sort of original comic. They say he stands people on their heads if he takes a notion—cave man, eh?"

"Well, you don't see any bruises on me, do you? I live right in the same cage with him all day long."

"You're his keeper, I guess. Better watch out he doesn't tie a bowknot in you some day. You always were a pretty good tamer, Duley. Used to think you'd make a good man for L. J. You've got any amount more brains and pep than that pair of cravat experts—Percy and Ferdie—you know."

"Who, Eggleston and Dabney? Is that what you call 'em? They've got you fooled—and that's their game. They're deeper than you think—in fact deeper than they want anyone to think."

"Rats! Well, better luck to-morrow, Duley. I'll telephone you how things go. Stay near the wire. Jordan's name on your board of directors is good for ten points—or ought to be."

Things did go rather better next day, though the sinister efforts of Mr. Mogridge were still in evidence. He certainly hated to see the I. I. C. C. get that extra capital. He didn't know exactly what they wanted it for, but the mere circumstance of their wanting it, coupled with their cancellation of the contract with Burns-Elkman, showed him that it was to be used as ammunition in some kind of campaign to build the sales which must be had to make up for the canceled contracts.

The announcement of L. J.'s directorship, however, served to counteract in a measure Mogridge's attempts to depress the stock. He did not, of course, dare to go actually short of it, because the exact location of all the shares was definitely known. If there had been a widely scattered distribution of the stock that he could shake out of the tall grass by a raid he would not have hesitated.

To keep on buying small blocks of I. I. C. C. and immediately reselling it a point or two down meant the loss of a few hundred dollars, but it meant also a cheaply created distrust on the part of a very sensitive speculating public. The stock was unknown It had no record of dividends. Then the canceled contracts—really all one was buying was an interest in a set of patents and a rented factory.

Still L. J.'s name helped, for there were some investors who believed anything Jordan was back of was worth a try. So in a couple of days Waxman managed to get between forty and fifty thousand dollars' worth of the stock placed where it would—for the time being at least—stay put.

Then he called Austin Parsons Duley on the telephone and required the immediate presence of both partners.

"Darn it, Dule—I dunno. I said I wasn't goin' down there to Wall Street it scares me blue. Well wait till I wash up and change my clothes. I don't suppose I'd ought to disgrace you."

XVII

"GLAD to know you, Mr. Dunlap," was Waxman's greeting as he conducted his visitors into a well-furnished private office. He looked curiously at the large young man of whom he had spoken but a day or two before as a cave man. He perceived little out of the ordinary about Jud, except a somewhat impressive physique and a keenness of eye which one could hardly escape. It occurred to Waxman that if you fooled Dunlap once you'd have a mighty hard time doing it a second time.

Dunlap surveyed the broker's office without external evidence of emotion. It looked much like other offices he had been in except for the stock ticker near Waxman's desk, silent at this hour, since the market had closed at three.

"Duley, I sent for Mr. Dunlop—lap—and you because something has come up that will interest you. Mogridge has made your job as hard as he possibly could. He's tried every dirty little trick he knows, and that's quite a good many. Consequently I've been able to sell only about forty-five thousand of your stock—and that is in my opinion the limit. It's less than half what you tell me you will require.

"Miss Turner"—this to his secretary—"would you mind stepping outside for a few minutes?

"Now as Mogridge has made the trouble, why not make Mogridge settle?"

"How?"

Half an hour later Jud and Duley left Waxman's together.

"How 'bout an ice-cream soda?" suggested Jud.

"Always thinking about something to eat," returned Duley. "Jud, you're still going strong when it comes to nerve. I didn't dare ——"

"I knew you didn't. You fussed round downtown so long you learned a lot of tricks, so you think they're always laying for you. You're naturally suspicious."

"Maybe."

"I'm just the other way—naturally trustful."

"By George, I'll say you are! It required some faith to tell Waxman to go ahead and chance forty-odd thousand dollars ——"

"Dule, you told me once you were a born gambler. Gosh, you act conservative to me! Now I don't like gamblin' in any form—even rollin' the bones in the Army seemed to me a foolish waste o' time and money. But this is different."

"How so? Things may not come out as Waxman says."

"Yes, they will or he wouldn't have said 'em. Waxman's honest."

"How do you know?"

"Don't know how I know. I just know, that's all. Half that talk of his about bears and short interest and runnin' to cover was so much Choctaw to me. I guess you understood it, and so long's the proposition's clear to you I'm satisfied. I don't want to clutter up my mind with all those technical terms. But I got the main drift, and I knew all the time Waxman was speakin' that every word he said was gospel. You can stake your shirt on him, Dule, and it's only one more proof to me that a man as fat as you can sometimes show a spark of intelligence when it's least expected. You get the credit of pickin' out an honest broker. I've been told they're scarcer'n hens' teeth."

"Waxman never did a short trick in the years he's been in the market. But risking all that money—why don't you call up Jordan?"

"Jordan told us the other day he'd stand for anything you and I agreed on. I don't want to be runnin' to Jordan every time I need to have my nose wiped."

Almost sickeningly the question popped into Duley's mind whether Jud Dunlap was the exceptional man among men who could size up an individual or situation with instinctive accuracy or was merely another smart countryman full of bombast and small-town self-confidence. Lord, if he were the latter, good-by to that priceless approval won from Jordan. Still in the conference just concluded Duley had been as a puppet in the hands of his partner. Jud had simply made the decision and looked to Duley for confirmation and Duley had nodded like a Chinese mandarin. So the die was cast. Waxman had their word and in turn had agreed to let them know when the psychological moment was at hand.

It came very shortly.

For about two years Burns, Elkman & Co. had been listed on the big board—the New York Stock Exchange—among the quieter industrials reputedly backed by increasingly substantial assets. The stock was paying regular quarterly dividends of something like two per cent and all reports showed enhanced prosperity month by month. Consequently it was quoted and dealt in at round one hundred and sixteen to one hundred and twenty and was but slightly affected by market conditions.

Much of the stock was held by dwellers in small towns—farmers and thrifty folk who were regular customers of the house and who felt that every dollar's worth of orders they sent in or influenced their neighbors to contribute added to the earnings of the company and made their own dividends the more certain and substantial. They felt, in other words, an ownership interest and fattened their purchases accordingly.

In the early days when the concern had been financed on the present basis, selling stock to these small investors had been slow business, and for that reason aid had been sought from some of the bankers in New York. Through these New York bankers and their affiliated interests a considerable volume of the stock had been placed in the East. Thus two separate and very distinct classes of investor were represented among the Burns-Elkman stockholders, and it was because these Eastern investors demanded that prices should be quoted daily that Beco had been listed on the exchange.

The Western small-town investor does not know a stock-market report from the side of a barn, but the city dweller of the Atlantic States would as soon think of going without his coffee as his daily financial page, much of which he does not understand. Nevertheless commuting to town each morning he desires his neighbor to observe that he keeps up with the daily price of steel and knows what the oils are doing, as well as the rails, the coppers and the rest of the active list.

On a certain morning, then, it must be chronicled that wherever newspapers carried a column of New York stocks their readers observed that Burns, Elkman & Co., popularly known in the vernacular as Beco, had broken four points.

On the following day the four points had increased to ten. That is, the quotation now read: "Open, 111; high, 112; low, 102; close, 105."

Then there appeared in papers wherever financial news found readers the usual attempted explanations. There was the change of control for one thing, which had come about through the acquirement by Mr. Jacob Mogridge and his associates of large blocks of the stock. Mr. Jacob Mogridge and associates meant Intercontinental Pulp and Paper, and Intercontinental Pulp and Paper was heartily disliked by many investors because of its peculiarly unsavory stock-market record. Mr. Jacob Mogridge was believed to be responsible for this. Mr. Jacob Mogridge's name was not a good advertisement for Beco.

On acquiring the exclusive sales rights of Jud Dunlap's churn the Beco advertising department had made haste to send out advance notices of the wonderful new labor-saving device, and a tremendous volume of orders had come pouring in. The news that a highly profitable contract for churns, together with this sales right, had been abrogated or abandoned hurt Beco still more with its stockholders. Consequently the timid investors in city and town began to unload, slowly and hesitantly at first, then with a damning and increasing decision. The public turned on Beco.

Subtly worded paragraphs appeared everywhere to help the good work along. Beco was on the skids. The price slid to below par, to eighty, to sixty, and with the public thoroughly scared and clambering out of the market the professional traders were not slow to take the hint, and began selling short. The stock poured into the market in an avalanche and inside of four days the price hit forty with a loud agonizing thud. There it stuck from noon to closing.

Mr. Jacob Mogridge and associates were powerless to stem the decline. They bought frantically. They were for a time helpless, for they had been caught napping. By the time they got their forces rallied the damage had been done. At forty they managed to check the slump, but it cost them millions.

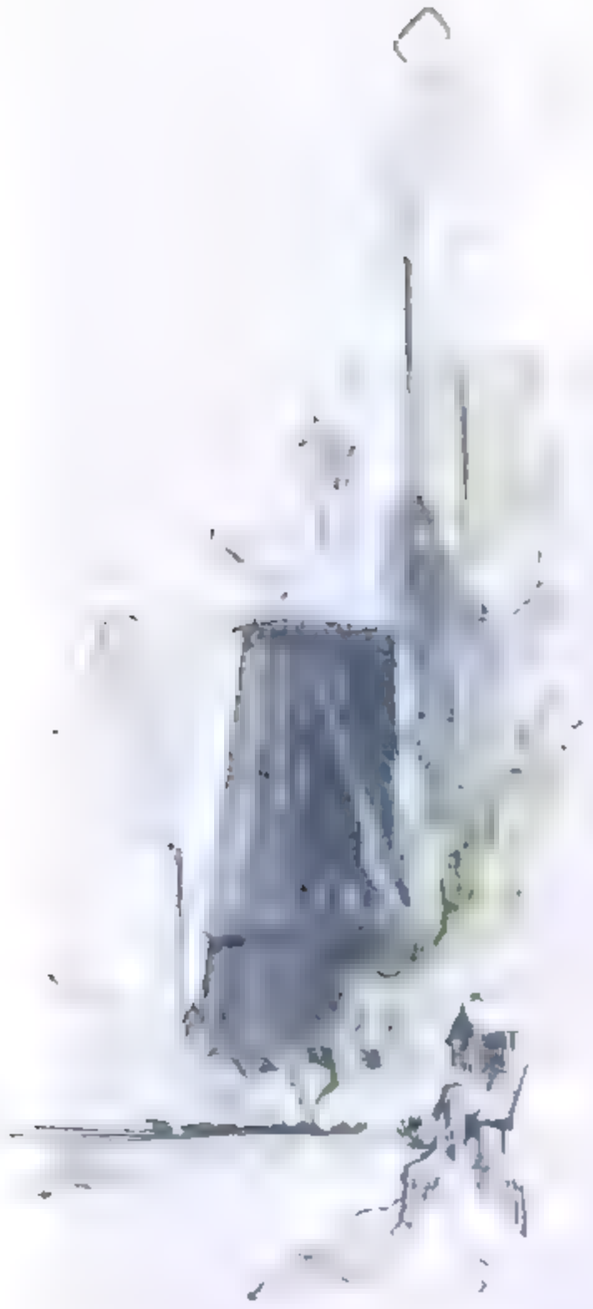
It would not do to allow it to stay there. They had to work so fast that temporarily at least they tied up a lot of capital and cramped themselves with the banks. Mogridge was disquieted lest Intercontinental Pulp and Paper might be on the eve of a duplication of the disaster. Consequently when certain large but somewhat camouflaged interests made propositions which involved an immediate payment to him and his crowd of sufficient cash to enable him to ease his situation with the banks, he let go practically all his holdings at an average of forty-five. Mogridge was out of Beco for good.

In the office of the Independent Improved Churn Corporation the telephone rang

"Hello!" shouted Duley. "Hello, Waxy. Yep. Wait a minute."

(Continued on Page 104)

In this office, surrounded by pictures of his personal friends, Charles M. Schwab has engineered some of the greatest industrial feats of the century



In the offices of the world's most productive workers —

Learn one secret of their untiring power

AT the lower end of Broadway, New York, in one of the great buildings that look out over New York harbor, there is a simply furnished office, the walls of which are lined with a great number of personal photographs. The office belongs to Charles M. Schwab. The pictures of his friends, with which he has surrounded himself, represent one of the ways in which this great industrial genius and tireless worker manages, even while he is at work, to snatch a few moments' relaxation and refreshment of mind.

Nearly every big creative worker recognizes today the value of *momentary relaxation*—of alternating hard work with brief but frequent snatches of rest.

Ordinary fatigue is harmless; you can overcome its effects in a few minutes. But fatigue carried to excess works like an actual poison on the human system.

Just as an airplane engine wears out after a few months because it is continuously driven at maximum speed, while an automobile engine will last for years—so human beings last longer and *work better* if they can momentarily relieve the exhausting effect of constant driving.

Try stopping and relaxing for a few moments before you reach the danger point—see how much fresher you will feel at the end of the day—how much more work you can actually accomplish.

There are a dozen simple ways of securing this momentary relaxation.

One simple method of securing momentary relaxation

Most of us have noticed, for instance, that just washing the hands is often wonderfully restful—soap and water in themselves have a tonic effect on the human system. The next time you wash, use Jergens Violet Soap—and see what an instant, delightful sense of refreshment and relief you can get from this simple act.

Jergens Violet Soap is especially made to *refresh* as well as cleanse. It contains an ingredient that is often prescribed for soothing headaches and allaying fever. The moment you use it you will feel the almost magical effect of this tonic ingredient. Your skin will feel smooth, clean and cool. Your whole system will experience instant refreshment and relief.

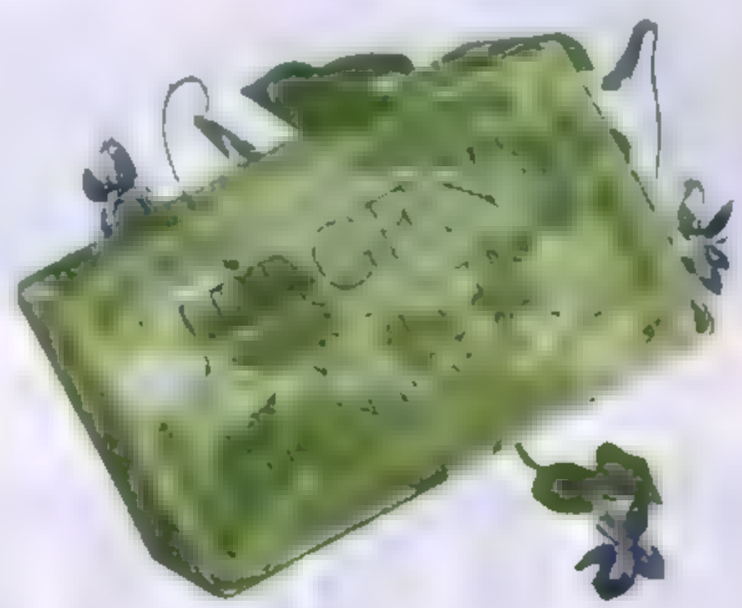
The delicious fragrance of Jergens Violet Soap, like the dewy odor of fresh violets—its cool transparence—its visible purity—increase this wonderful quality of *refreshment*.

Use Jergens Violet Soap in moments of fatigue all through the day—make it *your* means of securing momentary relaxation. The same qualities that refresh you when you are tired make it delightful for general use.

Jergens Violet Soap is sold wherever soap is sold—15 cents a cake.

Send 6 cents and learn the surprise of its refreshment

For 6 cents we will mail you at once a refreshing little cake of Jergens Violet Soap. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 652 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 652 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*



JERGENS VIOLET SOAP

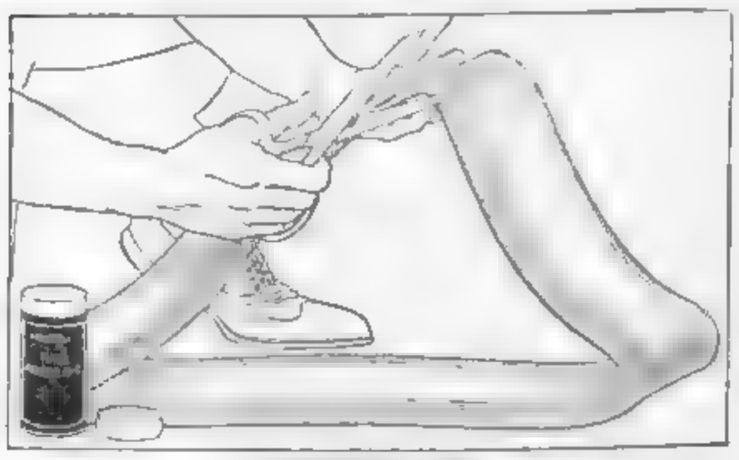
TRANSPARENT

A photograph of the interior of a Goodyear Service Station, and a close up of a Goodyear Tube Repair Kit. Its use is described on the next page

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Gaining Tire Miles—After the Tire is Bought



TRIMMING CUT

APPLYING G-5 CEMENT

APPLYING PATCH TO INJURY

GAINING tire miles through the proper use of Tire Savers is that part of the Goodyear Service Plan that begins after you have bought your tire.

The plan comprehends not only the building of a fine tire and its convenient distribution, but also a service that will help users exact every mile built into Goodyear Tires.

At Goodyear dealers this service takes form in the giving of advice on the care of tires and in providing Tire Savers for every kind of injury or wear.

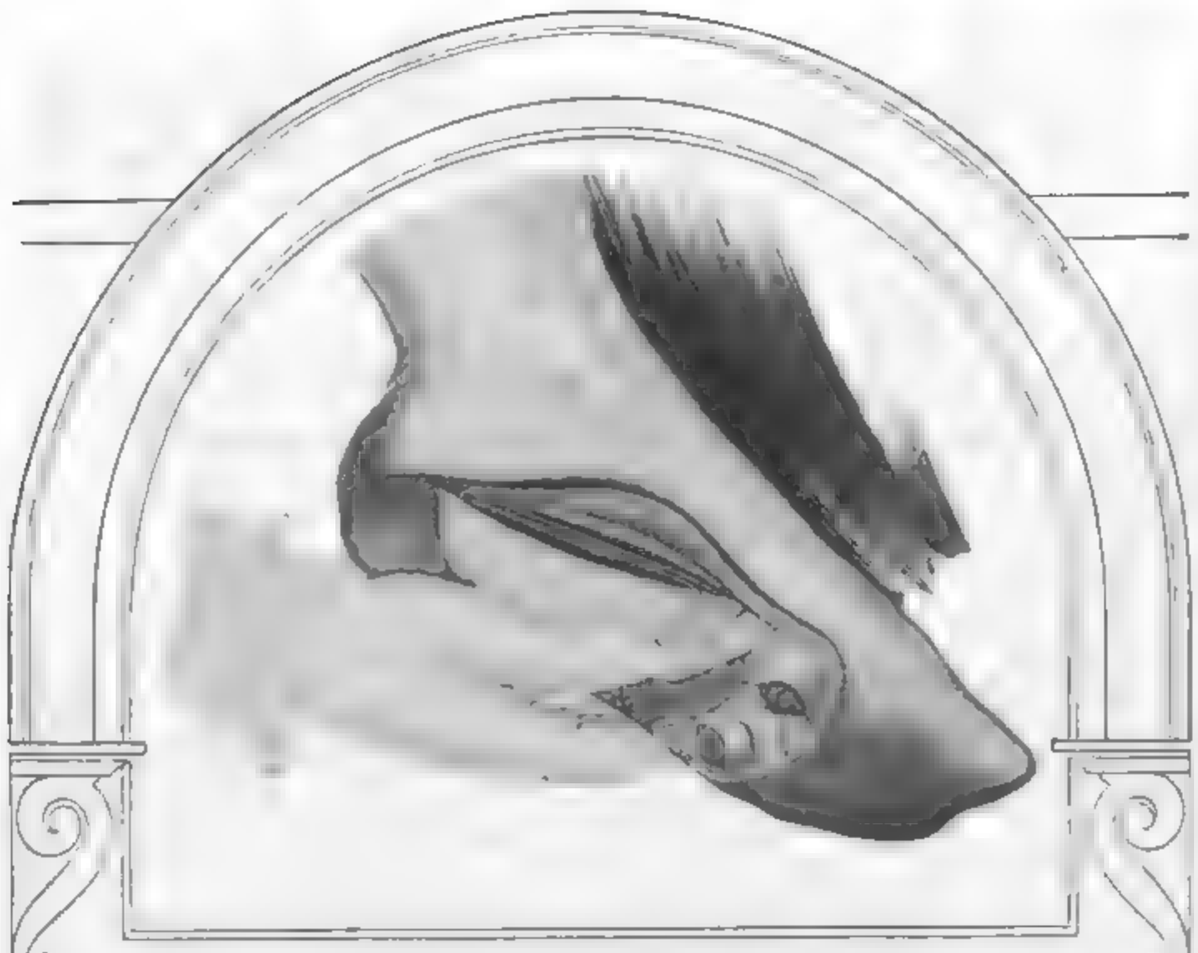
Take for example the Tube Repair Kit illustrated: it is urged as a repair for injured tubes. It makes an air tight tube repair—helps prevent tire damage due to underinflation.

In similar fashion, Goodyear dealers teach the use of other inexpensive tire savers, to the end that new tires, old and injured tires may be made to last longer.

The fruits of this sincere conservation service afford true satisfaction, for Goodyear owners are thus assured of that full measure of mileage which protects our good name.

Ask for the Goodyear Conservation Bulletins on tire care, avail yourself of helpful advice, stock your car with Tire Savers—at Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

TIRE SAVERS



Removing callouses by taking off the pressure

Callouses on the sole are caused by pressure from one or more of the bones which form the ball of the foot becoming lower than those on either side of it.

Bones in this exposed condition are forced to bear more weight than nature intended. To prevent it from forcing through, nature thickens the flesh beneath the bone by forming a callous. To further protect you, nature makes these callouses sensitive so that you will step on the lowered bone more carefully.

Complete relief from your callouses comes when you support the lowered bone in normal position with a Wizard Adjustable Arch Builder and Callous Reliever.

Beneath these all-leather Arch Builders and Callous Relievers are overlapping pockets, so located that inserts of any desired thickness can be placed in exactly the right spot to support the dislocated bones in normal position. Adjustments are simply made by shifting inserts or changing their thickness.

Being all leather, Wizard Lightfoot Adjustable Arch Builders and Callous Relievers are light, flexible and are worn without one being conscious of them.

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders and Callous Relievers are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write the Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Company, 1713 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., or 944 Marbridge Bldg., New York City. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charge.

Wizard LIGHTFOOT ARCH BUILDERS

(Continued from Page 100)

He turned to his partner.

"He says the time's come!"

"All right," agreed Jud cheerfully. "Tell him to shoot. And soon's you get off the wire come out in the shop. I want to show you how that new fir's comin' in. I tell you, it's dandy lumber if I'm any judge."

"Good heavens, and he doesn't bat an eyelash!" thought Duley, and then cried into the transmitter: "Go to it, old top, and the best of luck!"

Mr. Jacob Mogridge now had the poignant experience of seeing the stock of Burns-Elkman begin to climb—and it climbed fast. But the volume of stock that changed hands was not large. There were plenty of buyers, but not enough stock to go round. Mogridge and his crowd would have liked to recoup their losses by picking up any size blocks, but they succeeded in getting hold of only a few shares. Their brokers were seemingly helpless. The professional shorts who had helped put the skids under Beco were now paying through the nose, for they found themselves unable to fill their orders for the stock they had sold so blithely on the scale down. The market loves to see the shorts trimmed, because it doesn't happen any too often. The shorts are constantly putting it over. The most workable adage of the Street is, "Stocks are made to sell, not to buy."

Waxman, the broker, in some mysterious way picked up ten thousand or more shares for Duley and Dunlap on a ten-point margin. Their forty-odd thousand dollars went up to cover these margins and in the course of four or five days he unloaded this stock at an advance of all the way from forty to sixty dollars a share. With Waxman's commission deducted the partners' profits were close to half a million.

"Now," said Duley, "we don't have to sell any more Independent stock to raise capital. This money belongs in the company treasury. A fifth of it is L. J.'s, eh?"

"He'll be pleased."

"Maybe. I don't want to be the one to tell him we've been gambling with the company's money."

"You don't? Gosh, I do! Let him get mad if he wants to. He hasn't anything to say about I. I. C. C. except what we tell him to say."

Duley looked at Jud and shook his head.

"I never thought I'd live to see the day any man could talk like that about Lafayette Jordan," he said. "Why don't you go down to L. J.'s office and make him a proposition to become his partner?"

"Dog my cats!" replied Jud. "I wouldn't be any use to him. I don't care anything about this Wall Street game anyhow. But I am sure tickled we made old Moggy feather our nest for us. No credit to us though. That Waxman is a smart feller and—say, didn't I tell you he was square? And let me tell you somethin' else—he had some good inside information. I'd like to know where he got it."

Duley grinned.

"You won't have long to wait. I could pretty nearly guess out the whole combination now."

"Don't tell me," warned Jud. "I'm a-goin' to do a little thinkin' myself on that same subject. Meanwhile we got a lot of plans to make. This business has to be reorganized and one of the first things to consider is the advertisin'. We're makin' churns but we aren't sellin' any, so that money won't last long unless we get some returns comin' in."

"How much do you think we ought to spend in advertising, Jud?"

"First year? Oh, couple o' hundred thousand, I guess."

"For a mere doughboy," observed the startled Duley, "the way you juggle large sums of money is amazing."

"Oh, I dunno. I wish it was as easy to learn to—er ——"

"Handle oil paints? Boy, if you ever get to be an artist, judging by the large way you view financial matters, the side of a circus tent will only be big enough for a small detail of any one picture."

"Oh, maybe not. I was thinkin' if I ever did get so's I could paint I'd like to try miniatures."

"Oh, quit!" said Duley.

XVIII

MRS. POLLY DUNLAP, back at Ashaluna sluice, wrote her son Judson as follows:

"*Dear Juddy:* Your letter was received and I will come to New York, but I must say I hate to leave home. What you say about us living in a nice big house and lots of grass ground and a cow if I want it and folks to do the hard work is all very well and I am use to working and don't mind as much as you think. I am afraid I will be homesick and miss the farm something terrible, but if you have plenty why of course no doubt you would let me come home sometimes and see how things are getting on.

"It is nice you making so much money and I hope it is all right too, having heard so much about how people do in New York in regards to money. If you can get money never mind the other fellow, though of course money that is made by those gamblers in the Wall Street stock market somebody has got to lose every dollar that is won. But I suppose you would not do anything like that. As long as it is part of your profits of making churns it is all right, though how you could make a lot of money so soon from that contraption I cannot understand especially as mine is not working good. One of the thingamajigs that it hangs by in the frame is broken.

"But it will be a comfort to me to be with you and see that your clothes get mended up regular and you have some decent cooking and any time you want to have company you will not need to feed them on baker's food, which is not good for the digestion.

"Thanks for the money and I will write you again in a few days and tell you exactly when to expect me so you can meet me at the depot. But of course if you are too busy I can find someone with a carriage that will drive me to your office or house. I have heard of people from the country being so helpless when in a large city, but thank goodness I can take care of myself if I have to. Your affectionate

"MOTHER."

It was true that Judson Dunlap had bought him a house with plenty of grass ground round it, and it was one of those attractive places in New Jersey just beyond the Palisades, where he had driven with Mary Beverly. It was not an extravagant purchase—just a good-sized house with plenty of breathing space. He would never have thought of doing such a thing had it not been for Duley and Jordan, who in a board of directors' meeting had outvoted Jud in the matter of compensation for his services. Jud blamed Duley, whom he accused of conspiring with old L. J. Duley cheerfully pleaded guilty.

"Look here, Jud," he said, "all this good fortune of mine is due entirely to you. It's your brains and hard work and iron jaw that have made me at least a half millionaire. Now your mother's all alone back there in the wilderness and I can only expect you to be homesick and discontented as long as you and she are separated. That might mean you'd take a notion to jump out of New York one of these fine days. So I'm not entirely unselfish in wanting to fix things so you can have your mother here to keep house for you—and if she's the sort of lady I think she is she'll be cooking you some special extra feeds that you will invite your poor old fat partner to share."

"There!" said Jud. "I knew it. Always thinking about eatin'. No wonder you get fatter every day of your life."

Duley ruefully counted the buttons of his waistcoat down as far as he could see them without extra effort—and the number was just three.

"By George! I've got to go to a gym, that's all there is to it."

"You better curb your appetite some too. If you ever get in the habit of eatin' mother's cookin' you'll need two gyms."

Mary Beverly helped Judson Dunlap pick out the house on the Palisades. She had heard almost nothing from Jud for several weeks, and it did not in the least suit her to be thus ignored. She telephoned the office of the Independent Improved Churn Corporation. Austin Duley was out and Jud himself answered the telephone.

"Yes, this is Mr. Dunlap. Well, bless my soul, hello, Mary! No, I didn't mean to neglect you. Yes, I s'pose it does, only you haven't any idea what Duley and I be'n through the last few weeks—oh, awful hot. We hardly ever have it like this in Ashaluna. Yes, kind of homesick when I have time to think. I'm goin' to have my mother come here and live with me. Well, I don't believe she'd like a flat. She'd be cramped and discontented. I was considering about buyin' a little place somewhere. No, I haven't picked it out yet and

(Continued on Page 107)

DUPLEX TRUCKS

BUILT FOR BUSINESS

Duplex 4-Wheel Drive Leadership the Result Of Years of Service

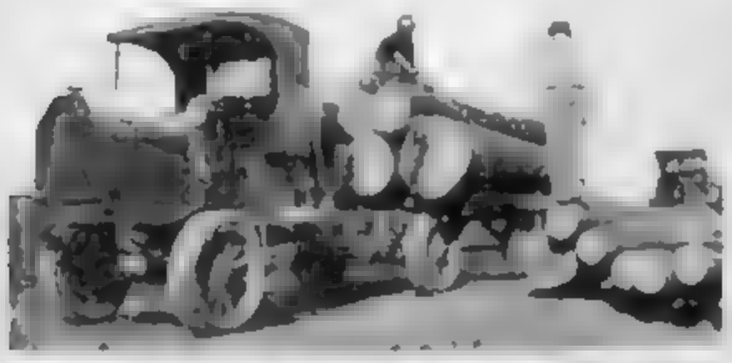
THE wonderful prestige of this heavy duty Duplex 4-Wheel Drive is resulting in a very great growth in the demand.

Many companies in the heavy duty fields say that the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive is the only successful truck they ever owned.

It is the wonderful Duplex stamina and ability for economical work that leads experienced users to speak of the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive as "the leading heavy duty truck of America."

If your kind of work has proved too much for the ordinary truck—you will find that the Duplex dealer near you can give you some really interesting *facts*.

Many owners still seem to be using the *wrong kind* of trucks. Get the Duplex facts.



DUPLEX BUILT FOR BUSINESS

Know Who Makes the Truck

Find Out Something About the Company Back of the Truck—Know Its History—Its Purpose—Its Length of Existence—This Will Give You a Safe Basis for Judging Whether They Make Your Kind of a Truck

* * ■ * *

Thoughtful men have entire confidence in the Duplex Limited—feeling that this *high speed* Duplex is a safe investment because of the fact that it *is* a Duplex. Medium Capacity—Pneumatic Tired—Two Wheel Drive—Full Electrical Equipment—here is a Speed Truck that *lasts*. Strong, rugged, mechanically and constructively *right*—it handles as easily and smoothly as a passenger car—and at a minimum of upkeep.

* * ■ * *

THERE is a lot more to getting truck value than merely looking at the truck.

In these days of "standardized" parts one is apt to fall into the way of assuming the integrity and experience and success of the truck maker.

Parts do not make a truck—no matter how good the parts may be. There are such things as design, construction, purpose and character of service for which the truck is built—*and by whom it is built*.

It *is* a great temptation to feature "standardized" parts as suggestive to service value in the truck itself—although the value may not really be there. Perhaps this class of trucks is deliberately made for the casual or inexperienced buyer!

There is, however, a constantly growing class of truck buyers who know this temptation and who are past the stage of being influenced by it.

Here is one of the most hopeful tendencies in the truck business. It is this very tendency, more than likely, that is really responsible for the fact that *more than three hundred different trucks were forced to withdraw from the market during the last ten years.*

It was during these same ten years, mind you, that the Duplex Truck Company was forging steadily and surely ahead—until today it is one of the oldest and most successful truck companies in America.

Men know much more about trucks today than they did ten years ago—and it is stated on reliable authority that the next five years will see the elimination of many trucks that are on the market today.

Look at the dealers' experience—many of them have handled six or eight different trucks—and have some in customers' hands for which they cannot supply repair parts.

Ninety percent of the Duplex dealers, on the other hand, have been distributing Duplex Trucks ever since this company was organized.

The Duplex distributing franchise is probably the most sought after in the business today. Duplex dealers find that the Duplex gives them a clean business and a prosperous and permanent business.

Duplex Truck Company

Lansing • Michigan

One of the Oldest and Most Successful Truck Companies in America

RACINE MULTI-MILE CORD TIRES

There is definite economy in buying Racine Multi-Mile Cord and Country Road Fabric Tires, because they have the Extra Tested quality and stamina to yield you constant dividends in extra mileage.

Matchless Mile-Making Feature

Racine Tires possess the famous Racine Absorbing Shock Strip, the industry's matchless mile-making feature. This is an extra strip of blended rubber, graduated in resiliency, welding tread and carcass perfectly.

On country roads or city streets, Racine Tires prove their extra value in extra miles.

Racine Inner Tubes, Supreme Tire Sundries

Extra Tested for Extra Service

For your protection look on every tire for name—

Racine Rubber Company
Racine
Wis.

RACINE
Absorbing
Shock Strip

Extra Tested for Extra Miles

(Continued from Page 104)

blamed if I know how to either. If I only had a little advice from—gosh, wouldn't that be dandy, Mary? Would you? I hate to trouble you, but honest, I'd be terrible thankful. What, the one with the feller to open the door for you? Sure, I can get away! My boss is pretty easy on me—yes, Dule. He's my boss. No, he's out now, but that'll be all right. Yes, make it two o'clock. I'll have on my store clothes. All right, Mary—and a harmonious necktie. Goo'-by."

Duley returning a trifle late from Manhattan, where he had concluded his business and lunched with a friend, turned the factory corner and approached the entrance, observing as he did so the back of a smart town car with liveried chauffeur and footman standing at the curb.

"Now I wonder what's up," thought Duley.

There was a lady in the car and she was glancing expectantly toward the factory portal. She was small, quite dark, garbed in a mode which made the smartness of the car and its appointments no more than appropriate. Duley was quite sure she was ——

But at that moment his partner stepped briskly across the sidewalk. The footman held open the door of the car while Jud popped in, shook hands cordially with the lady and dropped into the seat beside her. The footman shut the door with a bang, took his place in front, and instantly a thin bluish vapor issued from the exhaust. The car drew away rapidly and disappeared round a distant corner of the factory.

All this happened while Austin Parsons Duley was covering the distance that separated him from the factory doorway. By the time he placed his foot upon the lowest step the car was gone. Duley stood a moment and stared at the tracks it had left in the oily gravel of the gutter. One would have said he had seen something far more unusual than a rather swagger motor car occupied by a pretty girl and a large young churn manufacturer. He climbed the two flights of stairs in a brown study.

"Now, can you beat that?" he asked himself. "The old snide! Knows her well too. Anyone could see that with half an eye. Mighty secretive, that bird."

At his desk Duley sat and wondered some more. His work seemed at the moment to have lost interest for him. Jud was a sly one! Then there was that Miss Bev——

Great Scott, why hadn't he thought of that before? Why, it was all plain enough—or was it? Darned if it was! Jud had asked him if he knew Miss Beverly, and, by George, he'd told him he didn't think he had met her! But there was no mistaking that profile—that shiny black hair, that inimitable and much envied style, or that particular town car which made so fit a setting.

It was a funny little world and a funny little city. Duley guessed if Jud had wanted him to know he would have told him. Only somehow he had a vague feeling of hurt as if he had been purposely left out by a man whose confidence he felt he merited.

Oh, well, Jud would tell him when he got ready! It explained several things which had heretofore puzzled Duley, but for these solved riddles it substituted new enigmas to which apparently there wasn't any answer at all. The situation offered the promise of a headache, and Duley fell to work, seeking to brush aside the thing that had upset him. But it continued to tinge his thought for days to come.

Meanwhile Mr. Judson Dunlap and Miss Mary Beverly were crossing the Queensboro Bridge to Manhattan and making good time toward the suburbs. He was telling his companion a good many things that somehow he had been wanting to talk about for a long time. He wondered why it was he could always talk to Mary, when he was so much inclined to diffidence with other people. Even with his partner he had never been overcommunicative.

There was Jordan, however. He had talked pretty freely to L. J. Something about L. J. made conversation easy. Yet he had seen L. J. hardly half a dozen times, and the financier was himself no prodigal of words. It was as if there were something subtly in common between Jordan and Dunlap that made them like each other. Some day Jud hoped he would be much better acquainted with the great Wall Street man, whose counsel touching international credits was practically equivalent to a command to be obeyed by some of the biggest bankers in the country. He certainly didn't feel greatly in awe of Jordan.

There was something about Mary that encouraged confidences. Talking with Mary was in a way like talking with Jordan, only Mary was a girl—and he felt that he knew her pretty well. He had never cared anything about girls. Mary as a representative of the so-called weaker sex had done quite a neat bit of missionary work, so that Jud was ready to concede the said sex had a good deal in its favor.

"You know three-four of those places we saw that day had for-sale signs on 'em," said Jud. "I thought I'd like to see 'em again. You can find fault with the ones we look at and keep me from making a chump of myself. I suppose any slick real-estate man could stand me on my head."

If there is one thing in the world a woman enjoys more than another it is the selection of a house. If for her own occupancy the task is doubly fascinating, yet she can advise a friend without that feeling of responsibility which makes it so serious. Mary Beverly was a bit flattered by Jud's invitation to act as his mentor and had quite got over her annoyance at his failure to keep in more frequent touch with her.

She divined that this was due not alone to Jud's engrossment in the affairs of the churn company but to a certain diffidence, a fear that he might be presuming. She gave him credit for a delicacy which contradicted to a degree the roughness of his manners. Mary Beverly could hardly have imagined that a man could lack so many of the rudiments of education and breeding and still be a gentleman. Yet she recognized in Judson Dunlap an essential gentleman and a very fine one.

Mary recalled Jud's mother, country bred, with labor-scarred hands and a bucolic twang in her speech. She remembered far more vividly than the scars and the twang the gentleness, the genuineness of their possessor. Mary Beverly was a snob and shrank fastidiously from vulgarity, from commonness. The ordinariness of the so-called lower classes, which in her mind included the great middle class, always repelled her.

To Judson Dunlap and his mother Mary Beverly had suddenly found herself unable to apply the established rules whereby she determined social distinctions. She had to admit—let it be said to her credit, she was glad to admit—these people were just as good as she was. All they lacked was surface graces. The graces of the underlying spirit they possessed in abundance. Consequently Mary wondered if perhaps she had not been too sweeping in her judgments of people in the lower walks. These judgments seemed to have been based on insufficient data.

Anyhow Mary Beverly liked Judson Dunlap with something that approached affection. He had saved her life. He had been chivalrous and generous. He was absolutely free from affectations and hypocrisies. And he was her discovery. In a childlike way she regarded him as of far greater value than the other trophies of her occasional camping trips. Deep in her heart she cherished the belief that Jud had come to New York partly on her account. Of course there was the churn. She was willing to divide honors with the churn on a fifty-fifty basis. But no, it wasn't the churn either—it was art. The churn was to have been only a means to an end. Art and Mary Beverly had been Jud's motives in leaving Ashaluna—and art had seemingly fallen by the wayside. Art couldn't call him up on the telephone—and Mary Beverly could. The girl hadn't the slightest idea of letting her trophy escape. She was a little jealous of Austin Parsons Duley.

"How is your partner?" she asked as they swept up the Drive past the cliff like lines of apartment houses, the occasional lordly residence, the smooth embankment of lawn and terrace. It was the first moment of relaxation Jud had known for some weeks.

"Fine! He's a grand boy, that Duley. You ought to come over to our office and let us show you through the factory. You saw me make a churn by hand back in Ashaluna. Now you should see how it's done with machines. We can turn out a thousand of 'em a day, or more if we're pushed."

"Aren't you pushed?"

"No, not yet. We had a contract for our entire output, but we canceled it. Now we're going to market our own churns

(Continued on Page 110)

TEMCO

Trade Mark

Portable Electric Tools

Quick Drilling in Metal or Wood

THE efficiency of Temco Portable Electric Tools is quickly demonstrated on hard-to-reach jobs. These easily-handled, reliable tools may be taken to any part of the buildings or grounds in a moment and put right to work. They are of great value in all kinds of repairs as well as on many forms of production.

The use of Temco Tools invariably results in marked savings in time and labor. The possibility of production breakdowns is greatly reduced. Let us tell you of the many ways in which Temco Tools can save *you* money.

Drills, Grinders, Buffers and Garage Outfits. Write for catalogue

The Temco Electric Motor Co., *Leipsic, Ohio, U. S. A.*

HUDSON SUPER SIX

This is the Secret

of Hudson Supremacy

The Super-Six Motor Is Exclusive

Here is a picture to keep in mind.

Even our 100,000 owners must be reminded of it. For the Super-Six performs its duties with such reliance and ease one is apt to overlook the causes for its supremacy.

Drivers and passengers of a Hudson are seldom conscious that there is anything mechanical in its smooth transportation. It never obtrudes its mechanism.

So we must, from time to time, call attention to the Super-Six motor and its exclusive patented principle, which accounts for this fact.

This Is What It Does

Judge how complete is its advantage. Merely to think of the way thousands of Hudsons, year after year, are giving uninterrupted and economical service inspires the confidence owners have in the Super-Six.

Such performance depends upon more than good workmanship and good materials. Other cars possess those qualities. But they differ in this.

Forces which cause early motor destruction are converted to the useful agency of propelling the car. Vibration is practically annulled. The smoothness that results is not only appreciated in riding ease, but it means absence of strain and friction that conserves years to the life of the car.

It means freedom from fatigue to passengers. It explains why the Hudson rides so pleasingly and endures so long against the hardest service.

It will be years before we can know the final limit of Super-Six endurance. But already it is evident that endurance is doubled through this exclusive principle. More than 100,000 cars in service and nearly five years' experience reveal the character of Hudson endurance.

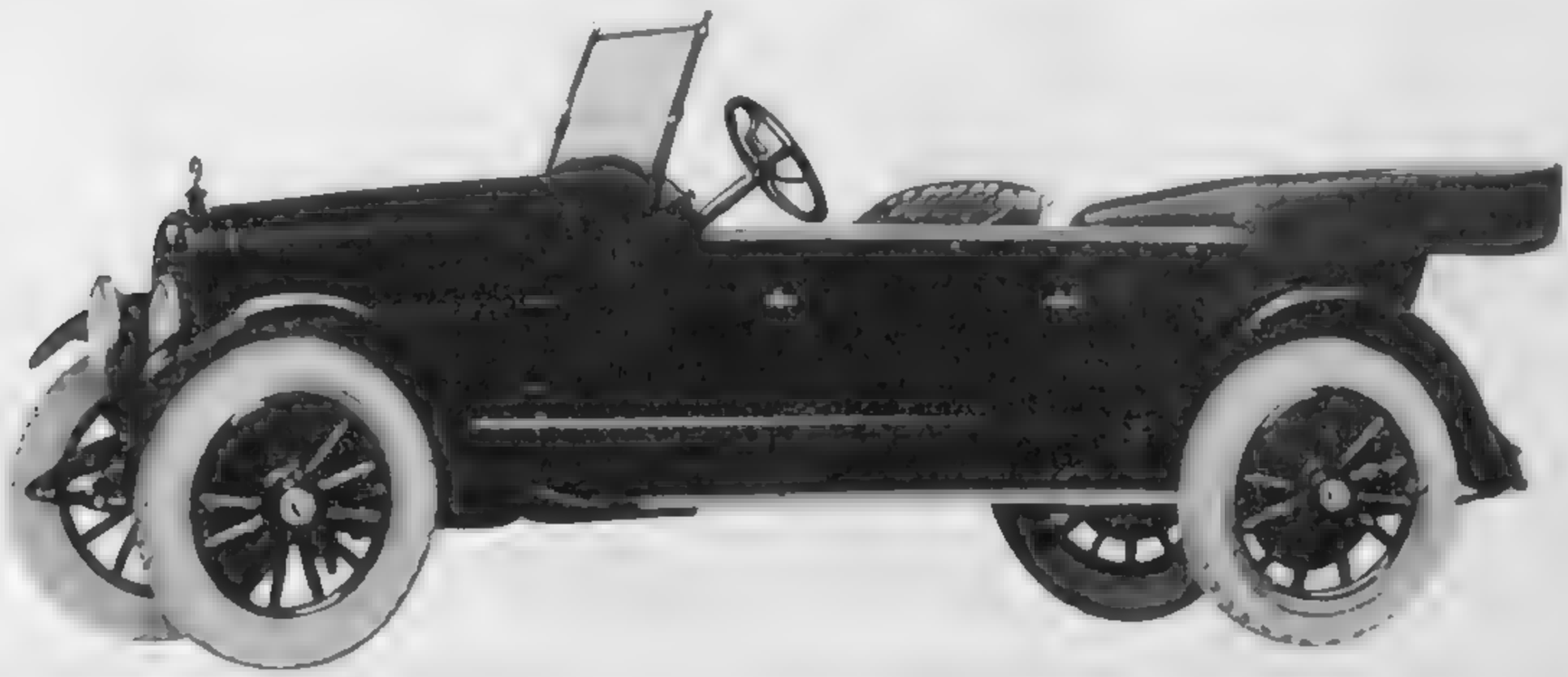
The proof is also shown in Hudson's unequalled records for speed, hill-climbing, and acceleration. They cover the field. Can there be any question of its supremacy in these respects?

Also a Leader in Beauty

If it had no other appeal than its distinctive beauty, the Super-Six would hold high position. That is recognized in the way Hudson has set motor car styles. Its exclusiveness in that respect is maintained by creation and advancement. Others can always be just behind its mode. But with its motor there can be no imitation. There it holds a monopoly.

Strive as they may to accomplish the same results, no one has as yet by official proof shown that any motor equals or satisfactorily supplants the Super-Six in those qualities for which it is famed.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan



(3075)

(Continued from Page 107)

direct to stores all over the country and we have to organize a sales force. We shipped a few to Chicago, but that was all. We'll have men on the road inside a month and be advertising in a whole lot of magazines and farm papers. Oh, well, that's no way for me to talk. Kind of poor taste, I guess, boring you with business. Interesting to me though. 'S why I haven't paid you any attention lately."

"Tell me some more," urged Mary Beverly. "I want to know all about it."

"It wasn't all my doing anyhow," said Jud. "I guess I'd have gone back home licked if it hadn't been for Duley. He's a wonderful boy, Mary. Brighter'n a dollar. He's got a big acquaintance down in Wall Street."

"Have you ever made up your mind to visit that jungle of iniquity?"

"Once. Duley and I had to see a feller on business. Duley, he knows 'em all. L. J.'s badgerin' me to go down to his office too, but I never seem to get time."

"Oh, you know Mr. Jordan?"

"Bet I do! Fine man! I'll say he's one splendid man! Kind of rough in his ways, but solid. He and I get along first-class too. Some folks knock him, but I can do most anything I want to with him. Say, Mary, you know him. Are you scared of him? Do you see any reason why folks should jump whenever he opens his mouth?"

Mary Beverly smiled.

"Most of the times I've seen him," she said, "he's been rather lamblike."

"You must know his family. I hear he's got some daughters—way up in society, of course. If they're anything like their dad they deserve to be. What kind of girls are they, Mary?"

"Two of them are very nice. I'd like to have you meet them some day."

"I'd admire to. But what about the third one? Don't you like her?"

"Oh, yes, I like her pretty well sometimes. I guess she's—a little peculiar, that's all."

"Oh, well," replied Jud tolerantly, "we can't all be alike. Lots of smart people are sort of odd. That's the kind that's sensitive too. You have to be careful how you treat 'em so as not to hurt their feelings. Often if you give 'em a fair chance you find they have some real good points. Now this Jordan girl, maybe she's got more brains than her sisters, only she doesn't know how to show 'em off to advantage."

"It's kind of you to defend her," said Mary Beverly, "especially when you haven't an idea what she's like. She may look a fright, you see."

"Well, does she?"

"O-oh, not really. Her dressmaker and milliner manage to make her fairly presentable."

"Well, when I'm introduced to the other two I want to meet the freak along with 'em. I don't believe she's half so queer as you make out. Can't be you're jealous of her for some reason?"

"Why, Jud, how disagreeable! I'm not in the least. Now tell me some more about your business. How did you happen to meet Mr. Jordan?"

"L. J.? Oh, he liked to chased me most to death and I was too busy to see him. Finally he came over to the churn-company office. Seems when we sold some stock through a broker downtown L. J. bought it, so he wanted to look us over and see what he'd invested in. He's one of our directors now."

"Lafayette Jordan!"

"The same. Lafayette Jordan. Who you s'pose I've been talkin' about? Anything surprisin' in his being interested with us?"

"Well, if you'll excuse my saying so, Jud, I supposed Mr. Jordan was—that is——"

"'Fraid of hurtin' my feelin's, Mary? You mean, you thought he didn't mix up in anything that wasn't big like these trusts and the Allied loans and such top-heavy matters. You're right too. But L. J.'s got an ax to grind."

"A churn factory making grindstones?"

"L. J.'s been trying to put something over. He's a slick one. Guess he knows it's no use though. Say, Mary, you remember the sluice just above our house where the river rushes through between those high rocky walls? Well, that's the cut in the meal."

"Oh!" said Mary vaguely. "I see."

"Yes, you do! You mean you don't see. Well, it's like this. L. J. wants to make another Lake Erie and confound his enemies at one and the same time. And L. J., according to all I hear, is one of our best little confounders."

"I've heard he usually got his way."

"Yes, he calculates to. But I'm afraid he's going to be disappointed this time. I happen to own the Ashaluna sluice and L. J. can't buy it. I don't like his scheme and I don't want to be a party to it."

"It certainly appeals to one's imagination though," said Mary.

"Exactly. Jordan's all on fire with it. Says he wants it for a monument to himself. Some monument, costing a hundred million dollars or so, I'll say! I'm afraid he'll have to buy his monument at some other shop."

"I thought you liked Mr. Jordan."

"So I do. And I must say he's been pretty fine about this. I told him flat-footed that he needn't expect just because he's a friend of mine that I'd go back on my honest beliefs to humor a notion of his."

"Notion!" said Mary Beverly. "Notion! A lake over sixty miles long!"

"Just as much a notion with him as a doll baby is to a child. Only difference is relative."

"Are you sure you aren't a little stubborn, Jud?"

"Stubborn? Yes, I'm afraid I am. And that's wrong. I promised Mr. Jordan first chance I got I'd give him an hour or two to explain his scheme, and if he can make me change my mind he's welcome. He's got a good deal on his side too. I realize that. He wants to put a crimp in Mogridge—and there I'm with him. There's two sides to everything, Mary. For instance, the Hudson River. Now we're on one side; in half an hour we'll be on the other. That's when your work begins."

Jud thus concluded his dissertation because the car was slowing up to wait for the ferry at Dyckman Street.

He remembered another afternoon not so long ago when he had waited in this same spot. A lot of water had flowed past since that time. Things had changed with him. He had looked upon those neatly laundered New Jersey estates with an alien eye. Now he came to choose one for his own. On that day he had undergone a revulsion of feeling regarding the city. Now he began to realize how far the revulsion was carrying him.

He was about to invest a number of thousands of dollars in a home. He was going to become a property holder, a taxpayer, a citizen of a world which had until recently been as foreign to him as the soil of France, over which he had fought as a member of the A. E. F. He was adopting this land as his, casting the flag of his house to a breeze which had never ruffled the waters of Ashaluna.

It was incredible but, nevertheless, a fact. Judson Dunlap was setting up housekeeping in a home with three bathrooms and a butler's pantry. Gosh ding it, he'd be switched if it wouldn't be a long time before he'd have a butler!

He hoped his mother would be pleased. She might not get used to it as readily as he hoped. Elderly people are not so adaptable. It would be calamitous if Mrs. Dunlap kicked over the traces after a few weeks and packed up to fly back to Ashaluna. Well, it had to be thought of. She had a mind of her own, that same Polly Dunlap. Maybe after all she'd rather do her own milking and drive the horse in the bouncing old hayrake. It would leave him in a pretty fix, with a house and land on his hands—and the thought of that house and land became increasingly attractive to him as he and Mary discussed one property after another.

They had found a real-estate man who was now showing them about. He was glib and affable, a salesman to his finger tips. He was exceedingly appreciative of the class in which the big town car with its liveried attendants listed these possible customers. Shrewdly he placed his own construction upon the situation. Mary didn't wear a wedding ring therefore—rich papa, petted daughter, hopeful son-in-law with prospects, suitable wedding gift to be paid for by rich papa—you couldn't blame the real-estate man for addressing most of his conversation to Mary.

Mary found the experience very entertaining. She discussed seriously the number of chambers, the location and size of closets, the distance of dining room from kitchen, the relation of servants' quarters to main house, the possibilities of interior decoration, the disposition of greenhouses, lawns and gardens.

It dawned forcibly upon Judson that Mary was amazingly competent. She thought of things which never would have occurred to him. By golly, she was a great help! And she was so snappy, so vividly alive, so sparkling and—yes sir-ree Bob—so all-fired bee-yutiful! She was a regular little peach, that's what she was. The big fellow forgot the primary object of the expedition in the delight of watching Mary take charge.

And by five o'clock he bought a house and paid a small initial amount to bind the bargain. To accomplish this transaction they drove to the village and Jud signed the contract in the agent's office.

As they rose to go the man said cordially: "Mr. Dunlap, you have made a wonderful selection. I must say your—the young lady is a clever judge of values. I appreciate your patronage and I hope you both will enjoy your new home as much as I have enjoyed introducing you to it."

He beamed. By George, it was just as gracious and whole-hearted a little speech of felicitation as he had ever made in his life! What was his amazement therefore to observe the young lady turning a rather becoming but very angry crimson and the young man stutteringly embarrassed? What could he do, though? What was there for him to say? If he opened his head he'd probably only make matters worse.

The pair bade him a frigid good day. Well, it was damned lucky he'd got that chap's name on the dotted line before he'd pulled such an egregious boner.

"Well," he thought, "my intention was all right. And if that big lad doesn't marry Miss Peaches he's more of a fool than I think he is."

Meanwhile in the car Jud and Mary were very silent, Jud in a state of pitiful and agonizing chagrin. He'd have done about right if he'd knocked that real-estate bird's head off. Lucky for him Jud had already signed up.

Mary Beverly suddenly laughed—a rippling relieving laugh for which Judson Dunlap could have gone down on his knees to her in sheer gratitude.

"Then you're not—not mad at me, Mary?"

"Why, you poor old dear, it wasn't your fault! Why should I blame you? After all it's terribly funny, I think. One of the funniest things that ever happened."

She laughed again and Jud joined her—only to become immediately sober.

"Look here, Mary," he said, "just what are you laughing at anyhow? That fellow made a bad break, I'll admit. But when you come to think of it—say, what's so darned absurd about it after all?"

He was leaning forward, his face rather ruddy. He blurted out his question like a distressed and embarrassed boy. Mary Beverly was startled, wide eyed, her lips parted to speak and finding no words.

And in a flash there passed through her mind the picture of that house she had just helped Jud Dunlap to buy—a gem of a house, with the most fascinating sun parlor—and a garage big enough for two cars—and six dandy fireplaces——

Judson Dunlap was exceedingly good-looking. He was, she knew, as staunch as he was personable. The idea that had struck her as absurd now didn't seem absurd at all. Quite the contrary. It was logic carried to a logical conclusion.

Mary Beverly had always been used to getting whatever she wanted. She now knew she wanted Judson Dunlap, blue eyes and bad grammar and all—arms and frank sincere soul—hadn't she once panted that soul for him?—and clean, honest atmosphere of the big woods, and shrewdness and strength.

"I—I——" she began. "I—don't know that there's anything so very absurd about it, Jud, dear," she said.

"No," replied Jud, "I don't think so either. I don't say it's so very likely and I wouldn't want you to misunderstand me. I'm not quite a plumb fool, as I guess you realize. Last winter when I'd only known you two days I liked you so much it—well, it just naturally changed my whole way of lookin' at things. I couldn't expect knowin' me would do that to you, Mary.

"Now I've talked a lot of how much I owed Duley and how much I liked Jordan. I've just bought a house. Why? Because Duley and Jordan got together and voted me a lot of money to compensate me for what they call special services, so I could have my mother come here and live with me. Friends like that are worth havin', Mary. And friends like you are worth havin' too. Duley and Jordan, much as I think of 'em, don't mean to me what you do. I want you to understand how I feel.

"Now I guess you see why I asked just what made you laugh. Even if what that man thought and said about us was absurd in a way I don't want you to think so."

This remarkable speech seemed to leave Mary Beverly next to nothing to say. It was certainly very far from what she had expected from her companion. It was an absolutely impeccable declaration. Mary couldn't find a word of fault with it. For that very reason it piqued her. The explanation of her resentment was obvious. She felt as if she were riding with a young man whom Nature had in some way provided with a safety device, an automatic chaperoning attachment that worked like one of those things which regulate the furnace. If the thermometer got a trifle too high—buzz-z-z! The device began to function and the temperature returned to normal.

Yet she perfectly understood the man's mental processes. She couldn't help paying tribute to that instinctive delicacy of his. It wasn't social humility, which would immediately have indicated a self-determined status of inferiority. He was simply being fair to her.

But he was so irritatingly calm about it. It was at once a virtue and a fault of Jud's that he rarely lost his imperturbability. Mary knew she was about as pretty as any girl in New York, which is saying quite as much as could be said in a whole chapter of descriptive text. She was reasonably conscious of her ability to attract and hold masculine admiration. That several men had been pleasantly in love with her was evidence that she was effective, not to say efficient, judged by properly feminine standards of efficiency. Well, there was time enough. If Jud chose to be imperturbable Mary Beverly was too finished a product to be outdone.

"I'm glad my friendship means so much to you," she said simply. "You are—different from any other man I know. I want you to feel that our relation isn't a bit one-sided, Jud. I've learned to look at many things in a new light since last winter. And when your mother comes I'm going to see her often. I think there'll be lots of ways I can be of service to her."

And here Mary Beverly stopped very abruptly and became thoughtful. Jud observed that her expression was one of deep perplexity, yet hesitated to inquire what puzzled her. She looked up.

"Jud, do you realize that you've never been to see me in my home?"

"Why, Mary, you see, I've been so busy——"

"Don't apologize. It hasn't been your fault, Jud. You weren't too busy to come if I invited you."

"We-ell, maybe not. But I thought it was up to me to ask you to let me come. I ought not to have neglected."

"Will you come to see me, Jud?"

"Sure, I will! When do you want me?"

Mary Beverly knit her brows a moment. She was going out of town for the week-end and then there were several other engagements.

"A week from to-night," she said. "That's the first evening I shall have free. And then I'm going to tell you something that that—well, I think I have a very interesting quarter hour in store for you. And will you promise me something now?"

"Anything at all, Mary."

"Then say you won't let what I'm going to tell you interfere with our friendship. Because I'm not sure you'll like it or that you will find it easy to approve of Mary Beverly afterward."

"Riddles," said Jud, grinning. "When you get to talkin' in riddles I give up. But don't you worry. I'll keep that promise all right."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Try a Great Bread

Made With Luscious Fruit-Meats

THOUSANDS of bakers are baking a bread for you that will win your whole family once they taste it. It is called "California Raisin Bread" and is made with SUN-MAID RAISINS.

The raisins' *flavor* permeates the bread, giving it a most delicious taste. And their nutrition adds a dietetic value that alone makes raisins worth while in bread.

Serve this great bread to children, in a bowl of milk. Serve toasted at breakfast, to the men. Serve sandwiches with chopped nuts as the filler when you entertain.

The bread is filled with *finest* raisins, made from juicy, tender California grapes so thin-skinned that they cannot be shipped fresh. You may never taste the grapes but you can have the raisins—in this bread—or in packages for home use.

Ask your grocer for the packages or the bread. Bake shops also will supply the bread, fresh from your modern local bakeries.

Say you want "California Raisin Bread made with SUN-MAID RAISINS," and you'll get the finest raisin bread that you have ever put into your mouth.

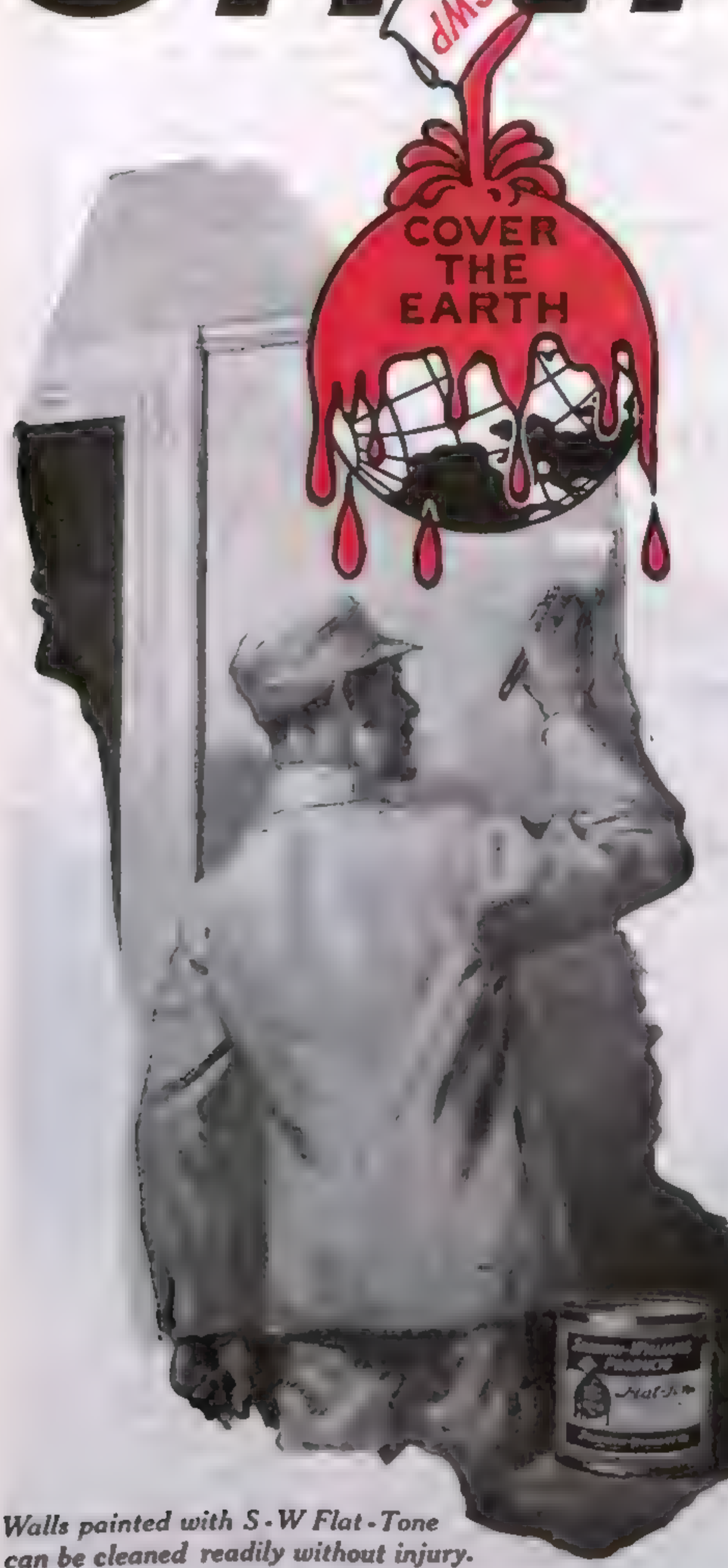
Made With SUN-MAID RAISINS

Ask grocers and bake shops for California Raisin PIE also. See what delicious pie you can BUY now instead of BAKE.

Send for free book of "Sun-Maid Recipes" describing scores of luscious, healthful raisin foods.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
10,000 GROWER-MEMBERS
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

SHERWIN



Here is practical help when you decorate—

YOU seek an effect that is attractive, that will wear well, that you can secure at a reasonable cost. You may not know precisely what you want. You are not likely to know how to get the results you are after.

Few can afford to employ professional decorators. And it is difficult to tell others what you want so that they can prescribe what you need.

This situation confronted so many people that we found it necessary to establish a Decorative Department that would provide concrete suggestions and complete and practical decorative plans for any room or for your whole home. These plans are made by a staff of expert decorators, who specify exactly how to get the effect you want.

This is part of the Sherwin-Williams Service. We do not merely make and sell paint, but we aim to see that it is applied so that you get full value for the money you spend in buying Sherwin-Williams Products.

We make the right paint for a given purpose. We tell you what paint to use in a given circumstance and how to apply it. We suggest combinations of colors that harmonize, as well as provide the finishes to produce the color effect, so that you get a beautiful permanent result.

Walls painted with S-W Flat-Tone can be cleaned readily without injury.

S-W Scar-Not
A varnish for furniture and interior woodwork which withstands hot and cold water and steam

S-W Inside Floor Paint
Gives new and old floors a durable and glossy finish that is easily kept clean. Dries overnight

WILLIAMS PRODUCTS

Typical problems you face which we can help solve

YOU fancy soft, velvety, flat wall effects—rich in color, deep in tone—and you wonder if you can finish your living room so beautifully at a reasonable cost.

You may learn that it is FLAT-TONE that produces the effect—but unless you are careful to seek a Sherwin-Williams dealer you may easily be misled and buy a cheap, poorly-made, substitute product which you are told is a flat-tone paint, but will not wear nor look well on your wall. You didn't realize that FLAT-TONE is the trade-name of a product made only by Sherwin-Williams and sold only by our dealers.

FLAT-TONE is made not only to be rich in color and deep in tone, soft, velvety and flat when new, but it is an oil paint that binds and will neither chalk nor wash off with repeated washing, fade, spot, nor mar, as cheap paint must.

It is made to wear as long as you are satisfied with the room—until you want to redecorate to introduce a new color scheme. Then it provides a perfect surface for refinishing.

With 22 colors, FLAT-TONE offers you a variety of effects. Our Decorative Department will suggest color schemes. You can choose precisely that which fits your room and expresses your individual taste.

Standing woodwork and floors present other problems. To avoid trouble, many will tell you that a single varnish will serve all purposes. But our experience as specialists teaches us that the most satisfactory results can be gotten only with a special varnish for each special purpose.

We recommend Mar-Not for floors, Scar-Not for furniture and woodwork. Both are waterproof and will not spot nor turn white. Both are tough, flexible and durable.

If you prefer white enamel woodwork, Old Dutch Enamel, made by the famous Dutch process, is the highest quality made and has wonderful hiding power and gives wonderful wear.

So each surface presents its own problem; for each, there is a Sherwin-Williams Product. To learn what you need, send for "The A B C of Home Painting". To be sure, buy only products bearing the Cover-the-Earth trademark.

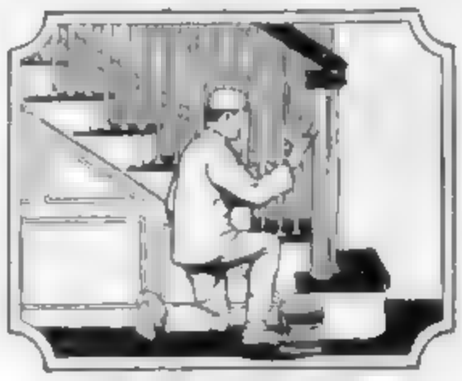
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

Address Main Correspondence Office
601 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio

PAINTS AND VARNISHES
DYESTUFFS, COLORS, PIGMENTS, CHEMICALS, INSECTICIDES, DISINFECTANTS, WOOD PRESERVATIVES

S-W Floorlac

A waterproof varnish stain for furniture, floors and woodwork. Reproduces natural wood. Stains and varnishes with one operation



S-W Old Dutch Enamel

The highest grade, long-life enamel for woodwork and furniture. Made in the intense white or popular ivory shades, gloss and dull finish

S-W Family Paint

Gives bright color treatment for many jobs in the home. Dries with a nice gloss, washes readily and wears remarkably well

S-W Aluminum Paint

Produces a "bright as silver" finish on radiators, boilers, piping, etc. Dries and stands heat without odor or blistering

VARIOUS RELATIONS

(Continued from Page 17)

"Come often, Elsie," he pleaded. "Makes a difference—a big—big difference."

"'Course I will, bless you," she said, and made no pretense of hiding the tears that brimmed in her pretty eyes.

There was no question about Elsie's genuineness. Her feelings were stirred to the very root by his sufferings and as she walked back through the quiet, deserted streets a hundred kind intentions and resolves crowded through her brain. She thought of him as a little child in pain, to be nursed and comforted back to smiles of happiness. Despite the difference in their ages, it was she who felt the older. Compassion took a positive form on her horizon. Her heart had ever held a warm corner for Richard, but at the sight of his grief the glow of that warmth threw off tiny flickers of flame. A new sympathy came into being, sympathy with a likeness of love.

Most boys pass through a stage when they feel a call to become parsons or missionaries. The desire is as transitory as it is intense. With girls, though the direction of their zeal is not as a rule theological, a similar and more enduring state of mind is often to be found. With the ballroom of life fresh lighted before them they pause upon the threshold to wonder whether their lives should not be turned to nobler account.

There were a dozen young men of charm and eligibility stumbling over each other to offer light-hearted and agreeable entertainment to Elsie Masefield, but oddly enough the appeal of one middle-aged man, mourning for his lost happiness, drew her a hundred times more tenderly than their most ardent importunities. The river, theaters, dances—what were these compared with the silences of perfect understanding? They were outclassed, dismissed and shelved. Unobtrusively and without conscious well-doing Elsie Masefield resolved to dedicate her life to the reconstruction of one man's happiness.

As he lay abed that night Richard thought of his wife's words.

"I wonder," he mused. "Amy always knew, and she was always right."

The empty house had seemed less empty, the good of a woman's presence had sweetened and still clung to the air. He fell into an easier sleep than any he had known for months, and imagination sent a smiling dream of Amy, who nodded her head and whose lips seemed to be saying, "That's what I meant, Dicky."

It would be hard to say whether there was any actual proposal or acceptance. Their resolve to become man and wife was not the result of words or passion. With her it was basally the culmination of pity, sympathy and the hero worship of their earlier intimacy. With him it was a form of obedience to his wife's will, to which almost insensibly should be added the appeal of youth and a mighty sense of gratitude that through this girl companionship might once more enter into his life. That this companionship was built up from the memory of his first wife struck him as a beautiful and fantastic coincidence. There could be no disloyalty to the dead in such a partnership.

And so, if such a term may be employed, their courtship took the form of perpetuating Amy's memory and making her a living being in their new lives.

When the news found its way into the family circle there was an uproar. The slug horn sounded and from far and near they thronged to the council rock.

"It's unthinkable—disgusting!"

Ellen snapped her lips together and threw up her head: "I knew it! Bound to come! Licentious little ——"

And in came Freda with icicles upon her tongue: "He was always hopeless. How Amy endured ——"

"Poor Amy"—Janet spoke—"what must she be thinking now?"

Wallace embarked upon a Shaksperean quotation, which for a man of his literary lack of cultivation and inaccuracy should have been a penal offense:

. . . . Oh horrid speed to post
So dexterously to his bridal sheets.

Robert, Ellen's husband, laughed.

"Poor Willie Shakspere! Don't mutilate the man!" he implored.

But the interrupter received no encouragement. Robert himself had been under the guns more than once, and his position was by no means secure. Freda gave him sharply to understand that his humor was ill-timed and undesirable.

"What Wallace means is perfectly correct," she concluded incisively.

"On the other hand his quotation is perfectly incorrect."

"That is a matter of no consequence."

But the literary mind thought otherwise and proceeded to develop his theory. Wallace, who was proud of himself for having remembered anything at all, brought the subject back to its starting point.

"Aren't we wasting time?" he demanded.

"Of course we are," said Ellen in her best chairman manner.

"One trembles to think what sort of girl can have consented to marry him."

"I'd Marry You Now if All the Armies in the World Tried to Prevent Me"

Freda nodded.

"Some penniless fool of course—after his few hundreds."

"Matter of fact," said Robert, who had heard something at the club, "the girl is quite well off."

This was most unwelcome news.

"Indeed, you know her. Elsie—er—something—ah, that's it—Masefield. Nice girl too."

"I think," said Ellen, "you had better go away, Robert."

"I've been thinking the same for some while."

Wallace held open the door for him.

"But just one minute first. It is to be understood that you have nothing further to do with Richard; nothing at all."

"But, my dear," he began, "the man's a friend ——"

"Friendship ceases when people fail to behave themselves."

"Bad—bad," said Robert, and closed the door behind.

"And now we must decide what we're going to do."

And a vote was taken.

In order to be thoroughly on the safe side of justice it was agreed that letters should be written—not a single letter but several, in which the various facets of his iniquity should be polished and illuminated. These letters should be arrayed in the plumage of doves with steel points emerging at places upon which the hand was most likely to fall.

"There is not the smallest possibility they will deter the man, but we shall have done our duty. After that we can say what we like about him and, of course, he must be cut publicly and privately."

The minutes were read over, amended and approved and the company returned to their various homes.

Now here is a point for the student of human nature. Within four and twenty hours each and every one of those hardheaded councilors performed some gentle act of kindness within the radius of his own four walls.

No good service to this story would be done by enumerating or giving in detail these trifling beneficences, but the fact remains they were performed unobtrusively, unselfishly and with no thought of personal gain. One of the greatest anomalies in life is contained in the difference between the concerted and the individual action, for whereas kindness as a rule marks the latter, just so surely blindness and injustice mar the former.

Richard and Elsie were married quietly and without any fuss, and herein is contained the hinge on which the narrative swings over from pathos to tragedy.

Richard had shown Elsie the letters he had received, but he might have saved himself the trouble, for the family, thorough if nothing else, had penned an equivalent number to her. In the naivest manner they sought to convey that she was acting in a foolish and misguided fashion, a circumstance she would "be the first to admit before many seasons have passed." Their importunities, however, merely had the result of expediting the wedding and provoking in the pair feelings of the liveliest animosity.

"You must understand, my dear," was contained in one of the letters, "that if you do this thing, we—the family—could never consent to entertain either Richard or yourself."

"Well, that's a blessing, anyway," said Elsie as she threw the page to Richard. Then with a touch of satire, the presence of which was not surprising:

"Curious how people misuse the word 'entertain.' There's no particular entertainment in meeting folks you don't like. The mere sitting at table with them is not entertaining."

Richard was horribly sensitive in spite of his outward reserve. He was immeasurably hurt and wounded by the attack.

"Look here," he blurted out, "perhaps it's all a mistake. If you'd rather not marry me ——"

But she would not let him proceed.

"I'd marry you now if all the armies in the world tried to prevent me. Did they give a button for your happiness? Would they have moved a finger to make you so? You're my little sorrowing child and I'm going to make you smile—going to—going to! We'll be married this day week."

And they were.

In the Great Western train speeding Devonward Elsie laid a hand in his.

"How quiet you are," she said.

He blinked and lifted his head as though coming out of a reverie.

"I was thinking," he explained.

"Yes? Of what?" There was an invitation to sweetness in the question and the softer echo: "Of what?"

He pressed her hand.

"Of Amy. One can't help it somehow. It's so long ago since she and I ——"

"Yes, of course."

He scarcely noticed her hand was withdrawn from his.

"Our honeymoon was only for a week, but ——"

He relapsed into silence.

"I see," said Elsie.

A small cloud settled on her brow and remained there. Out of the unexpected a thought arose and took form. Because he was lonely, sad and wretched, she had given him herself; but surely, surely the right of sorrow was his no longer. Sorrow, which had been the source of their friendship, was forfeit now—had no further claim to existence. Its presence, spoken or tacit, in their new relations, implied lack of appreciation for her—an unworthy regard, almost a deliberate slight.

From under her lowered lids she looked at Richard. His attitude and expression were remote; he was like a man alone with his past. She shivered, moved her shoulders restlessly and spoke his name.

"Yes?"

"You happy?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, yes," came the unconvincing reply.

"Richard"—with a little plaint in the voice.

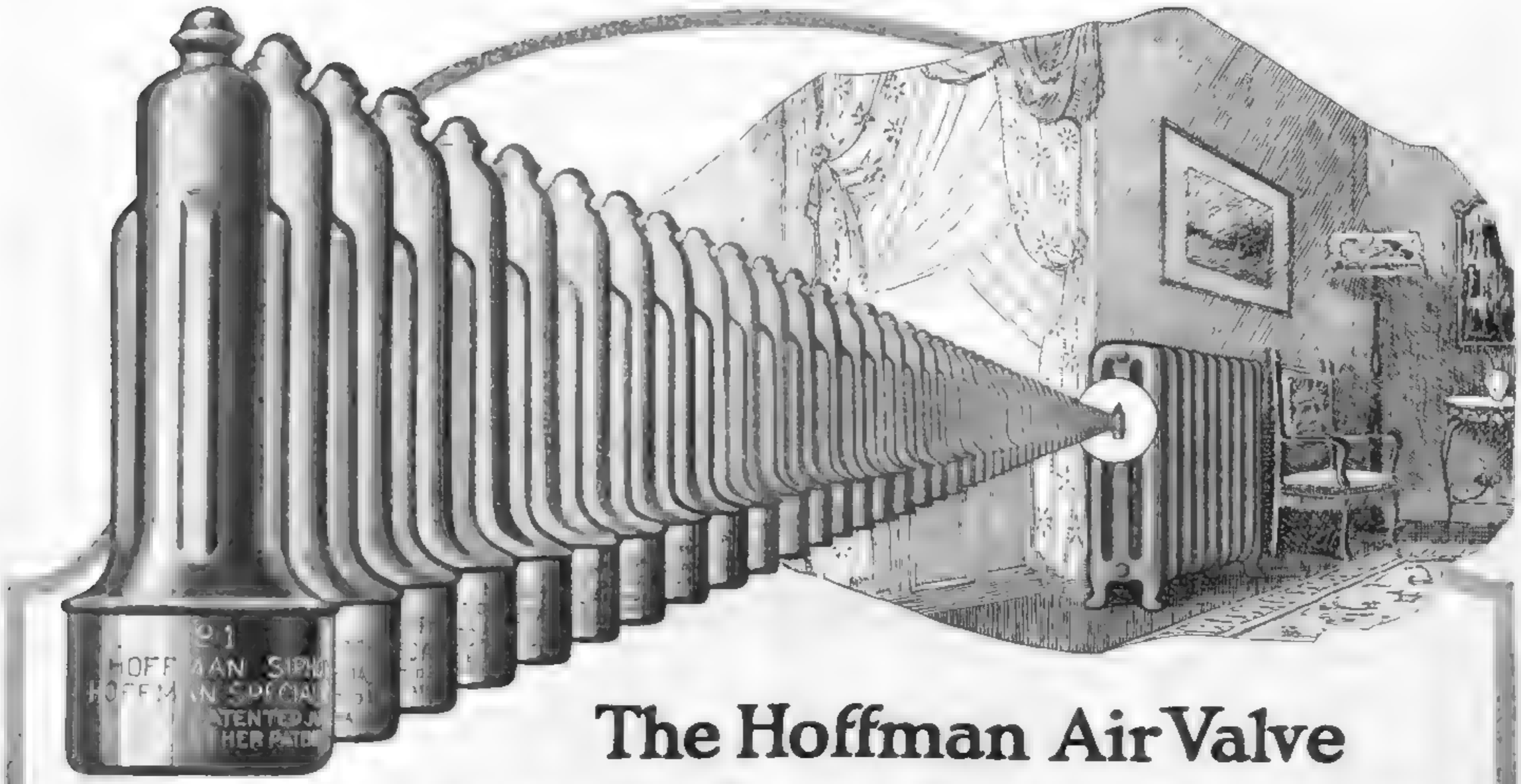
"I know, I know," said he, "but you understand how it is. The picture comes up—it's bound to."

"But this is my wedding day, Richard."

It is not unreasonable for a girl to wish her wedding day to be a success. Richard suddenly realized this fact and his duty and obligation to realize it. He put out an arm and drew her closer. But the mischief was done. As her head rested against the lapel of his coat she could not choose but feel a taint of regret. It might have been sweeter to have laid one's head upon the shoulder of a man whose heart was full of promise rather than memory.

A middle-aged man may be composed of a variety of sterling merits. He may be enthusiastic, tender, witty, thoughtful and cultivated. At times even he may be energetic. But he will never be a boy, nor

(Continued on Page 116)



The Hoffman Air Valve is the big factor in steam-heat efficiency

On the radiator he appears small to the eye—this little nickel watchman—but when it comes to putting steam to work producing heat, he's as big as the boiler. He insures an all-over, steam-hot radiator and reduces the amount of coal you burn to get it.

He never needs adjustment or correction, but acts automatically day and night—opening wide the door when air comes rushing through the radiator—letting it escape quickly and quietly so as to make room for the steam which follows. In a jiffy every radiator section is pouring out the heat.

But when the steam reaches him, or a flood of water, he closes the door tight—not a puff of steam nor a drop of water can squeeze through.

This silent and efficient operation of the watchman —"the Hoffman Valve"—means the greatest heat from the least coal. It means relief from cold radiators, banging pipes and whistling valves. It means deliverance from leaking radiators that play havoc with costly rugs, hardwood floors, and ceilings!

Not a temporary relief—the Hoffman Valve—but permanent—backed by a five-year written guarantee delivered to you at the time of installation.

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

No. 4 Hoffman Quick Vent Air Valve

For use in venting pipe lines, but not to be used where water is a factor.

Purpose: Speedy venting of air and quickened circulation without escape of steam.

Right now while your heating system is idle for the summer is the best time to call in your heating contractor and have him install Hoffman Valves. The installation can be made in a few hours' time without inconvenience or discomfort to you, and without alteration of your heating system. Then you'll be ready for fall and winter, with the positive assurance of a warm, comfortable home from the very first day you start the fire next fall.

If you are building a new home or other structure, any good architect or engineer will specify Hoffman Valves because of their perfect operation. There is a particular Hoffman Valve for each individual type of steam heating system. If building this summer, look into the merits of vapor heat. The No. 8 Hoffman Valve makes vapor heating perfect.

To show how Hoffman Valves will improve your steam heating system, ask our New York office to send you the booklet, "More Heat from Less Coal."

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC., 512 Fifth Ave., New York

No. 8 Hoffman Quick Vent Float Air Valve

Purpose: Vents air on return lines; prevents escape of steam or water, insuring rapid steam circulation.

Los Angeles
405 S. Hill Street

An Unqualified Guarantee

The satisfactory operation of Hoffman Valves is guaranteed for five years. If, for any reason, you are dissatisfied new valves will be furnished or your money returned, whichever you prefer—without quibbling.

Chicago
130 N. Wells Street

(Continued from Page 114)

ardent, nor impulsive. Neither is he likely to betray reckless energy of mind or habit. It is quite on the cards he may flog himself round a golf course three times in a single day, but having achieved this feat you will not afterward find him at the theater or see him throwing off scintillations over a supper table at the Savoy. Instead, he is to be located in his particular armchair, stretching out his toes toward the fire and congratulating himself on the preservation of his youth. A similar condition obtains after a hard day's work. The lure of the hearth draws him; he shakes his head at proposals to disport and delivers panegyrics in praise of comfort and repose. His senses may be just as acute as heretofore and his appreciation intact, but middle-age has robbed him of youth's first treasure—spontaneity.

Elsie discovered the truth of this after three months of married life and secretly was appalled. Until then it had never occurred to her that the difference in their ages would have a pronounced effect upon the enjoyment of each other's society. The fireside, that domestic paradise of those who are advancing in years, can be a positive terror to youth. The fireside with its lulling influence, its incentive to silences or to sleep, to the releasing of waistcoat buttons and the stretching out of legs!

"Richard, let's go somewhere—a theater or something."

A yawn and: "D'you really want to? It's very pleasant here."

This frequently repeated dialogue was sometimes recited with variations. For example: "Do you realize that I'm only twenty four?"

Sometimes he would concede, with perhaps rather ponderous grace, struggle into evening dress and express his real feelings upon the taxi whistle. But as these occasions had about them the air of a set piece they were not the success that might have been anticipated. She could not disguise from herself the feeling that he would much rather have stayed at home, and this belief was given reality on their return by his inevitably expressed remark: "It's good to be back."

It was after one of these nights an argument sprang up.

"I shouldn't come out again. Evidently you don't enjoy it."

"Yes, my dear. I do—very well. But when one's been busy all day ——"

And the illogical feminine interruption: "My side of the case still exists."

Amy would never have said a thing like that, but allowances had to be made. The lift of his shoulders held a slight protest.

"You'll do me the credit of admitting that it was your side of the case I considered."

"Considered! I don't want consideration."

It takes a woman's subtlety to lead a man's good intentions up conversational cul-de-sacs of this kind. Richard saw the dead end before him and floundered for an opening.

"I can't do more. What more do you want?"

"Don't suppose you'd understand if I told you."

"Is that your experience?" he returned.

It was a challenge to a compliment—or the reverse; and because their relations with each other were not yet sufficiently strained Elsie took a middle course.

"Is it unnatural for a girl to want some excitement in her life—just a little go?"

He frowned.

"I'm forty-six," he said. "You'd hardly expect me to behave like a boy."

There was bitterness in her reply.

"Why keep drumming in your age?"

"You seem to forget it."

"Some things speak for themselves."

He did not answer for a while; then he spoke with a quiet earnest quality of voice which had been of good service to him at the bar.

"Throughout the twenty-odd years Amy and I were man and wife there was not one single quarrel to our account."

"Am I forever to be compared?" came the retort.

Only with the greatest difficulty he mastered the inclination to reply: "There can be no comparison." But Elsie read the thought in his silence.

"Good night," she said, and walked from the room.

Richard spent half an hour in thought before he mounted the stairs. With legal exactitude he reviewed their rival positions impartially, crediting each with the strong points of the case. He concluded that there was equal justice on either side, but that she, as the woman, was entitled to a margin. Wherefore, though he found her with her face to the wall in a pretense of sleep, he leaned across the bed and kissed her cheek.

"I'm sorry, dear," he whispered; "very sorry."

Possibly he was simple enough to believe that she would tell him he had no cause for regrets, but in this he was at fault.

"Doesn't matter," came the reply.

"But it does—you shan't have cause to blame me in the future."

Next evening he returned an hour earlier than usual.

"I've seats for the Haymarket and booked a table at the Carlton grill. You must hurry into your things or we'll lose half the dinner."

The reformation of men is too sudden an affair altogether. As a result an air of immediate sacrifice and martyrdom is produced which defeats the purpose that governed it. A woman is never guilty of such a blatant and chameleon folly. If she determines on a change of front she brings it about by degrees and imperceptibly, whereby the audience may slowly mark and assimilate the progression of her character toward the ultimate ideal. She will not stalk out of one door a tragedy queen and burst through another in the frills and motley of a Columbine, for she knows that such dexterity will be regarded as a trick and not a fact.

Consequently when Richard tongued the tidings of impending gayety Elsie looked at him in silent disapproval.

"We were out last night; I don't want to go out every night."

"Ah, but I do—I want to go."

It was something of a trial to continue his heel-and-toe effect under the steady analysis of her cool gray eyes, but he did his best.

"I'm keen to go. I've been at home too much of late. So hurry up, dear, and tumble into your best frock."

Still she made no movement.

"Why didn't you let me know earlier? The dinner is practically cooked now."

"What's it matter? It'll warm up."

"You're so fond of recooked meals, aren't you?"

"Live for the day," said Richard unconvincingly. "To-morrow is too far off to worry about."

"The Haymarket?"

"Yes—it's excellent they say."

"It's all right—but I don't want to see it again."

"But ——"

"I told you—I went to a matinée there last week—with Paula."

"Oh, I'd forgotten," he said dully.

"Of course if you want to go particularly ——"

This was more than he could cope with.

"I? Good heavens, I don't want to go out! It wasn't for my sake I arranged the thing."

He had never spoken like that before; Elsie picked up the gage and flung it back.

"Please don't bother for mine. I didn't become your wife to make a martyr of you."

"Elsie!"

And war was declared—war to the knife—that bitter, ceaseless, day-and-night, cruel, illogical warfare of man and wife.

During the Inquisition the Spaniards are credited with perfecting many a pretty style and device for inflicting pain, but it is doubtful if any of these were more sure or poignant than the simple everyday currency of torture employed by one sex against another when they are pleased to believe a grievance exists.

In the hands of each of us there is a key to unlock the oven doors of hell, and the weakest pair of arms have strength enough to thrust a fellow creature into the flames.

So within a year of his remarriage Richard Carrington was plunged into deeper despair and bitterness than even the death of Amy had wrought in him. Almost he blamed Amy for the plea she had made. For the first time in her life she had proved herself fallible—in his hour of greatest need she had wrongly advised him.

And Elsie? She too knew the spelling of torment and resentfulness. She was old enough for sense but too young for sensibility. There the trouble lay. The one-time charms of the man she had married became his most intimate faults. His reserve she regarded as sullen and morose—and made it so; his acquired habits as deliberate incentives to irritate; even his loyal duty to his first wife as an expression of disloyal contempt for his second.

And so by every device of imagination and ingenuity they put each other in the wrong and kept each other there.

There is a proverb that bad news travels quickly but good news is even fleeter of foot. I would ask what news can be so good or acceptable as the knowledge that one's prophecies have been realized. Possibly through the agency of the small bird, whose wings are feathered with scandal and small talk, the tidings of Richard's misery were brought to the family circle. Being cautious folk they did not readily accept the rumor until such a time as it was clearly proved, but when that time came the order went forth for technical rejoicing and jubilation.

The situation was reviewed at a meeting which boasted a full attendance.

"He made his own bed and he must lie upon it," said Ellen in her Day-of-Judgment manner.

Freda nodded, for what Ellen said went with her.

Janet sighed, being troubled with rather a large heart.

"He can't say we didn't tell him." A pause, then: "Poor fellow!"

"Oh, don't let's be sentimental."

Janet took a grip on herself and with an effort refrigerated her emotions.

Robert spoke. "The fellow's down and out. So we've every cause to congratulate ourselves, eh?"

"There's no question of congratulating ourselves. He behaved abominably and as a result he must pay the price."

"Yet," said Robert, "before she died Amy told him he was to marry again and have youngsters."

"Naturally he says she did."

"The nurse indorsed it."

"Amy was not herself."

"I sometimes think we are at our best when we're not ourselves," mused Robert.

Wallace frowned. "Robert seems to think all subjects are matters for epigram—even manifestations of divine wrath."

"Wallace," said Robert, "you're an ass. I've thought so for a long time. Now I know it."

"Look here!"

The awkward moment was smoothed over by the time-honored practice of sending Robert out of the room.

"What it means," said Ellen, "is that his wife has found him out—as we warned her would be the case in our letter." She paused. "Really one can't help being sorry for the girl."

Janet embraced the opportunity of being sorry for anyone and prettily indorsed the sentiment.

"After all, she was too young to realize."

"One does feel sorry for her," admitted Freda, "but she's only herself to blame."

Wallace intervened. "The girl was made the instrument of vengeance," he observed sententiously. "In plucking, as he thought, a rose, Richard has found a thorn, and it serves him right."

"Yes, but it is hard on her," mused Janet. "We've no quarrel with her. Indeed I think we should be grateful to her."

Wallace had to ask what that meant.

"Ah, I see," he said after a lengthy and tortuous explanation; "grateful for making him miserable! Yes, yes, of course. Hadn't struck me. What about writing her a letter of sympathy?"

"We've cut her so constantly in public it would be rather difficult."

"We are sufficiently strong to overcome difficulties of that kind," said Ellen.

"Yes, but what should we say?"

"It would merely be a case of stating our opinions, of saying we are sorry for her and quite understand the position she has taken up with Richard."

"But don't you think it might be misunderstood?" queried Janet.

Ellen's dictum was "No." There could be no misunderstanding a motive so lofty.

"Besides," added Wallace, "I dare say it would be a very considerable comfort for her to realize she has our support in the matter. It's not unreasonable to suppose she herself is unhappy."

"We'd all better write," said Freda. "Then there can be no question of misunderstanding."

As the council rose a queer doubt assailed them.

"I wonder," murmured Janet. "It must be very wretched to be as miserable as he is—as they are. I wonder if that isn't enough!"

"My dear, we've talked the thing over," replied Ellen, but there was an unusual softness in her voice.

"One can't help thinking of poor old Richard as he used to be. Remember that summer at Dulverton 'fore he married Amy. Decent little chap we thought him."

This, from Wallace, was unexpected. Janet caught at the possibility.

"Yes, I mean for the sake of those old days—when we were all younger—wouldn't it be better if we did nothing? Or even— ." She dared not finish the sentence in the intended form. "Is it up to us, I mean?"

Ellen spoke with a tone of tired authority.

"Don't let's be foolish, Janet. We've come to the way of making a united decision on all matters concerning the family. That in itself is the expression of the family. It would be a terrible pity if we allowed doubt or sentiment to weaken our resolves or our convictions of what is right to be done. It would upset the whole fabric. Individually we may feel sorrow at the sight of a fellow being's sufferings, but collectively—as a family—we can't afford to trifle with the serious things of life. We owe that to each other and to tradition. After all in writing a letter to this girl we are only performing an act of kindness."

"Technically we most certainly are," Wallace agreed.

"So, Janet dear, don't let's weaken for one instant. Just think, it might be the thin end of the wedge which would undermine the characters of all our men folk and our children."

"You're right," said Freda.

As they passed out of the front door Robert leaned from his study window.

"Yoicks!" he cried. "How does the scent lie? Run for it, hare! For the pack is in full cry."

Richard stood by the mantelpiece and thoughtfully rubbed the vulcanite mouthpiece of his briar.

"So far as I am concerned you will receive no opposition," said he.

"Why not be frank and ask me to go?" came the answer.

"Is it up to a man who asks a woman to share his home to speed her going?"

"You'd be happier if I weren't here."

"God knows," he replied, "I was wretched enough before you came. It would be a lie to say I was happier now."

"I should never have married you. You did wrong to let me—I was only a youngster."

"You were old enough to understand the position. Still I dare say I'm blameworthy. I sometimes wonder, though, why you did."

Very honestly she gave answer.

"I married you because you were miserable."

"Is there a charm in sorrow?"

"Yes."

"I shouldn't have lost it," he replied, with no spite or malice. "It's a charm which has grown somewhat."

"Thanks to me."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Perhaps it will ease in my absence."

"I wish I could believe so. Perhaps I'm too old-fashioned."

"For me you are."

"I can believe that."

"D'you imagine my life is happy—even endurable?"

"I think this—I think any two people can be happy together if they take the trouble."

"It's a circumstance in which I have no experience," she retorted.

"I have," he replied, and his eyes wandered to the portrait of Amy in the shadows near the window.

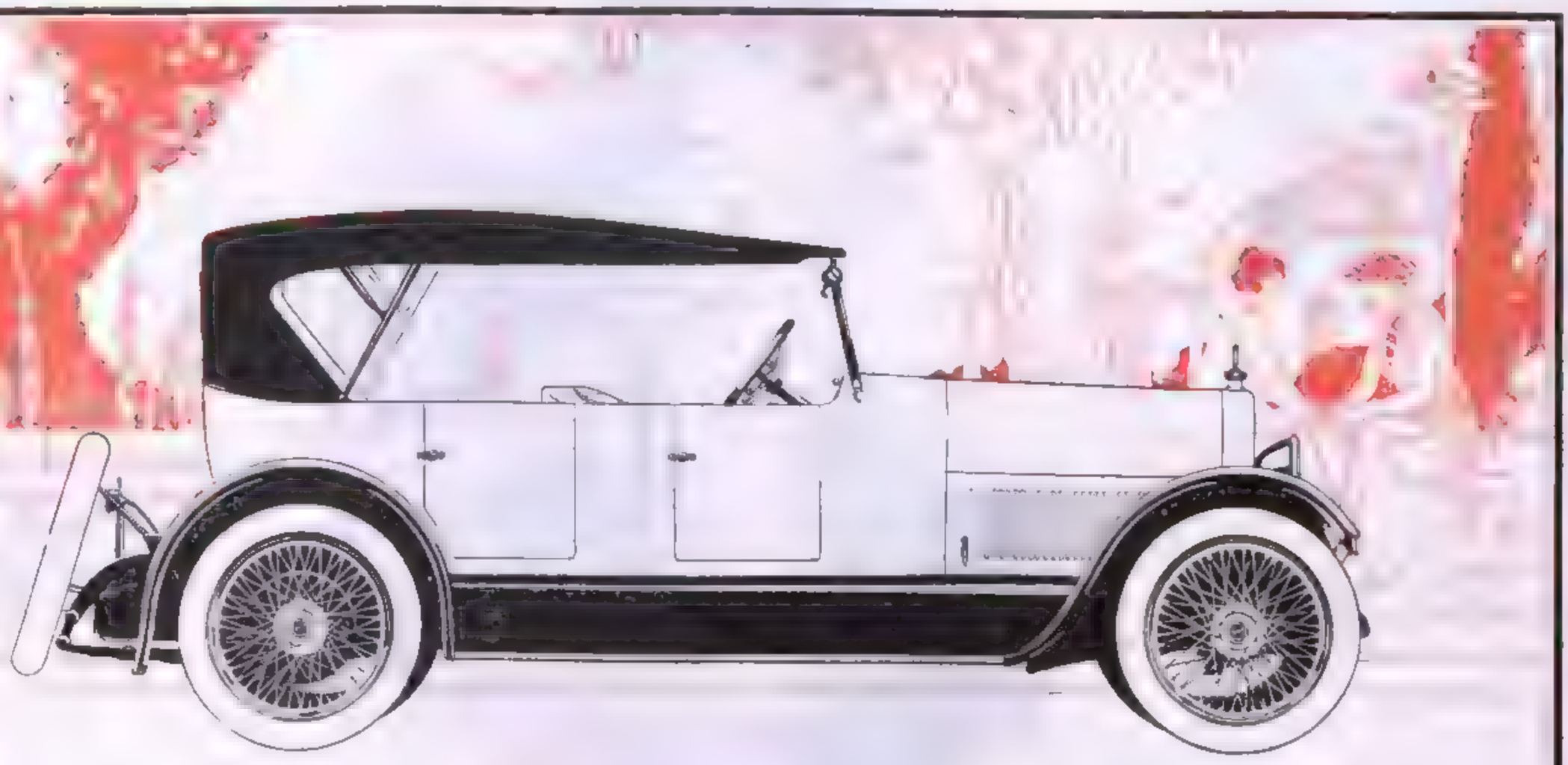
"That was a nimble one," said she.

"You and I have skilled ourselves to that kind of appreciation," he observed coldly.

She made no reply and he went on slowly.

"I have often found that the margin of difference between good and bad—right and wrong—love and hatred—is almost infinitesimal. Sometimes they come so close together that to define it is a practical impossibility. In legal cases the jury must decide, and does so, often enough, with gravest misgivings. Thus, Mister Black becomes Mister White not in actuality but as a matter of opinion and because in law or in general life opinion governs everything. I wonder how your opinion of me or mine of you stands in relation to the truth about either of us."

(Concluded on Page 119)



New Series Haynes Tourister—four-door, four-passenger. Cord tires and wooden wheels standard equipment on the six-cylinder car. Cord tires and wire wheels standard equipment on the twelve-cylinder cars. Disk wheels optional equipment, at an extra charge, on all models.

This advertisement copyrighted, 1920, by The Haynes Automobile Company.

THE NEW *Series* HAYNES TOURISTER

TO BUILD well; to build faithfully; to *create* intelligently; to hold *character* above every other consideration—these are the ideals expressed in the Haynes. The new series four-passenger Haynes Tourister most excellently embodies these ideals at their full value.

It is the choice of the car user who prefers a convenient, handsome four-passenger automobile. With the four doors, entrance and exit are easy. Its heavily-deep upholstery gives the acme of comfort. The velvety power and lasting stamina of the dependable Haynes motor, the aluminum body with its attractively rakish lines, the lustrous finish—all the surface beauty and mechanical superiority are given greater value by the fact that it is 90% Haynes-made—designed, built, finished and tested in the great, modern Haynes factories.

The Tourister portrays the *quality* demanded by the four essential factors of car-character—beauty, strength, power and comfort.

The Haynes, America's first car, now exhibited by the Government at the Smithsonian Institution, National Museum, Washington, D. C., was invented, designed and built by Elwood Haynes, in 1893.

The Brochure, illustrating and describing the new series Haynes character cars, is unusually beautiful. A copy will be mailed to you on request. Address Dept. 61.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
KOKOMO, INDIANA . . . . U.S.A.
EXPORT OFFICE: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.

HAYNES
CHARACTER CARS

Beauty — Strength — Power — Comfort

1893 — THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR — 1920

So Simple—Yet So Sure

This way to a pretty skin

HERE is the safe, sure way to a healthy, naturally rosy skin. And a way so simple that it seems almost too good to be true.

It calls for no medication, it requires no special treatment. It is based on knowledge of the natural action of skin. It is literally *Nature's way.*

For you should know that the skin is composed of countless minute glands and tiny pores on which depends its health. They must be kept free from accumulations of dirt, oil and dried perspiration, or irritation and ugly blotches result.

This cleansing can only be done with soap—pure, soothing soap which does its work without harshness. Such soap is yours in Palmolive, mildest yet most thorough of cleansers.

Blended from ancient oils

In classic days the royal road to a beautiful skin was the use of Palm and Olive oils. They served both as cleanser and also as a lotion. Ancient records picture this use and record the benefits.

Now, though years have passed, these same oriental oils still hold supreme sway as cleansing cosmetics. Their blend in Palmolive has made them more potent than ever in their old time crude form.

It has produced a soap with a thick, penetrating lather, which cleanses like magic while it soothes, leaving the skin smooth and fine as velvet. The necessary rinsings in hot and cold water produce a natural, most becoming glow.

If you value the health of your skin, wash your face daily—wash it thoroughly—wash it with Palmolive Soap.

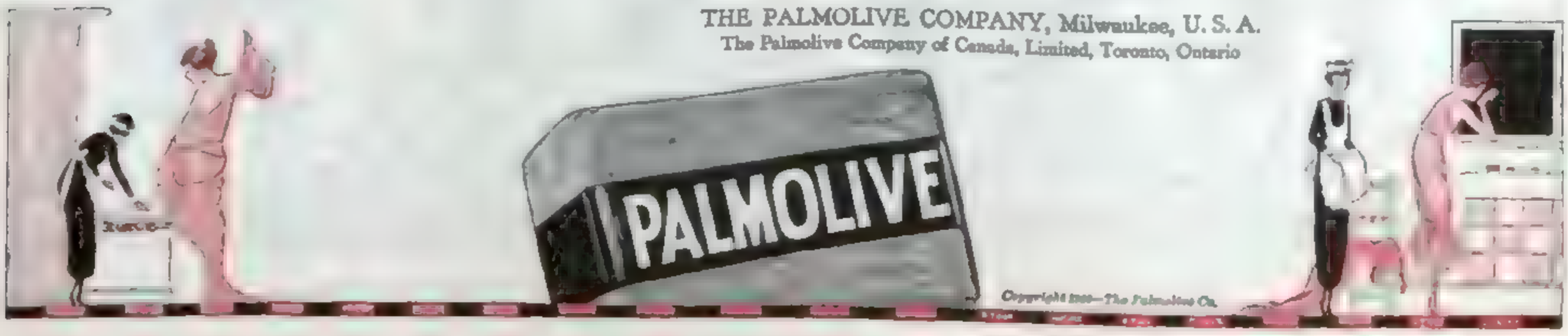
Palmolive is not expensive, for these reasons

IF made in small quantities, as a luxury facial soap, Palmolive would be very expensive. Palm and Olive oils are imported from over-seas. Their price is naturally high.

But the demand for Palmolive has produced enormous volume. Our factories work day and night. We purchase these rare oils in enormous quantities. This keeps the cost of manufacture low.

Thus Palmolive is in the reach of every woman in the land—every woman who values a good complexion. All command the finest of facial soaps made at the price of an ordinary cleanser.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario



(Concluded from Page 116

"We simply deal in results, don't we?"

"Yes—unfortunately yes. But I would like to know how I came to make Amy happy."

There was a catch in Elsie's voice.

"I would rather it remained a mystery," she said.

"Probably it will."

"Yes. It wouldn't be very pleasant to be experimented upon in the light of true knowledge."

"I dare say you're right," said he, for the armor was well hammered and well forged.

Elsie rose and walked toward the door.

"I think I shall leave you. There is no point prolonging this kind of existence."

"As you think best," he replied.

"You're indifferent?"

"Oh, no. Rather, too sensitive to ask you to remain."

Elsie puzzled her forehead.

"Before I go answer me this: Shall you believe our failure is due solely to my account?"

"Certainly not. I shoulder my share. I was too old; too unamusing; probably too retrospective"

"But you'll tell your friends I made your life a hell on earth"

"I shall probably be weak enough to confess I was unhappy," he replied frankly.

"Because of me."

"With you!"

"No, no. You'll say that it was my deliberate will and deed to make you so."

"It hadn't occurred to me. I merely accepted our failure as such without inquiring too deeply into the cause. Why the question?"

"No particular reason—except it wouldn't be very pleasant to have that kind of thing chalked up against you. A misunderstanding couple is understood, but a deliberate persecution ——"

"No question of that," he interposed.

"Thank you," she said, and closed the door.

There was quite a little pile of letters lying on the doormat. Elsie picked them up and carried them to her room. She couldn't tell why, but a strange diffidence came over her in the matter of opening them.

"How dare they write to me!" she said, and came near to throwing them unread upon the fire.

It was not easy to forget that Ellen had cut her deliberately in a public restaurant, Freda had stared blankly in a tube lift, and the others had manifested their disapproval from time to time in like place and manner. Possibly the sole remaining tie in her relations with Richard was contained in the rancor shared at the family attitude.

"May as well look, I suppose."

She tore open the first envelope and began to read. It was an unlucky choice, for Wallace had penned the letter and the pages rang with misquotations and aphorisms. "Instrument of vengeance" figured twice in the first paragraph, to be flanked by "tool of fate" and more appropriately "a divinity that shapes our ends."

"When Richard with such unseemly haste led a second wife to the altar he little realized he was taking a scourge to his own hide. We, who have looked at it with impartial eyes, can find no room to blame you. If you are unhappy we extend toward you the hand of sympathy and the heart of understanding. We do not feel that you should reproach yourself for the grief you have inflicted upon this man. His sufferings are a direct act of justice and you yourself an unwitting but powerful agent of wrath, in short a tool of fate"—for the fourth time. "That you should have found him out was inevitable, and having done so ——" And so on.

A filthy letter. The remainder Elsie destroyed unread. Then in camera she reviewed her position and Richard's and the future of them both.

It could not be described as a happy half hour the poor little tool of fate spent with herself. She placed herself in the light in which the family regarded her—that of a deliberate inquisitor whose sole aim was the destruction of a man's happiness. She tried to convince herself their view was justifiable and that credit rather than obloquy was her due. The result of such reasoning was a painful and a pitiable failure. In her heart she knew it to be false and vicious. There is a divine right in whose hands the administration of justice is laid. The put away and forgotten motives which had led her to become Richard's wife reasserted themselves in violent evidence. The will to do so had been as selfish as it had been unselfish. She had loved him—not perhaps as a girl should love the man she marries—but with a steady, grave affection which, if developed, might have made their lives very sweet for each other. This she had thrown away—not unnaturally, but none the less foolishly, pettishly. And for what? For the sake of being praised by the family which had cut and slighted her—for the sake of being the recipient of Wallace's vile prose and senseless aphorisms.

Once more she looked at the letter, then tore it again and again.

"Damn them!" she said. "And me too —— Oh, oh, I'm so miserable!"

A surge of resentment swept over her. She ripped a sheet of notepaper from a pad, set her teeth and began to write. As chief high priestess of the circle she addressed the envelope to Ellen.

She met Richard in the hall as she returned from the post. He stood aside to let her pass. In the half light he looked very gray and old. She turned on the first stair and spoke to him.

"I wish I hadn't been so beastly all along," she said.

He made no answer and she mounted slowly to her room and for a long while stood looking into the glass.

To herself she muttered: "I don't think I could talk to him—yet. I should make a fool of myself. He'd look at me, but ——"

Her eyes fell on the telephone. It had been installed at the time of Amy's illness and worked from bedroom to Richard's study. From time to time the nurse had used it to summon him or to ask for certain things to be procured.

"But if I delayed now ——"

With sudden impulsiveness she moved toward the little instrument and touched the bell push.

Richard in the room below started violently, rose and picked up the receiver.

"Yes," he said.

With a curious metallic ring her words came down to him.

"Richard, are you lonely there?"

"I suppose so," he replied.

"I am. I'm lonely up here."

"I don't understand. Shall I ——"

"Don't come up—I don't want you to come up—I want to talk to you while you can't see me. Sit down, Richard."

She heard the scroop of a chair as he obeyed her request.

"Well?"

"I've just had some letters from the family saying how well I've done to—to treat you so badly"

"Wait a bit. I don't quite follow that."

She repeated it. There was a longish silence before he replied.

"I'm very sorry. I'll write and disabuse them of that belief."

"You needn't, Richard. I've written already."

"Oh."

"To say I'm sorry that for once I've given them the right impression."

"But ——" She heard him clear his throat and begin to frame a protest.

"No, don't say anything; let me"

"Won't you come down and talk?"

"It's easier this way. Suppose we'd had a child, Richard! It would have been different then, wouldn't it? If we had a child, Richard—it would make up to you, wouldn't it? And if it were a girl I wouldn't mind even—I wouldn't mind even if you liked to call her—Amy. There, that's all. I couldn't say it in front of you—not possibly—it's so dreadfully difficult when two people have been to each other like you and I—but Richard. Richard—do you hear—I ——"

She dropped the instrument with a little cry as his arms closed round her.

"There's nothing, nothing, we can't say or be to each other by day or by night!" he whispered.

"Of course it is very impertinent," observed Ellen, "for a girl of her age to write to us in this vein, for surely if one is not allowed to offer praise or censure to one's connections by marriage I would ask to whom one is allowed to offer it. However, I suppose, to take a broad view, we can at least claim that our letters did good."

"Although not perhaps in the way we intended," added Wallace thoughtfully.

"Still if she can really make him happy," Janet timidly interposed.

"My dear good people," said Robert in the voice of a man who means to have his say with or without opposition—"my dear good, stupid, misguided people, in your heart of hearts, and there is no kindlier place that I know of, you're glad—yes, each and all of you—you're downright glad."

"We're naturally glad in a way," said Ellen, without entirely capturing her icy manner; "but that does not prevent our doing our duty to our neighbor in accordance with the light in which we see it."

"There is only one duty to one's neighbor," said Robert—"to do him a good turn, and that's a job for the individual. Congress and society are every man's enemy; the individual is every man's friend. When we league ourselves with one another to decide upon the right of this or the wrong of that we are governed by one almost inevitable result—the certainty of our collective injustice; but when we tuck ourselves away from each other in the privacy of our small subconscious souls, it's a pretty sure thing we shan't be far off from a decent thought and a friendly act."

"Robert talks the most dreadful nonsense," said Freda, "but he has rather a nice way of putting things."

And though they did their best to suppress it there was a comfortable smile on the face of the family as they sipped their tea at the close of the meeting.

Nothing Like It!

NOTHING like confidence if the "Lady of the House" has to be her own chauffeur.

Nothing like the comfort she gets in having her car equipped with the

GUARANTY

Spark Intensifire

Nothing like *knowing* that the spark plugs, so equipped, will fire if oil soaked, carbonized, or even if broken above the bushing.

Nothing like *knowing* that if her car *should* take the hills on high, it *will* take them on high.

Nothing like the joy of added pep, and power, and the relief from constant gear shifting.

Nothing like being able to *find at a glance* just where the ignition trouble is.

Nothing like having every cylinder on the job at once—with complete combustion.

Nothing like having her car start easily and quickly—even in *cold* weather!

Saves Gasoline!

Nothing like being able to laugh at the high price of gasoline, knowing that Guaranty Spark Intensifires are saving her a valuable proportion of what the world use without them—*the rich, but spark does it!*

And there is nothing so easy to *try*, because it is—

Guaranteed!

Your Guaranty Spark Intensifire is sent to you on a rigid money-back guarantee. Try them ten days—on your car—and if they do not do what we claim, return them and *we will* return your money.

Only $1. Each

In Canada $1.25 Parcel Post Prepaid

No matter what the make of your car may be, it is [illegible] *And Trucks, Tractors and Gasoline Engines get the same results.* One Intensifire required for each spark plug. Attached by anyone.

Why go on wasting gasoline? Order a set of Intensifires NOW—use the *Money-Back Coupon* below. Tear it out before you turn the page—and forget!

Start saving money, time and temper!

Parcel Prepaid

Especially tempered glass enclosed, eliminating all possibility of hazard. Attached in a jiffy

AGENTS and DEALERS

The Guaranty Spark Intensifire is a cash [illegible]

Money-Back Coupon

Guaranty Motors Co.
Cambridge (39), Mass.

Manufacturers of the well known "Guaranty Line"

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find $_____ for _____ Guaranty Spark Intensifires. If they do not do what you claim for them, the undersigned will return them within 10 days and you will refund the money

Name

Address

The BRASCOLITE

PATENTED AND

A new Brascolite—Type WG

The reflector is of Grecian design which blends with architectural decorations of modern character. Outer edge of reflecting plane is finished in old ivory and band in antique gold. The bowl is made of special white glass and in contour and detail resembles the Italian alabaster bowl. Made for Mazda lamps of 100 to 500 watts

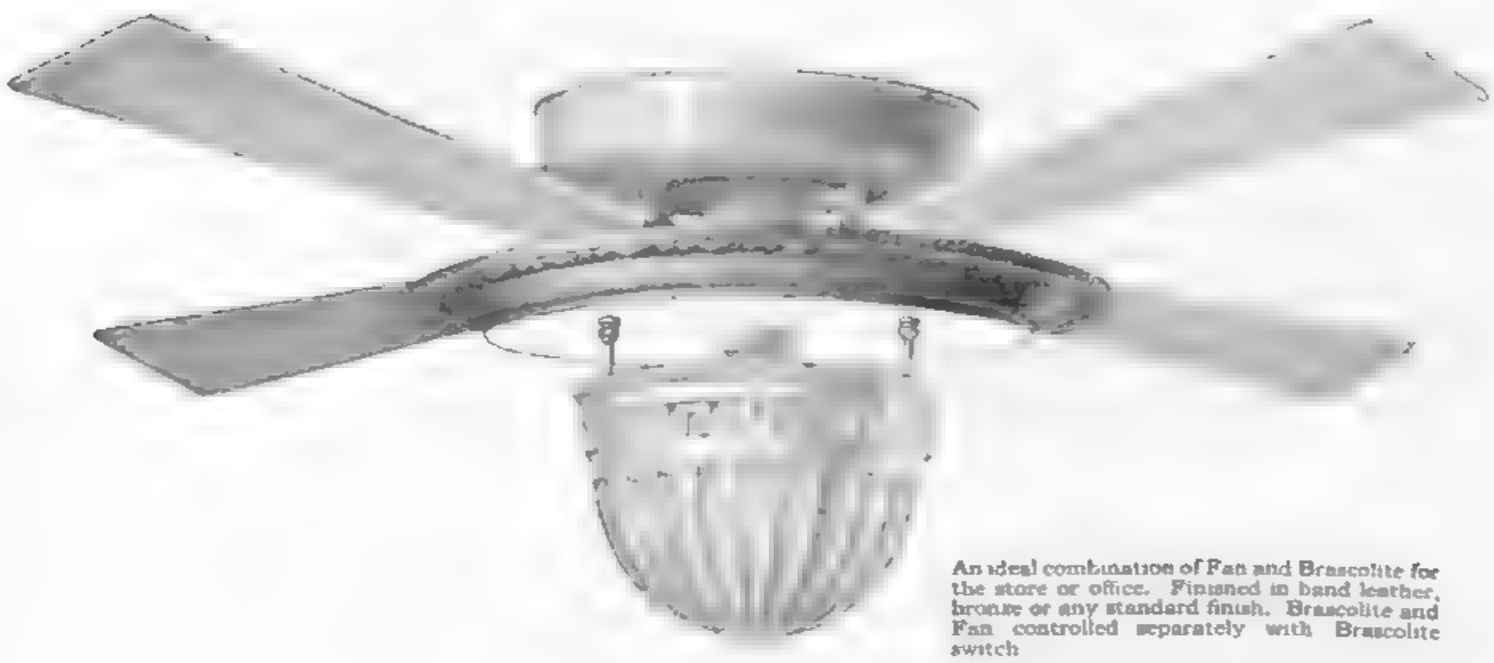
BRASCOLITE

The Ideal Light for every purpose.

For Stores, Offices, Banks, Hotels, Theatres, Schools, Churches, Libraries, Homes, *and* Public Buildings.

BRASCOLITE

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED



An ideal combination of Fan and Brascolite for the store or office. Finished in hand leather, bronze or any standard finish. Brascolite and Fan controlled separately with Brascolite switch

The Brascolite, with beautiful parchment or silk shade, gives a charming combination of lighting efficiency and delightful home effects for the home. The above illustrates one of many designs. The Brascolite patented shade frame permits change or removal of parchment panels. Silk cord hangers in old gold, old rose, blue or gray. Phantom drawing shows application of shade to the Brascolite.

7 reasons why it is the universal lighting fixture

1 Brascolite Improved Supporting Tripod—simplest device for attaching to any kind of electric outlet.

Means lowest cost for installing

2 Brascolite Socket, made of porcelain with protected terminals—no wire splicing.

Eliminates all danger and fire risk, and electric troubles

3 Brascolite Pull Switch of new toggle construction in insulated housing—660-watt capacity.

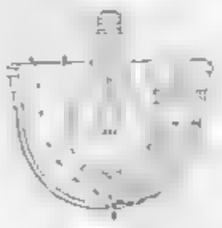
Insures long, dependable life of continuous service

4 Brascolite Flat Reflecting Plane made of white porcelain on Armco iron—positively will not rust, peel or discolor

Light rays refracted directly and without obstruction to the working plane.

5 Brascolite Spindles not only support the bowl, but hold the reflector periphery flush with the ceiling—being adjustable to correctly position the bowl, they insure utilization of every ray of light, thus producing maximum and uniform light distribution.

The result is a candle-power variation of but 6 per cent in the very large radius of 135 degrees



6 Ventilation upward through the hole in bottom of bowl insures long lamp life and least accumulation of dirt

This reduces operating depreciation to the minimum and practically maintains the original lamp efficiency

7 Scientific configuration of the white glass bowl thoroughly breaks up the intense white Mazda light and softens it by diffusion. The principle of diffusion plus reflection has made Brascolite the ideal light of eye-health and comfort, exceeding in efficiency every other fixture in the world

The Brascolite bowl, when illuminated, presents a luminous body 569 times as large as the lamp filament. The glare of the clear Mazda lamp is reduced 97%, with a total absorption of but 10%.

15,000 Electrical Dealers sell Brascolites. No matter how large or how small your requirements, Brascolite will meet your need perfectly. Our new Catalog No. 7 pictures and describes the standard Brascolite line. A copy will be sent upon request. Our Designing and Engineering Departments are at your disposal without obligation for special requirements.

LUMINOUS UNIT COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Division of the St. Louis Brass Manufacturing Company

BRANCH OFFICES:

New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Boston, Atlanta

GWEN'S TONGUE

(Continued from Page 25)

chauffeur, but a posse was organized and she was recovered the same day with her reputation almost intact. They've dressed her in such conventual clothes ever since that she gives quite a Dominican touch to the countryside. I always find myself bowing reverently when we pass her, like the Angelus."

She thought danger past and paused for breath. Joan's rage had only gathered impetus.

"You are quite right that I hate you," she said, returning to Alex's last remark. "Moreover I despise you."

Alex looked at Jerry and laughed. It was as though he had said, "Better look out!"

"I believe you have the impertinence not to believe me," she accused him.

"No!" Alex mocked her discernment.

She turned to Jerry.

"The reason Alex thinks I am making a mistake," she explained, "is that I once made the mistake of being engaged to him."

The grain of fact was broken from its husks of mystery. It seemed absurdly small in comparison with them.

"Then you knew all along?" Jerry said, which was really the point.

"And I lied about the note," Joan added with a miserable desire to make the worst of it. "I wrote it to ask him not to tell you."

"But why, Joan?"

"You won't understand," Alex burst in. "You'll think she was afraid of you, or wanted to keep up a pose, or something like that. What she wanted was to spare your feelings. Sweet thanks she'll get for it."

"You shut up!" Jerry commanded him. Joan was trying to speak.

"I didn't tell you, because I'm a woman and I haven't that sort of mind," she said. "We women are always making bargains with ourselves and accepting something so near like the truth that we think it doesn't make any difference. I thought this didn't, and I didn't want to have you feel the way I did about that other girl—the one you were in love with. I never was in love with Alex—just hysterical for a day or two."

"I deny that," Alex interrupted her.

She disregarded him.

"It happened at that horrid Acheson house party," she went on. "I felt lonely and out of place and disliked. He pretended to feel as I did about it, and I just forgot there were any other sorts of people in the world, and he was the best ——"

"Why did you break it off?" Alex demanded. "That's what I want to know."

Joan faced him.

"Because I realized before I'd left the station how silly I'd been. You showed me yourself. That Pearce woman came down with us, do you remember? And you put me on the train and gave my hand a little secret squeeze, because no one was to know we were engaged, and then stood on the platform with her, waiting for the train to pull out. It was cold enough for an excuse and she put her hand in your pocket, and just as the train drew off you thrust yours in, too, and I could see from her expression that you were pressing hers. You think I was jealous, don't you? I was disgusted, more so than I would have been by something grave.

"It was like finding oneself engaged to a philandering drummer. Then I came to Gwen, and we went to that party with three girls you were supposed to be engaged to there. I didn't even care to explain how I felt; I just wanted to get out of the crowd and forget I'd ever been one of them."

"If you'll marry me I'll never look at another woman," was Alex's answer.

Gwen looked at Jerry, then pushed back her chair. She later explained that her motive was to save a Crown Derby salad service of which she was fond.

"Come on," she said. "Nobody wants any dessert. It's no good anyway."

They all straggled up but Sim.

"Don't I cut the cake?" he asked. "Don't we see who gets the ring?"

"In the other room," his wife shouted, starting for the door.

Sim rose and turned to the sideboard for the cigars and cigarettes.

"Come on, Sim!" Gwen called in a perfect tantrum of impatience. "Come on!"

Alex made a step to join her, but Jerry quickly thrust himself between him and the door.

"I think we'll stay and smoke," he remarked conclusively.

Gwen almost ran from the room. Joan, on her heels, was beginning to cry.

XI

IT HAD never struck Alex Iredell how well built Jerry was. "What's the meaning of this?" he inquired with an attempt at magnificence.

"I've got something to explain to you," Jerry replied obligingly.

Sim had lighted the little alcohol lamp. He passed the tray to them.

"We're not smoking," Jerry yelled at him.

"No?" he asked, lighting his own cigar.

"We're going out on the lawn." Jerry supplemented that information.

"Oh!" said Sim.

"I suppose you know this is damned childishness," Alex hazarded in as detached a voice as he could present.

Jerry applied the immemorial masculine goad.

"Want to go home to mamma?" he inquired.

Alex had boasted to Gwen of his freedom from the denials imposed upon gentlemen. It is to be feared he lacked the courage of that boast. The estate of being a gentleman is the only rigor which can keep a reasoning human being from avoiding the probability of a beating.

"You go to hell!" he replied, and, as Jerry had opened one of the long windows and stood by it, pushed past him into the moonlight.

Every male instinct in Sim was clamoring to follow them, but he hadn't been bidden, so he stood wistfully at the window peering after the two figures crossing the silvery lawn, then turned and gathered up his presents so that no one would be hurt by his neglecting them.

"Which way is the barn?" Jerry asked.

"It's a garage," Alex returned. "There's no need to go there. Just round the corner of the shrubbery there's a place cut off from the house."

He was trying to remember a trick the old gym director at college had taught him. If he could land that early in the game, poised just right ——

They reached the spot Alex had suggested.

"Fine!" Jerry said, as though in the friendliest approval.

Then he took off his dinner coat and laid it on the grass. Alex removed his lingeringly.

"There's just something I want to make perfectly plain to you," Jerry expounded. "Speak when you're ready."

Alex could have pointed out that he wasn't in form; that he hadn't done anything for years. Jerry didn't know that, and it would have saved him.

He got into position—Jerry had given him back to the moon—poised, invoked the spirit of that gym director and said, "Come on!"

Joan sat on the big couch by the fire and gave every indication of having sunk into a condition of chronic grief. That sort of thing was physically unendurable to Gwen.

She tried, "Well, it won't do any good to snivel" first; then, "No man's worthy crying for, Joan. They're dear creatures, but if you begin crying about them you might as well have asthma, for all the attention you get"; and finally put her arms round that young person's neck and said: "Joan, I can't bear it! Please stop! Please!"

Joan replied by gesturing her away with a miserable head and by saying: "It's all your fault!"

This so startled Gwen that she drew back and said, "Well, I'd like to know how?" with the incredulous surprise she might have displayed if a pet pug had struck at her like a cobra.

Sim came to the door at that moment, saw Joan and was going away, when Gwen summoned him.

"Come in! Where are the others?"

"Went outside."

"Together?"

Sim nodded. Joan, holding her handkerchief over her eyes, stood up.

"I'm going upstairs," she announced. And when Gwen protested, "If you think I'm going to have anyone see me like this," to which there was apparently no feminine counter argument.

"Where's she going?" Sim asked.

"Upstairs to see if she can get enough water in the bathtub to commit suicide. I suppose we'll have to have it dragged in the morning."

Tears distressed Sim.

"Is that supposed to be funny?" he inquired.

"It's grim humor," his wife explained.

"Haven't seen anyone cry like that since the day you made your will," Sim observed. And at the memory of the torrential sorrow Gwen had exhibited at the contemplation of her own decease he could not resist a smile. Gwen grinned, too, a little sheepishly.

"You mean devil!" she called him

"What's the matter with everybody?"

"Oh, Joan was engaged to Alex once and she hadn't told Jerry about it, and you let it out and they blame me, and I feel as though I'd been over Niagara Falls in a barrel."

Jerry Duane came from the dining room. His coat was immaculate, but there was dirt on his shoes and trousers, his cuffs straggled over his wrists and something dark-brown

"I Was Startled," Miss Pennoyer Explained. "Just for an Instant I Thought You Might be the Woman Hamilton Pearce Married"

(Continued on Page 126)

One taste Invites another

ANGELUS Marshmallows simply melt on your tongue, they're so fresh, dainty and fluffy. Sealed tightly within a triple-proof package which we originated, Angelus Marshmallows retain all of the purity and goodness which we so painstakingly give them.

Serve them after dinner. Float one on your cup of cocoa. Toast them by the fire. Use them whole, too. Add appetizingly to the flavor and appearance of your cakes, salads, puddings and cooking.

Angelus Marshmallows are a rare art—the product of years of experience, and of skill developed in our airy, sunlit kitchens.

Send for This Recipe Book

Free for the asking. Contains a score of delightful recipes for the use of Angelus Marshmallows. Prepared by Janet McKenzie Hill.

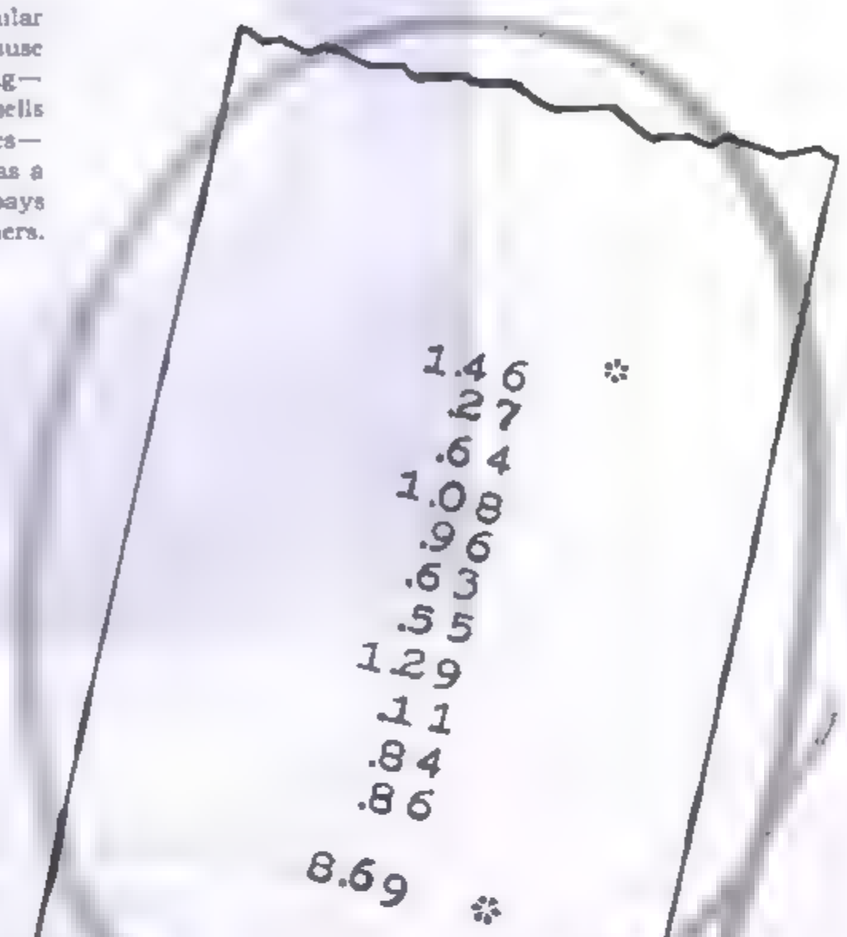
RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN
Makers of Cracker Jack, Angelus Marshmallows and other "RELIABLE" confections
Chicago and Brooklyn

ANGELUS MARSHMALLOWS

Made by the Cracker Jack People

ADDING

Mr. C. W. Smith of Smith Brothers Stores, Port Huron, Michigan, ran the newspaper advertisement shown below—and is using similar ones right along—because he believes in advertising—not only what goods he sells but what service he gives—and he ranks accuracy as a form of service which pays both him and his customers.



Store No. 1—308-310 Huron Ave.
Store No. 2—Military Street

SMITH BROS.

Store No. 3—1001 Erie St.
Store No. 4—1014 Lapeer Ave.
Store No. 5—Corner Sedgwick St. and Pine Grove Ave.

Brooms SPECIAL—4 String all Corn Parlor Brooms While They Last. 2 Brooms For $1.05

Tea Siftings Best Quality, From High Grade Japan Tea. Per Pound 22c. 5 Pounds $1.00

TEA Regular 60c Special. Per Pound 45c

TEA Regular 70c Quality Special. Per Pound 65c

Lemons Extra Fancy Large Fruit Per Doz. 35c

Special Soap Fels Naptha—P. and G—Ivory. 12 Bars For ..... With a Five Dollar Order 90c

Poultry Food No Grit—All Feed. 100 Pound Bag $4.50

Salt 28 Pound Cloth Sack. Only 44c

Fresh Vegetables We expect to have a large assortment of Fresh Green Vegetables for Saturday and during the week.

All purchases made in our stores are added on a Burroughs Retail Machine Our customers are insured against mistakes in addition and a neatly printed slip is given to verify all items purchased.

This is just another additional method to our growing business of giving retail service.

If you have not visited our Bakery Counter as yet, you have been cheating yourself out of some mighty Fine Pastry.

Store No. 6—2321 Gratiot Ave. is nearing completion and will be open at an early date.

ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-CALCULATING

A-B-C

and Advertising

THE RETAILER gets his *percentage* profit by unceasing vigilance in watching that narrow margin between income and outgo. Accuracy in figuring leads to proper mark-up and to the elimination of waste.

He gets his *volume* profit by adding a service to the distribution of merchandise.

Mr. C. W. Smith of Smith Brothers Stores, Port Huron, Michigan, believes in advertising not only what goods he sells but what service he gives—and he ranks accuracy as a form of service which pays both him and his customers.

His own words are a very concise and pithy statement of what Burroughs Adding Machines are actually doing for retail business everywhere. Here they are:

"First, we believe that prevention of errors in addition by clerks will fully pay for the machine in twelve months' time or less.

"Secondly, it speeds up sales transactions.

"Thirdly, it gives that which we term real service by giving our customers an itemized slip of their purchases."

Here we have mentioned a direct contribution to profits, volume of business, and efficiency, economy and good service.

The same can be said not only of Burroughs Adding Machines, but of Burroughs Bookkeeping and Calculating Machines, and sufficiently explains why the business men of America invested nearly twenty million dollars in Burroughs Machines in the last six months.

Priced as low as $150

A representative from the Burroughs Office near you will be glad to demonstrate the money-making possibilities of the Burroughs model best fitted to your work. Get in touch with him direct, or by writing the Home Office at Detroit, Michigan.

MACHINES FOR EVERY BUSINESS

Burroughs

A Perfect Shave—Time and Again

Men are beginning to realize—as all barbers long have known—that to deliver a perfect shave a razor must be stropped before it is used.

Anybody Can Strop a GENCO *Razor*

It's made to strop. Glance at the diagram. The GENCO back and bevel make the blade meet a taut strop at the scientifically correct angle. Three or four light strokes, and there, time and again, is your perfect shaving edge.

The time and money a regular razor saves for you soon run up into sizable figures. Call on your dealer and inspect a GENCO—beautiful steel accurately tempered, razor perfectly balanced, price surprisingly low. Each one is guaranteed—"GENCO Razors must make good or we will."

If your dealer can't supply you, write to us

GENEVA CUTLERY CORPORATION

230 Gates Avenue Geneva, N. Y.

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Razors in the World

Genco

RAZORS

Reg U S Pat Off

RAZOR

BEVEL

STROP

Note how Genco Razors meet the strop at the proper angle for a perfect shaving edge. The bevel lends increased support to the edge and guides it on the strop.

(Continued from Page 122)

stained part of his shirt front. It was quite evident he was in transit only.

"Where's Joan?" he asked.

"Gone upstairs."

"I've explained to your friend Iredell why a man can't make love to a girl who's engaged to another man," he stated.

"Where is Alex?" Gwen demanded.

"He went up the back stairs."

"You hurt him!"

"He'll be all right in the morning. You've done a good day's work, Gwen."

"Well, I like that!"

"What's he saying?" Sim asked.

Jerry bent and yelled in his ear: "I'm giving Gwen hell!"

"Won't do any good," Sim answered. "You can't cure Gwen."

"I guess that's right," Jerry answered. "Night," and he left them.

"Been fighting?" Sim questioned.

"I think he's killed young Lochinvar," his wife announced, and went upstairs to ask Joan if she wanted anything and to tell her that she had telephoned Miss Ellen Pennoyer the news of the engagement before dinner.

"She'll be over on the twelve o'clock. You and Jerry better go to meet her."

Her applause was a moan.

XII

JERRY woke with the conviction that he had made an ass of himself. It was merely a manifestation of the penalty civilization lays on physical self-assertion. He got into tramping clothes, begged a cup of coffee from Chambers and was out in the woods before half past seven. He would occasionally pause in the golden heart of a thicket or on the gaudy slope of a hill to address himself aloud.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" was the burden of such speeches.

The idea beneath them was that he should have known when he was lucky and not have presumed to object to anything Joan chose to do or permit.

When Sim told Gwen it was time to get up if she was going to church she announced that she would dispense with genuflections. On being questioned she admitted that the events of the evening before had made her a little ill. She was proud of the fact.

"I think it's quite fine of me," she said. "I didn't realize I was so sensitive. If I went to service feeling as I do the little rector would give me thoughts which would endanger me of hell fire."

"Anything wrong?" Sim asked, putting the back of his hand against her cool cheek.

"It's just a touch of nervous indigestion and it's perfectly natural; but the rector is so exhilarated about his religion that I couldn't stand it this morning. He looks as though he'd been scrubbed pink with hard-bristled righteousness."

"Feel hot?" Sim worried. "Had I better send for a doctor?"

"Great heavens, no! I'll be down in time to delight your Mrs. Ham Pearce by presenting the complexion of a puffball. Have Mattie hurry up with the papers."

Sim went down to his coffee and stuck out his anxiety through half a cup, then told Chambers to telephone for the doctor and, having finished his meal, sheepishly ascended to confess having done so.

When Chambers took Alex Iredell his breakfast at half past nine he found that gentleman fully dressed, sitting in a chair by the window apparently absorbed in a book.

"Will you ask Mrs. Applegate if she can step to my door?" he requested Chambers, without so much as looking up.

"Mrs. Applegate hasn't risen, sir," Chambers told him. "She is not feeling well to-day."

"I've got to speak to her," Alex replied. "Fix it up, will you, Chambers?"

The result was that an interview was arranged by negotiation between Chambers and Gwen's maid, and Chambers led Alex to her door with an air of long-suffering prudery which did credit to his upbringing.

Gwen was sitting up in bed looking surprisingly juvenile, her embroidered bed jacket falling over the linen and lace of her sheets like a torrent of sky, her hair about her face in a tumble of curls.

"I'm glad to be ill so that you can see my Mary Pickfords," she greeted him.

"You look very cunning," he admitted. "But I must say I would rather be thrown into an arena of wild beasts than come to one of your house parties."

"It doesn't seem to have done you any harm," she replied. "I'm the real victim. Look at me!"

"I am giving you the benefit of my one uncontaminated profile," her guest returned. "As I have no desire to appear at luncheon in a vinegar plaster I have come to tell you that I am going to spend the day in my room."

"There is a train at eleven-eighteen this morning," Gwen suggested. "It is the worst train I know, but it might be more exciting than spending the day in your room."

"Thank you, Gwen. But I think in this instance I would prefer the malodorous indifference of a sleeping car."

He paused. If he had been a schoolboy he would have shifted from one foot to the other.

"That's a very good phrase," Gwen said, feeling sorry for him.

"The most disagreeable fact, to my mind," he went on, ignoring her, "is that I was trying to do something very professional in my encounter with Duane. I had just poised and was aiming a stroke when my foot slipped and I impaled myself on his fist. Nobody will ever believe it, but it's true. He could have beaten me probably in the long run, but not so easily as that, I swear."

The agony of his fear for his dignity was a patent to her pity.

"Who'll ever hear of it?" she asked, realizing what he feared most and meaning to reassure him.

"Oh, I suppose you'll spread it broadcast, with footnotes, appendices and illustrations in fourteen colors and gold," he said. "I haven't any illusions about that."

It was a mistake.

"Don't be nasty!" she answered, wrinkling her nose. "Chambers will bring you some nice helpful books and any remedies you may need. If you're in a contrite mood I might ask the rector out to pray with you this afternoon. What is to be the official story? A door?"

"A door," Alex acquiesced.

"That's always good," she said cruelly, and held out her hand in dismissal.

Alex passed the doctor on the way to his room.

Joan, having cried herself to sleep, tried when she woke to rediscover some of the enthusiasm she had felt for going to work. There was no use thinking of Jerry, she knew, yet her thoughts kept returning to him and insisting on a terrible analogy between herself and that other woman he'd been in love with. They both had concealed something from him. After the night she had passed, the difference between their concealments seemed almost negligible to Joan. She tried to hide her misery from the maid who brought her tray, and told herself that possibly some spark of his affection had survived. If so he would send her word. She waited for that. By eleven o'clock she had decided she couldn't wait any longer.

She descended, and after looking everywhere through the deserted rooms rang for Chambers.

"Has Mr. Duane come down yet?" she asked him.

"He went for a tramp at seven o'clock, Miss Pennoyer," Chambers answered.

That was equivalent to an avowal that he was through with her. She was about to return to her room when it occurred to her that her aunt was arriving on the twelve o'clock and, whatever Jerry's feelings toward her, he couldn't leave her to face Aunt Ellen with the fragments of a shattered engagement all she could offer as reason for that lady's journey.

"Which way do you think he'll come back?" she asked desperately.

"I think if you would wait on the stone bench under the beeches you'd be apt to see him quicker than any place, Miss Pennoyer."

She thanked him and took his advice. The beech trees were turned red gold. Gwen had had scarlet sage planted along a stone wall that climbed the hill beyond them. It was incomparably lovely in the bronze sunlight. Joan sat on the bench and rehearsed thoughts like a company of weary actors. She resolved to make herself believe that he would never want anything more to do with her; that would make it easier when she learned it was true. To that end she reiterated her assertion that he would think her just like the other woman, only possibly with less courage.

(Continued on Page 128)

Eleven years ago, at the beginning, one small, run-down, poorly-equipped plant.

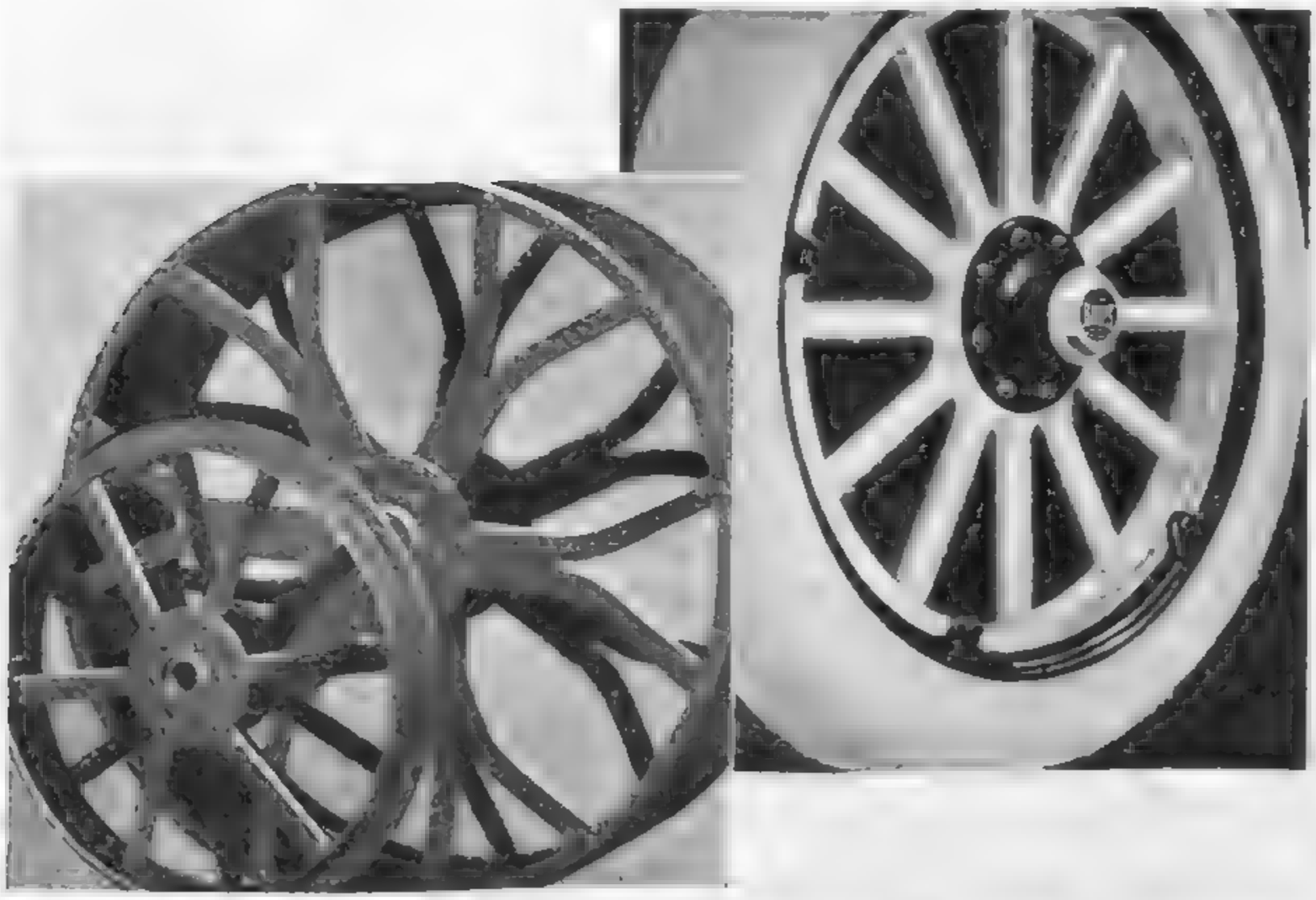
Today, five plants in four cities, more than 3,500 employes, and easily the world's largest output of wood, wire and steel wheels.

That, in brief, is the Hayes Wheel Company's history.

But the greatest structure the company has built is not its plants.

The superior merit of its wheels—the obvious fairness of its policies—built the confidence and good will which, in turn, built its great factories.

In the eleven years during which the Hayes Wheel Company has been in business, up to January 1, 1920, it produced a total of 16,289,089 single wheels



HAYES Wheel Company

Jackson, Michigan

Branches at Albion, Mich. and Anderson, Ind. Hayes Motor Truck Wheel Co., St. Johns, Mich. Hayes Wheel Co., Ltd., of Canada, Chatham, Ont. and Windsor, Ont.

World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel

(Continued from Page 126)

That wasn't endurable. He shouldn't think that. She'd ask him the one favor she must ask, and then she'd never see him again. She had reached that bitter conclusion when he emerged from the woods on the other side of the field. He saw her and approached.

"I've got to ask you a favor, Jerry," she began before he had a chance to speak. She made her voice colorless and without allurement, so that he couldn't possibly think she was like the other woman. "Gwen told Aunt Ellen we were engaged last evening before dinner. Aunt Ellen is arriving here on the twelve o'clock. Do you mind taking me to meet her and pretending we still are engaged until she tells me to break it off? She will right away. I don't want her to know what's happened."

"Of course I will, Joan."

It was quite apparent to Jerry that she meant this as an announcement that she was through with him.

"I'm afraid it's time to start."

They got the roadster. Most of the time down he was trying to nerve himself for a plunge into her icy silence. When he did speak it was to utter vapidities.

"You might wait at that end of the platform," she suggested when they arrived. "I'll look for her at this."

That should convince him.

As the train shrieked in she realized with a lump in her throat that she had adopted the plan of bringing him to meet her aunt in the hope it would clear matters, and that it had failed.

XIII

MISS ELLEN PENNOYER had counted on being kept waiting at the station. Her day had been trying. It was hard for her to leave her cocker spaniels even for a week-end, but when she must she felt entitled to the consolation of a complete martyrdom. She had resolved she was going to endure the discomforts of the damned on the way to the Applegates', and she had not only been able to get a seat in the drawing-room car but one on the shady side. The lemonade she had ordered to quench her thirst had been impeccable, and the porter a blend of efficiency and brunet good humor her crotchets could not disturb. Now here was Joan on the platform! Miss Pennoyer noted her light frock with some satisfaction.

"Hello, Aunt Ellen!" Joan said. "Did you have a miserable trip?"

Miss Pennoyer pulled a handkerchief from under her basque and rubbed it along her thin nose.

"Look at that," she said, displaying a smudge for answer. Then eying Joan's dress: "Is that the sort of thing to come to the station in?"

"Gwen is having some people to luncheon," Joan explained.

"Well, don't keep me waiting in the broiling sun," her aunt complained. "I can carry those bags if you can't."

By that time Jerry had joined them.

"This is Jerry," Joan said. "He'll take them."

Miss Pennoyer's shrewd eyes took in his points. She had come for the purpose of inspecting him.

"How do you do, Miss Pennoyer?" Jerry inquired.

He had decided that the best way to approach Joan now was via her aunt, and he meant that she should like him. Miss Pennoyer was not given to making snap judgments. Until she arrived at some conclusion she saw no need for encouraging this young man.

"How do you do?" she echoed, so that he almost thought she was mocking him. "I've already asked Joan to get me out of this broiling sun."

They started for the car.

"Did you have a pleasant trip?" Jerry ventured.

If he had tickled Miss Pennoyer's decently corseted ribs her expression would have been much the same.

"I do not journey on the Sabbath for pleasure," she informed him.

He felt morbidly certain she despised him. Moreover, he felt that she was indomitable. If she decided Joan was not to marry him his will and even Joan's possible concurrence would be impotent. He tried to avoid giving further offense by lifting her luggage into the machine.

"Where am I to sit?" she asked her niece in a tone that suggested a long period of great patience.

"I thought Jerry could walk and I'd drive you up."

"I'll walk," Miss Pennoyer replied. "I can find the way, I presume."

"If you're afraid of my driving, Jerry will take you and I'll walk. It's just a step."

"Oh, we'll all get in," her aunt announced. "I can see that's what you expected."

By sitting far forward on the seat and looking pinched Miss Pennoyer wrung a good deal of satisfaction from the drive.

"I caught cold on the train," she said after a silence.

"Did you, Aunt Ellen? I'm awfully sorry."

"I can fix you up with some quinine," Jerry volunteered, glad to insinuate himself into the conversation.

"Possibly Joan hasn't told you that quinine brings out a rash all over me; that I peel afterward and that if I took enough it would probably kill me."

Miss Pennoyer's tone implied that her supposition was entirely sarcastic. Jerry tried to say that Joan had not mentioned that idiosyncrasy.

"I suppose I'm a fool to think she ever talked about me to you," her aunt assented.

It occurred to Joan that if Miss Pennoyer was particularly irascible it was because she had made a fatal omission.

"How are the dogs?" she queried, though it was too late to do much good.

"It's about time you asked," she was informed. "You haven't seen them for two weeks. Flo died."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes!"

They drew up to the house in an atmosphere of high tragedy. Gwen and Sim were on the steps.

"Hello, Miss Ellen!" Gwen said. "Isn't it fine about Joan and Jerry?"

Miss Pennoyer looked at Jerry and made an indeterminate sound. She had no intention of foreshadowing her conclusions.

"You look well, Gwen," she ended. "How do you do, Simmons?"

"'Lo, Miss Ellen," Sim said, putting out his hand. "How are the cockers?"

"Flo died," she answered.

"Good dog?"

"She was the best bitch I ever had," she informed him, and the firmness of the utterance was such a triumph over her natural vocabulary that it was appalling. It confirmed Jerry's terror. Even Gwen said nothing.

"Can I go to my room?" Miss Pennoyer asked. "It has been an abominable trip."

"Chambers!" Gwen said.

He emerged from the hall.

"Take Miss Pennoyer's bags, please."

He gathered them up delicately, but before he had moved Miss Pennoyer pounced upon him.

"Not that one!" she cried in a tone of the utmost agitation, seizing the smallest and hugging it to her. It contained her medicine bottles and her best transformation and was not for profane hands. Sim touched Miss Pennoyer's shoulder.

"Great chap," he said. "You're lucky to have him for a nephew."

Miss Pennoyer avoided a response by following Chambers. Joan accompanied her to her room. When they were left alone Miss Pennoyer took off her hat, loosened her shoes and proceeded to get out her best transformation.

"I wore my second," she explained as she did so. "I saw no reason for wasting my best on the train."

"I suppose not," Joan agreed.

"You're tired."

"No, I'm not."

"When you're lackadaisical it's a sign you're tired. You didn't sleep last night."

"I know I look ghastly."

"Did you get engaged because you didn't want to go to work?"

"Of course I didn't."

"Then what's the matter?"

"Do you like Jerry?"

"Like him! I don't know him. I think it's a mistake, your rushing into a thing like this. You don't act to me like a very happy girl."

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry? What are you sorry about? Break it off."

"Is that your advice?"

"Don't I usually say what I mean?"

Joan then delivered the great surprise of her aunt's existence.

"Very well, Aunt Ellen," she said, "I will." Then: "Do you want me for anything else?"

Her aunt stood quite still and opened her mouth. When a moment had passed and she had received no response Joan withdrew. In the moment after the door had closed Miss Pennoyer felt a pang more like conscience than any she had ever felt in her life. She knew something was wrong, and she knew there was no use expecting Joan to confide in her. It was her own fault. Her mind unrolled dry parchment years until it came to things that had happened long ago; to a time when she had needed someone to whom she could turn in a loneliness that made her grim as she remembered it even now. She put the transformation on the dressing table and sat down to recover herself. As she did so she glanced at the mirror and she said, "You! You!" in quite the incredulous tone one is supposed to employ when addressing a ghost.

It was not her image she spoke to, but a young man's. For just an instant Miss Pennoyer thought he was only existent to her inner vision. Then she realized he was sitting reading in a window at an angle from her own. She had been startled almost out of her wits, but not quite, for she went straightway and pulled down the blind.

Joan, going wearily downstairs, saw Jerry waiting for her.

"It's all right," she told him.

"What do you mean?"

"She told me to break it off. It's broken."

"I suppose there's no use for me to say I'm sorry I was such a fool—and ——"

Weariness dropped from her. He was saying this. She wanted to fling her arms about his neck and do something which might turn into a laugh or a cry. She hadn't the remotest idea which.

"Jerry ——" she began.

Gwen was upon them.

"The Pearces are arriving," she announced. "You've got to come and give me support. I saw them start up the drive in a lavender limousine upholstered in old blue. It looks as though they must run it on violet water."

They accompanied her to the library.

XIV

MRS. HAM PEARCE considered that she had graduated from the cloistered conservatism she had found it expedient to assume during the first years of her married life. The pose bored her and she had lost the desire for complete assimilation by Ham's friends, which had then been her motive force. She flashed her smile at Sim as he handed her down from the motor.

"How's my old sweetheart?" she asked.

The extent of Sim's attentions to her had been two lifts home from the country club, but she had been quarreling with Ham and wanted to annoy him. Ham descended from the car with a look of bewildered civility which betrayed his abrupt shift from engrossing domestic hostilities to the armistice of convention. Sim was preoccupied. It always made him more deaf.

"Have a good ride?" he queried.

"Ham's in a grouch," she shrilled. "I haven't seen you at the club for ages."

"We think it's comfortable," Sim returned, because people could usually be counted on to comment on the hall. "Gwen did it."

They reached the drawing-room and Gwen met them.

"You know Mrs. Ham," Sim ventured, feeling some formality was necessary.

"How do you do?" Gwen said. "I'm afraid Sim has asked you to the meagerest meal of our week. I've managed to convince my cook that one can be a Christian and have Sunday dinner at night. It took years of eloquence, and the result is that we usually get only pottage and lentils Sunday noon."

"I'm terribly sorry not to have called," Mrs. Ham replied. "I heard what you said about me. It was awfully funny."

Gwen's expression changed a shade. It became the expression she would have shown a Hottentot chief had she had no intention of offending him by recognizing the anomaly of his presence in her drawing-room.

"How nice of you!" she exclaimed. "You must know how I love to say anything funny. You've met these people, haven't you?"

"Of course I have," Mrs. Ham assured her. "Hello, Jerry! How are you, Joan?"

"Hello, Gwen!" Ham said, and stood glumly watching his wife.

Gwen had known him since she was a child, and felt the quick sympathy of a woman for a man who has married someone she dislikes.

"Had any more boils?" she asked, because he'd had one the last time she saw him, and he liked to talk about his maladies.

"Got inoculated," he responded.

It occurred to Gwen that another pleasure had been taken from a life not too crowded with happiness. Mrs. Ham was reminding Joan she hadn't seen her since the Achesons'.

"That was the most wonderful party," she volunteered, swinging back to Gwen. "You should have been there."

"I've heard all sorts of accounts of it."

"The main difference between mine and the rest is that I admit I had a good time. It was immense. Everyone drank too much and flirted too much, and Ham had the nearest thing to D. T's he's ever had. The doctor called it nervous exhaustion."

"Said I'd been worrying too much," Ham put in, reviving at the opportunity for expansion. "Or that I'd got to stop worrying. Which was it, Vi?"

"Nobody cares which it was," his wife returned.

"How do you know they don't?" Ham demanded. "He said I'd got to cut out worrying. That was it."

Mrs. Ham made a gesture with her shoulders meant to imply to the rest of his auditors that she suffered with them.

"Even Joan had a whirl with Alex Iredell," she went on. "We used to call them the icicles, though I must admit he warmed up after Joan left."

Miss Pennoyer entered, magnificent in her first.

"I hope you didn't hurry, Miss Pennoyer," Gwen greeted her.

"Does that mean I kept you waiting?"

"Indeed it does not. Miss Pennoyer, may I present Mrs. Pearce?"

They went through the formalities.

"I was startled," Miss Pennoyer explained. "Just for an instant I thought you might be the woman Hamilton Pearce married."

"I am," Mrs. Ham replied.

Her smile was brilliant with a difference. It confirmed her in the idea that these friends of Ham's were snippy, and her resolve to show them.

Ham emitted a sound curiously like a chuckle. His wife glanced at him.

"Amused, darling?" she questioned.

Chambers announced luncheon.

Gwen placed Mrs. Pearce between Sim and Jerry, and Ham across the table between the Pennoyers. She thought a certain reserve would be becoming to her own position under the circumstances and both pleased and astonished herself by the way she maintained it.

Joan evidenced her halcyon mood by giving Ham Pearce the rapture of apparently undivided attention. He had an unfortunate memory for unimportant conversation. She was able to listen and give what response was necessary, though in reality absorbed in the delightful problem of what she should say to Jerry. A really clever woman would pretend to be a little injured but ready to forgive him. His dark eyes met hers as she thought of it, and she wondered if she would be able to manage it. Sim at his end of the table compared his luck with police dogs to Miss Pennoyer's trials with cockers. Mrs. Ham took care of the conversation on her side of the table. She made it her object to amuse Jerry. She had unfortunately discovered that people are apt to laugh at intimate domestic revelations and had been betrayed into thinking herself a wit.

"You're looking at my lips," she accused Jerry.

He had not been conscious that he was looking at anything, so he denied the charge.

"Yes, you are," she insisted. "And I know I've changed my color of lip stick, but I've had to since I let my hair go back. Ham says it looks like hell, but he's getting used to it. What do you think?"

Jerry was polite.

"You're a dear old pal," she told him, patting his hand. "Ham thinks I'm a rotter anyway. The other night he woke me up and told me he was dying of pneumonia, and I said, 'Then please sign a couple of blank checks, Ham dear; I have a million bills coming due,' and went back to sleep without even telling him where the hot-water bottle was. He was furious. My dear, he has no sense of humor. I told him he looked like a morbid robin last month, and he sulked for a week. He does though."

"It's so unusual to find a man who doesn't relish frankness," Gwen observed with propriety.

(Concluded on Page 131)

WRIGLEY'S

Wherever you go for the summer outing take **WRIGLEYS** along.

It keeps thirst away, aids appetite and digestion, gives long-lasting enjoyment at very small cost.

Especially fine for the kiddies—friendly to little teeth and stomachs.

The Flavor Lasts

Sealed Tight - Kept Right

"Now the stars have faded
In the purple chill,
Lo, the sun is kindling
On the eastern hill."

Excerpt from "At Sunset"
by Bliss Carman

"I'se in town, Honey!"

Copyright 1920, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

Tender, golden pancakes —right off! —no matter who's the cook

THE "greenest cook" that ever trailed off to camp can make 'em—from Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

The milk, the baking powder—*everything's* in that flour, *already mixed*. And it's so rich it needs no eggs.

Actually, man, all there is to do is to stir in some water—50-50 on it—flop 'em on the hot griddle and they're done in jig-time—the tenderest, fluffiest, finest-flavored pancakes you've *ever* tasted! The kind that won fame for the southern mammy, Aunt Jemima, years and years ago.

And that's the ideal outdoor breakfast. It's downright good. It sticks by 'til noon. And it's so darn convenient.

Jot it down on your "grub list" now —Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

Fish, rolled in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, browns with a savory crust when fried. Fine muffins and waffles, too, from that flour—any man can make them. Recipes on the package

(Concluded from Page 128)

Mrs. Ham wasn't quite sure she meant it.

"Listen, my dear! I want to tell you what he did the other night," she went on. "I had a quarrel with my maid and he wanted to have her arrested. I told him, 'You can't arrest a maid. They always know enough to have you hanged.' Don't they, Mrs. Applegate?"

"You might inquire if they haven't someone at the deaf-and-dumb school near here," Gwen suggested.

"I'd like mine blind too," Mrs. Ham asseverated. "You used to be a great maid, Jerry. I remember you used to hook me up when the light was too poor in my dressing room. You aren't out of a job, are you?"

Mrs. Ham hadn't succeeded in getting Jerry's attention, and she thought—correctly—that would do it. Moreover, she was not averse to startling her hostess. Jerry's face performed an imitation of a blotter with one corner in red ink.

"I didn't know you and Jerry were such friends," Gwen remarked, amused at his blush.

"Friends!" Mrs. Ham echoed. "Jerry and I used to be on the road together."

She flaunted it forth in answer to a look from Ham. She interpreted the look as reproof for her reference to a part of her past for which Ham felt little enthusiasm. It had, in fact, been given merely to emphasize a pause in his narrative to Joan. He had never even heard his wife, which was annoying when she realized it, as she immediately regretted the revelation.

"Really?" Gwen said.

There was nothing for it but to go on.

"Don't pretend you didn't know I was on the stage," Mrs. Ham laughed. "It's perfectly true. I was terribly stage struck when I was a kiddie, and finally mama was wise enough to realize that the best thing to do was to let me see for myself. I went on in vaudeville for almost a year. Poor mama had to be dragged all over the country with me. One spring after his college closed Jerry was my dancing partner. Good old days, weren't they, Jerry?"

There were limits to Mrs. Ham's frankness, and she had passed them. It was strange, too, since her usual aim was to startle rather than to edify. An accurate description of old Mrs. Noonan, with her Della Fox, her unregenerate anecdotes of early burlesque, her familiar flannel wrappers, her occasional whalebone hourglass of magnificence and her general air of eruptive cordiality, would have been better comedy material to launch into the midst of Gwen's luncheon table than the vague elegance her daughter limned in her place and christened mama.

Jerry groaned something that might have been a yes.

"For heaven's sake," Gwen exclaimed; "Joan, did you know your beau was on the stage once?"

Joan looked up from an account of how Mrs. Ham had wanted to stay on at the Gillette party and Ham had said, "I've got to get home if I'm going to play tennis in the morning"; and Mrs. Ham had said, "Oh, we don't have to go yet"; and he had returned, "You don't think of anything but dancing"; and she ——

Gwen's voice jerked her back to the table.

"Joan, did you know your beau was on the stage once?"

"Why—yes," she said shakily.

Jerry's color and the glare of resentful challenge Mrs. Ham directed toward her husband told her before Gwen went on.

"Mrs. Pearce says they used to be in vaudeville together."

"Don't look so shocked," Mrs. Ham laughed. "We were perfectly well chaperoned. My very conservative mama saw to that. I hear Mrs. Applegate says I wore blue tights, but I was really more decently dressed than I am at most parties now."

It must be admitted that remorse for having given enough information to Joan to make Mrs. Ham's reminiscences blatantly damning was conspicuously absent from Jerry's mind. He remembered the tense line of Joan's shoulder and her white cheek when to her that old love of his had been only words for a memory. Here she sat in rose flesh and burning blood.

Joan suddenly realized his eyes. She looked at him and she smiled.

"I'm not shocked," she answered. "I'm only envying you for having known him then."

She was very much in love. The smile was one his mother might have sent to reassure him when he was a little boy.

Jerry said something between "Thank God" and "You darling," and spilled half his claret into his lap. Though uncomfortable, it proved a diversion.

"Get it back in your glass," Mrs. Ham said; and Ham: "That's rubies, man, be careful." Even Sim betrayed concern.

"There really is no need to bother about it," Gwen came to his rescue. "We haven't much, but I suppose a Federal statute will take it before it's finished. I imagine Congress is going to call on everyone to have glass installed in the front of his stomach and institute hourly inspections before it really feels safe about the country's morals."

It was Miss Ellen Pennoyer who definitely swept attention from him, however.

"Gwen," she began in her precise voice, "who is the young man with something on one of his eyes who sits looking in at my window?"

"Oh," said Gwen, "that must be raw beef. Is it becoming?"

She burst into a gale of laughter, and Miss Pennoyer was unable to stop her by fixing her with a mirthless eye.

"Who is it?" she repeated.

"That is what your niece has left standing of one of the handsomest creatures in New York."

"Joan?" Miss Pennoyer questioned.

"Incredible as it may seem," Gwen answered. "Miss Pennoyer, if you knew what I went through last night your heart would bleed for me. I saw my house turned into a theater of war. I saw the Trojan tragedy heaped on top of the Sabine unpleasantness in my very presence. I died six complete deaths, with funeral, between the soup and the salad. I wore out the knees of a dinner frock as I crawled from one of her lovers to the next, begging each to spare the other's life—all to no effect whatever. When your niece marries Jerry I suggest that the groomsmen should be Battle, Murder and Sudden Death."

"Would you mind explaining yourself, Gwendolen?" Miss Pennoyer urged, trembling with excitement.

"I should think I had explained myself," Gwen answered. "Last night we had a tourney. It consisted of one round and took place somewhere behind the barn. Joan was queen of love and beauty and was a dazzling success. She sat on the couch in the library and cried like a veal. Jerry won. Poor Alex Iredell is the result."

"Alex Iredell!" said Miss Pennoyer.

She said it as a hawk might pounce on a rabbit if it had been waiting for that particular rabbit a long time.

"That lacerated mockery of the human form who is eating luncheon in his room is Alex Iredell."

"Alexander Iredell's son?" Miss Pennoyer pursued.

Gwen nodded.

"He was the other half of the tourney. He entered the lists as young Lochinvar and did such good press-agent work that I'd put in a long-distance call to tell you that Joan had changed her mind and was going to marry him and spend their honeymoon in the Tombs. Just then Jerry appeared with most of Alex on his shirt front. The rest of him crawled up the laundry chute. It was really quite pathetic. It seems that Alex was about to give Jerry a frightful drubbing when he slipped and impaled himself on Jerry's first. I give you his word for it. Dear me! That reminds me that we agreed only this morning that he bumped into a door. That's what happened—he bumped into a door and fell from it to Alex's shirt front, and he's upstairs so absorbed in picking out his new face from facial-institute advertisements that he couldn't be disturbed to eat."

"Did you beat him?" Miss Pennoyer demanded of Jerry.

"I think Gwen might be in better business," he returned.

Gwen wrinkled her nose at him.

"Don't be noble," she advised. "Alex knew I could never keep it."

Miss Pennoyer was not deflected.

"Did you?" she insisted.

"Oh, we had a scrap," he admitted.

Gwen then announced that after luncheon she was giving a tour of the battlefield and offering a prize for the most appropriate design for a monument. Having taken the conversational bit in her teeth she ran away with the rest of the luncheon. Even Mrs. Ham had to admit on the way home that Gwen had a funny line, and it was a tribute, for she was rather absorbed in the problem of why Jerry had blushed like that.

Miss Pennoyer, however, had no attention to waste on Gwen during the rest of the meal. Her eyes never left Jerry Duane. It didn't disturb Jerry as it might have done. He did not much care whether Miss Pennoyer was angry or not since Joan's speech. They were going to see each other. That was all that mattered. Miss Pennoyer, however, had different views.

"Joan," she pronounced when Gwen rose, "I want you to come to my room. I have something to say to you."

Joan knew better than to dispute her tone. She gave Jerry a look of humorous despair. It was beginning to be funny. As they passed into the hall Ham Pearce whispered to Gwen about his wife.

"You ought not to have asked her here," was the burden of his confidence. "It just makes her think she can get away with anything."

Gwen took it as the official announcement that the walls of his conjugal Jericho were trembling.

XV

MISS ELLEN PENNOYER was embarrassed. It was the first time Joan had ever seen her so. She was as nervous as a cab horse convinced he must take a hurdle.

Joan didn't realize it until arrived at her room, she saw that her aunt was doing everything possible to avoid the moment of speech. She loosened her shoes and she took a soda mint and she took off her first and got out her second and began combing it in a way that suggested panic.

"I'm going to take a nap," she informed her niece. "Don't ask me why I'm going to put on my second. You know perfectly well there might be a fire."

She combed a long time.

"Have you broken your engagement?" she asked at last.

"Yes, Aunt Ellen."

"Why did you do it?"

"You told me to," Joan stated with innocent eyes.

"Don't be ridiculous! You never did anything in your life because I told you to, and you're not going to begin now."

Joan didn't smile, though she felt like it.

"Things happened last night," she said.

"What things?"

"It all began because I was once engaged to Alex Iredell, that time I stayed at Nora Acheson's. Jerry doesn't like Alex, and I hadn't told him. Last night Alex made love to me at dinner before Jerry ——"

"You're not in love with Alexander Iredell's son?" Miss Ellen burst in. There was something like horror in her voice.

"I hate him!" Joan answered with certainty. "I hate him!"

. "Then why did you break your engagement?"

"He thought I was afraid to tell Jerry; and finally he made it plain that there was something between us, and then he proposed, and I thought Jerry was disgusted with me."

"He wanted to marry you?"

Joan nodded.

"Is he in love with you?"

"He says so."

"And your other one whipped him?"

"Yes."

"I hope he beat him hard," Miss Pennoyer said. "And I hope Alexander Iredell knows it, wherever he is."

She'd grown livid with intensity. She shook the transformation she was working on fiercely as though it was a scalp. She looked the terrible old woman she was. When she saw Joan was watching her she turned her back and began talking very fast.

"I like your young man," she said. "That woman downstairs was trying to pretend he was in love with her, but he's not. He's in love with you. He's worth five of any son of Alexander Iredell's, and this one looks just like him. If you'd cared for him it would have been what happened to me all over again. Not that I'd want it to have been different. He led that poor silly thing he married a pretty dance. It's not worth while to give your heart to that sort of man. They just hurt it and hurt it, and some day there isn't any left. I know that, Joan. And if you let Alexander Iredell's son come between you and your young man downstairs you're a fool, because I've told you. Go away and stop looking at me. I want to take my nap."

Joan made a movement toward her.

"Don't!" she commanded. "Go away! I'm tired."

Miss Ellen Pennoyer had not suddenly stumbled on tenderness after all those years.

Jerry was waiting for Joan at the foot of the stairs.

"Jerry," she asked before she reached him, "do you want me?"

"Good Lord, Joan, don't you know that I do?"

"I'm glad, because I'm afraid you'd have had to take me. Aunt Ellen has fallen in love with you."

He held out his arms.

Gwen and Sim appeared. They had been saying good-by to the Pearces.

"Even Sim admits she's awful," Gwen announced triumphantly. "Really I think it's indecent to tell as much about one's own affairs as she insists on telling. Do you know what she made me think of at luncheon? One of those people in vaudeville who hang head down from a trapeze and take off their clothes. She made me dizzy and nervous at the same time."

"I did rather wonder if her mama would quite have approved some of the things she said," Joan admitted.

Gwen grinned.

"She left me with the impression," she replied, "that she came of a very conservative old family whose daughters were never allowed to enter anything but the most exclusive branches of the white-slave trade."

"And now, Gwen," Jerry addressed his hostess, "would you do Joan and me the very great favor of leaving us alone for five minutes?"

"You're an ungrateful thing," Gwen informed him. "Who got Joan for you anyway?"

"Who nearly lost her for me?" Jerry returned pertinently.

"I'm sorry if you don't like the way everything has turned out."

"It's turned out the most wonderful thing in the world," Joan admitted. "But please leave us alone."

"You children haven't an idea what the most wonderful thing in the world is," Gwen answered her. "I hadn't myself until this morning. Joan, the Lord has decided to let Sim and me have Simon and Simonetta."

"Gwen!"

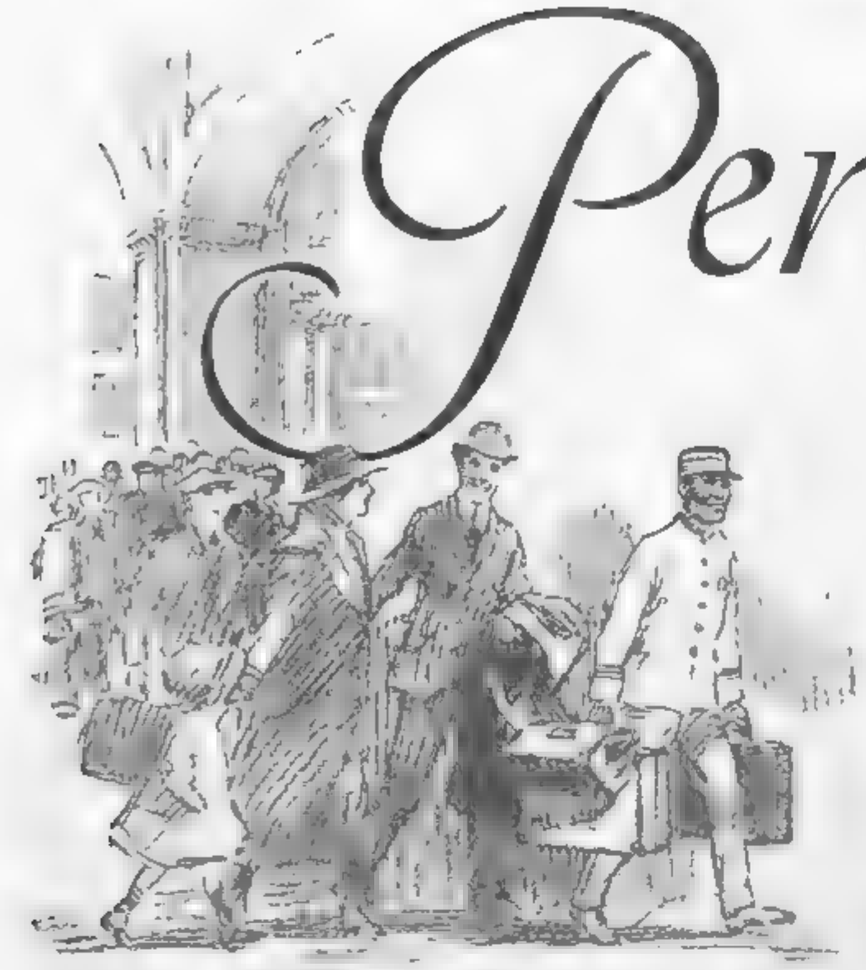
Jerry gave the smile that wrinkled his face most.

"It's a good thing," he said. "It may keep your mind off your friends. What do you think about it, Sim? It may cure Gwen."

Sim took Gwen's hand.

"If you're trying to change Gwen," he said, "it's no use. I don't want her changed, anyway."

(THE END)



Pershing Square
The World Centre

PERSHING SQUARE is the human, throbbing, nerve center of the Nations of the World—in cosmopolitan New York. Facing the Square, adjoining, or within a step of the Grand Central Terminal, are five of the world's most sumptuous of modern hotels—The Biltmore, Hotel Commodore, The Belmont, Hotel Manhattan, and The Murray Hill. In these monuments of architectural art, the metropolis of the world entertains the stranger within its gates, with all the amazing interests and luxuries of twentieth century hotel life—10,000 guests a day—and every day a different 10,000. Here, in the atmosphere of great possibilities, are planned and settled the political, financial, social, literary, artistic and business interests of the day.

New York City of Great Hotels

Fifth Avenue, with its fashionable shops, is one block away. The clubs, the theatres, the restaurants, libraries, art galleries, concert and exhibition halls are nearby. The arteries of transportation, subways, elevated and surface cars, center here, bringing the most remote points of the city within easy touch.

Whatever your business, or pleasure, in New York—a day, a week, a year—whatever your purse, whatever your tastes, one of these splendid hotels of Pershing Square will serve you with an individual ease and comfort and a personal hospitality which the combined efforts and long experience of a group of the best hotel managers in the world have made an art.

THE PERSHING SQUARE HOTELS
UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF
JOHN McE. BOWMAN, *President*

THE ANSONIA
BROADWAY AT 73RD ST
EDW M TIERNEY
VICE PRESIDENT

—in the residential section—also under the personal direction of Mr. Bowman.

When Office Help Was Not to be Had—

Not many weeks ago it was impossible in one of the largest cities to obtain office help, regardless of experience or salaries offered.

A mail order house known the world over faced a grave problem. To care for the growing volume of orders more help was imperative. And none was to be had.

Ditto—the quickest way to duplicate—came to mind. Could it help them? How did it work? Was it reliable?

All these questions were answered satisfactorily and **Ditto** was installed—not one **Ditto** machine but twenty, for the volume of work demanded was immense.

As typists were out of the question, hand-writing in this case was resorted to. **Ditto** ink was used. Transferred to the copying surface of **Ditto** these hand-written forms were reproduced rapidly and accurately.

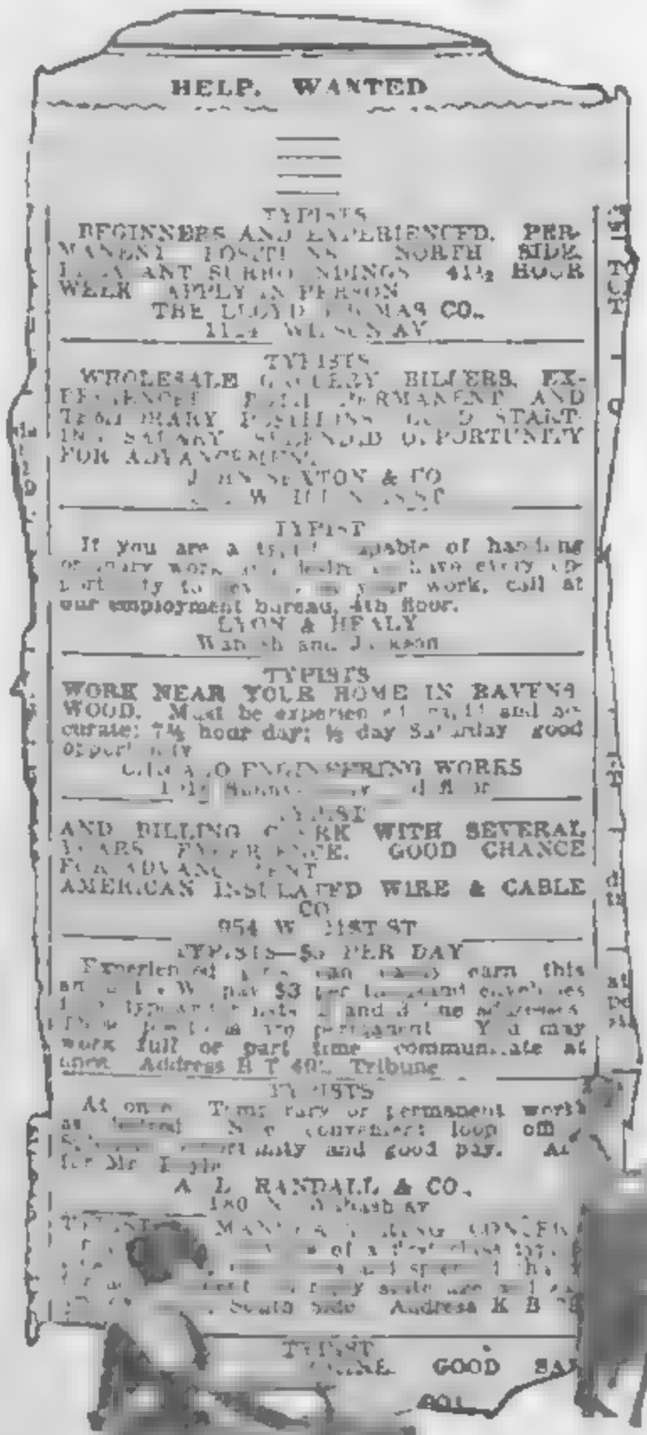
The average of six orders handled every ten minutes promptly increased to ten orders every ten minutes in that office—an increase of 66%! **Ditto** was welcomed on that job because it *proved* itself to be "the quickest way to duplicate."

Every business has reproduction to be done—orders, invoices, cards, tags. Take the **Ditto** Man through your organization; let him see how you are doing things now. His is a crystallized experience covering hundreds of applications of **Ditto**. His principal function is to point out to interested executives just how **Ditto** will save them money.

Write for the **Ditto** Book today—or telephone in the principal cities for the **Ditto** Man.

Duplicator Manufacturing Company, *Chicago*
Offices in All Principal Cities

Ditto
THE QUICKEST WAY TO DUPLICATE


HELP. WANTED
TYPISTS
BEGINNERS AND EXPERIENCED. PERMANENT POSITIONS NORTH SIDE.
WEEK APPLY IN PERSON
THE LLOYD THOMAS CO.
TYPISTS
WHOLESALE GROCERY BILLERS. EXPERIENCED FOR PERMANENT AND TEMPORARY POSITIONS. GOOD START-ING SALARY. SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR ADVANCEMENT.
JOHN SEXTON & CO.
TYPIST
It you are a [illegible] capable of handling [illegible] work [illegible] we have every opportunity to [illegible] your work, call at our employment bureau, 4th floor.
LYON & HEALY
Wabash and Jackson
TYPISTS
WORK NEAR YOUR HOME IN RAVENSWOOD. Must be experienced, rapid and accurate; 7½ hour day; ½ day Saturday; good opportunity.
CHICAGO ENGINEERING WORKS
TYPIST
AND BILLING CLERK WITH SEVERAL YEARS' EXPERIENCE. GOOD CHANCE FOR ADVANCEMENT.
AMERICAN INSULATED WIRE & CABLE CO.
954 W. 21ST ST.
TYPISTS—$3 PER DAY
Experienced [illegible] can [illegible] earn this amount. We pay $3 per [illegible] and extra [illegible] Those [illegible] are permanent. You may work full or part time. Communicate at once. Address H T 401, Tribune.
TYPISTS
At once. Three [illegible] of permanent work at [illegible] Near convenient loop office. Steady and good pay. Ask for Mr. [illegible]
A. L. RANDALL & CO.
180 N. Wabash av.
TYPIST
[illegible] GOOD SA[illegible]
BOL[illegible]

Probably you never knew Ditto could do this, also

THE EXILE ON THE ISLAND

(Continued from Page 11)

received a report in the morning that the Prince had escaped from the island on Sunday night and that I should consider it a great favor if he would assist me to see him, not necessarily to talk with him but to assure myself that he was still on the island.

He replied that he could vouch for his presence on the island, as he, the Prince, had been in the very room in which we were sitting at eleven o'clock that morning. I then asked the burgomaster if he would be kind enough to give me a note to that effect, as apparently it seemed useless to insist on seeing the Prince; to which he agreed, taking one of his cards and writing on the back of it as follows: "*De Kronprins is op Wieringen. Ik heb hem vanavond persoonlijk gezien. De Burgemeester, A. Peerboom.*" Which, translated, means: "The Crown Prince is on Wieringen. I have personally seen him this evening. The Burgomaster, A. Peerboom."

The burgomaster told us very seriously that on Saturday night an American journalist drove into the town of Hoorn, inquired from fishermen where he could get a boat to go to the island of Wieringen, and so on. He then related the chase by the police, their arrival on the island, his being awakened at four A. M., and the general excitement caused by this journalist.

Little did the burgomaster realize I was the journalist he was telling me about. We talked on until I suggested that he telephone the Prince to make sure he was still there, because he, the burgomaster, could recognize the Prince's voice over the phone.

While awaiting a connection the burgomaster evidently softened toward me, and when the connection was made he asked the Prince if he would grant me an interview. The Prince evidently asked him who I was and what kind of an impression I made, to which the burgomaster replied that I was an American journalist and that the impression was favorable.

The reply came back that he would grant me an audience if I promised not to put any questions of a political nature to him, which I promised. This was about 10:30 P. M. The flivver, which had been waiting, took me to the Prince's home.

I was ushered into the house and into one of the four rooms that constitute the first floor by the German orderly I had seen the day before. While waiting in this room a hasty survey showed some pictures of the Prince on the walls, an iron bed, a small table, a lamp, a chair and a washstand. This was evidently the bedroom of the orderly. The adjutant, Von Mullert, whom I saw on my previous visit, entered, immediately recognized me and asked if I had not been there on Sunday, to which I answered yes. On being asked why I returned to-night, I replied that when I was refused an interview on Sunday I had returned to Amsterdam, but that morning hearing again that the Prince had left the island I had returned to see if the report were true.

The Former Crown Princess Talking to the Burgomaster and His Son

Short and Sweet

This evidently satisfied him, as he started to leave the room, but he turned and exacted a promise from me not to put any questions to the Prince. Immediately the door opened and His ex-Royal Highness entered, dressed in a dark gray suit, patent-leather shoes, a soft collar, wrinkled and with his tie sideways in it. He was smoking a cigarette. He looks about thirty-five years of age, six feet in height, rather thin, blond hair, blue eyes with heavy rings under them, a prominent nose, and a receding chin indicating weakness and lack of character.

Not knowing much about the proper manner of addressing ex-royalties, I said: "Good evening. How are you?"

To which he replied: "Good evening, sir," and extended his hand. "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes," I replied. "I was here yesterday, but you refused an interview, and this morning the report was current that you had escaped from the island on that yacht on which you were having luncheon yesterday, so I came back to see if you were still here."

The Prince's smile changed to a frown and he exclaimed with much wrath: "The world is mad; the world is mad! I'm here and I'm going to stay here. I'm not going away!"

I replied that personally I did not think that he would leave, as there was no place he could go. Then after a few remarks as to his life on the island I told him there were many things I should like to ask him about, but remembering my promise to the burgomaster I hesitated to question him. But, I concluded, if he would tell me what was on his mind I should be glad to hear it.

He smiled sarcastically, extended his hand and said: "Well, I am here, you have seen and talked to me, and I will say good night." Before leaving the room he offered me a cigarette, his own special brand, bearing the crown and a "W," with an individual holder of straw as long as the cigarette itself.

I took one, saying: "I will smoke one of your German cigarettes if you will smoke one of my American cigarettes"; which he did. The adjutant then appeared, led me to the door and bowed me out.

I returned to the burgomaster's home in order to thank him for his assistance and incidentally to ask him for a letter or statement to the effect that I had actually interviewed and seen the Prince and that he was safe on the island. Such a letter would be a verification of my story, and I wanted such a letter for my scrapbook. The burgomaster finally consented and gave me, in substance, the following letter:

"WIERINGEN, June 30, 1919.

"I, A. Peerboom, burgomaster of Wieringen, state herewith that the undermentioned correspondent is the only one who has interviewed the Crown Prince since his internment in his own house during the past two or three months. Many correspondents have tried to see and interview him, but he has declined to see or receive them.

"ELMER JAY COMER of Illinois, U. S. A.,
"June 30, 1919.
"10:45 P. M.

"The Burgomaster of Wieringen,
"A. PEERBOOM."

I then asked the burgomaster if he had a photograph that I might use. He took one from the old family album, autographed it and delivered it to me with his compliments.

He remarked that it was really exceptional that I should be granted this audience, as there had been many correspondents on the island and that the Prince would see none of them.

He then informed me that all during my talk with the Prince, Von Mullert stood in the doorway with a gun in his pocket, waiting for the slightest indication of hostility.

I told Mr. Peerboom that this was a fine time to tell me such a thing. Suppose I had reached for my handkerchief and the move had been misinterpreted. I believe the adjutant would have enjoyed emptying his gun into me.

It was then close to midnight and I was very anxious to get back to the mainland, so I made my way back to Amsterdam.

I have always believed, and still believe, there is a desire and, further, an intention, on the part of the Prince some day to return to the German throne.

I returned to Holland from America, in February last. I then went to Germany, where I spent four weeks observing the economic and political conditions of that country. When I returned to Holland arrangements had been made for an interview with both the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. I left Amsterdam with a party who knew the Hohenzollern family, going by motor to Ewijcksluis, and thence to the island of Wieringen, arriving there about five P. M. on Sunday, March seventh.

The island had prospered since my previous visit, as it now boasted two automobiles, the property of the Prince.

This trip was a contrast to the others. There at the harbor was the Prince's chariot waiting to drive us in state to the palace.

When I arrived at the Prince's home, notwithstanding the fact that he had sent his car for us, I was again confronted by the adjutant, Von Mullert. I thought: "Well, I'm out of luck. This fellow has me branded as a journalist, and, despite the invitation, he seems to be the one to say who shall or shall not be permitted to enter the royal presence." The man I was with had entered ahead of me and was in the sitting room with the Prince while I was trying to get out of my overcoat in the hall. It was there that Von Mullert spied me. It was getting dark and he came very close, peered into my face and said: "You are a newspaper man."

Von Mullert speaks English about as well as I speak German, and between the two of us we carried on a highly unintelligent conversation. I presume he was asking questions as to who I was, and I was answering him by telling him about the beastly weather we were having. He couldn't seem to understand me. Oh, how I wished for a handful of grenades, or wienerwursts as you get them to-day in Germany, or some other deadly weapon.

After he had lost his breath for the second time and slowed up a bit I thought I had thoroughly convinced him, and started for the interior of the house, where I could hear the Prince's English—with an English accent. But no, I was held a prisoner and the German orderly appeared and stood guard over me. Meanwhile the adjutant went in to look over my friend who had slipped past him. He returned and made me swear on all that was Kultur that I was not a newspaper man—which I am not—and it wasn't until I became angry and told him that, unless he quit this and let me in at once, I would leave and never return that he led the way into the room where the Prince was holding forth.

The Prince was dressed in his Sunday suit, with a bright red tie and a collar considerably larger than necessary. The adjutant was about to leave the room, but lingered at the door, eying me critically. The Prince pointed to a chair. He is in constant fear of harm, and takes every precaution to guard himself. While seated there and during the conversation a box of matches which I was reaching for on the table fell to the floor. I made a quick movement to catch them, turning just soon enough to see a head disappear below the window, on the outside. It was dark and I couldn't distinguish the face of my watcher.

The room in which we were sitting was rather oddly and comfortably furnished. There were several comfortable chairs, a writing desk, and a couch or bed which took up half the room. I couldn't figure out exactly what it was because where the foot should be was the head, but the head was at the other end also. The cushions and drapings were Oriental and Indian in design.

There were several books and a long pipe on a stool next to this couch, and I suppose Von Mullert stands in silent awe and waves the royal fan while the Prince lies thereon.

Going back to my entrance the Prince shook hands and appeared pleasant and hospitable. But I can well imagine the hospitality or love in the heart of any German for an American. He passed his cigarettes and treated; I don't know what it was. I tasted it and though it was really liquor it tasted like glue. The Prince did not drink—not that he never has, or even doesn't now. During the conversation he said his one great wish was to go to California, and as proof of his eligibility for residence there called attention to the fact that he was not drinking.

The Prince Quotes Keynes

He thought America a great country, and contends that if America had not entered the war Germany would have won in the next few months. This is the universal belief throughout Germany. I told him that when he turned his U-boats loose in the ocean and said it belonged to him it was a rather foolish thing to do.

He admitted it and said he had told his father, on the announcement of unrestricted submarine warfare, that America would take issue and side with the Allies, and that with America against them Germany must lose.

But the Prince claims Von Tirpitz and Von Bethmann-Hollweg were not to be changed from their stand. He showed me a book entitled The Economic Consequences of the Peace, by Mr. Keynes, a member of the British peace delegation, and praised it highly, claiming it proved how unjust the treaty was to Germany, and how Mr. Wilson was misled and compelled to follow, unknowingly, the wishes of Lloyd George and Clémenceau. He added that the best men America had were unequal in a match of wits with the old-timers of Europe in the game of diplomacy.

I ventured the statement that Germany was only a political kindergarten, and a bit of diplomacy by Germany might have prevented the war. It is the Prince's belief that our real reason for declaring war was the fact that the Allies were about to throw up the sponge and that because of the immense amount of money we had loaned to them, which, he says, would not have been repaid if they had lost, America entered war against the Central Powers to save her money. This statement I have heard all over Germany. He asked what was said in America when he offered to give himself up for trial in place of his father and others. I told him some thought it a waste of time and money to try any of them, and others felt that it was a grand bluff on his part in order to gain sympathy.

(Concluded on Page 139)

DO YOU know how much nicer cooking fat is when it is *fresh?*

Snowdrift is fresh—fresh as you use the word to describe a new laid egg. Snowdrift is sweet—as you use the word to describe sweet cream.

When you open the airtight can in your kitchen you always find Snowdrift as fresh as the day it was made. After the can is open Snowdrift stays sweet all the longer because it was absolutely fresh when you first opened the can.

Snowdrift has every good quality, but perhaps the chief reason you will prefer it, if you once try it, is this *freshness* that is *assured* by the airtight can.

Look at it and see why Snowdrift is named Snowdrift. Whiteness does not make it pure, but its purity is one reason Snowdrift is so white. Snowdrift is made of the finest vegetable oil. Choice oil is always light in color. When it is made into Snowdrift, Snowdrift is white.

Cream Snowdrift. Snowdrift is always just the right creamy consistency that you find easiest and quickest to use. It never gets too hard in cold weather nor too soft and runny in warm weather.

And then—this is a real test—taste it. Do you hesitate to taste the cooking fat you are using? *Taste* Snowdrift and see how good a shortening can be. Snowdrift is made entirely of vegetable oil as rich and pure as the finest salad oil you ever tasted. Wouldn't you prefer to cook with a fat good enough to eat raw?

Your grocer is authorized to send you a can of Snowdrift and not charge you for it unless you are very pleased with it.

Southern Cotton Oil Trading Company
NEW YORK SAVANNAH NEW ORLEANS CHICAGO
Makers of SNOWDRIFT, WESSON OIL
and SOUTHERN BRAND PEANUT BUTTER

Open the Airtight Can

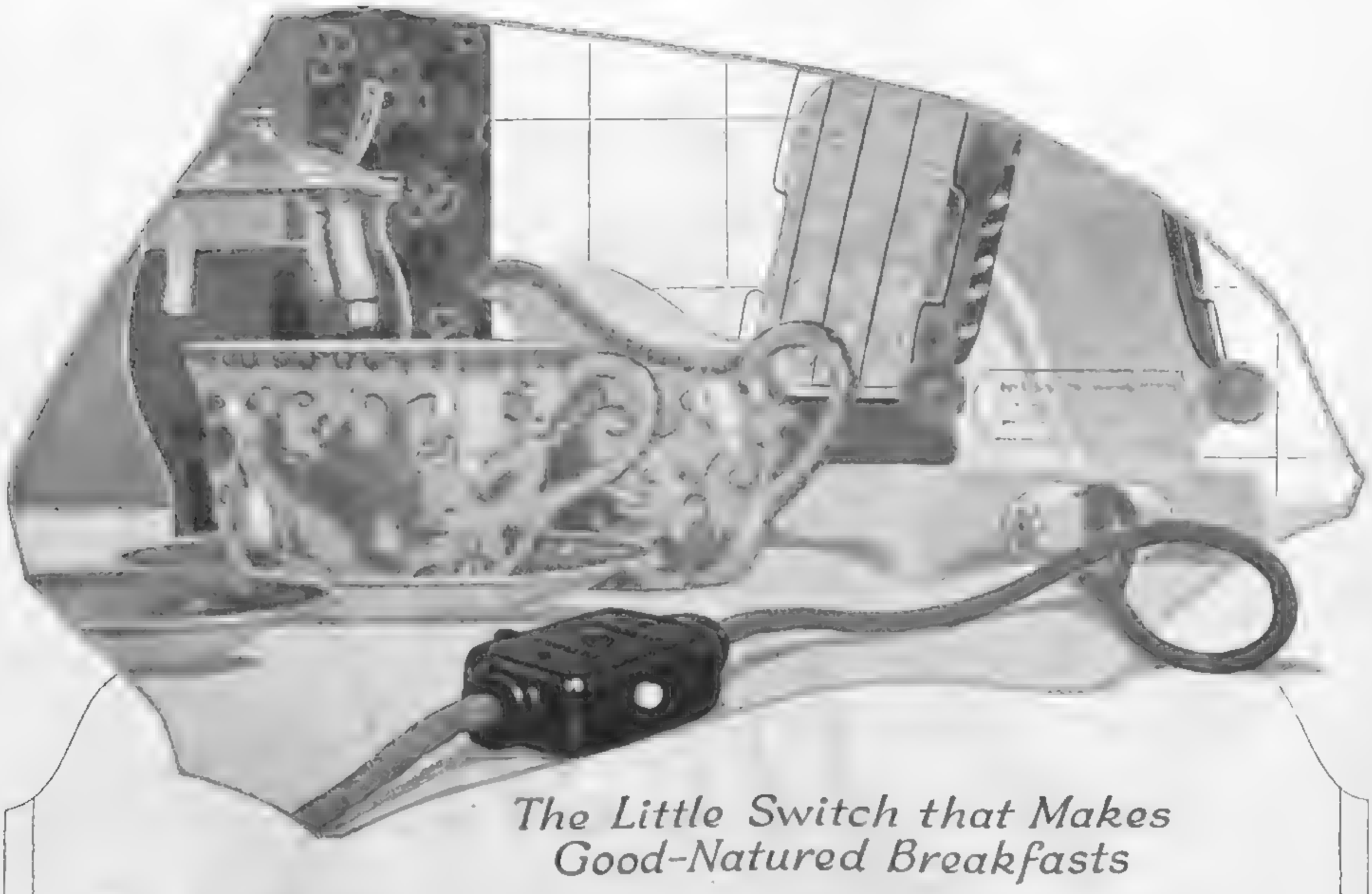
fresh!

S N O W D R I F T

Pure

Rich Creamy Vegetable Fat

for all Cooking



The Little Switch that Makes Good-Natured Breakfasts

C-H Seventy Fifty SWITCH

is made by The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co., the world's largest manufacturers of electric controllers, space heaters, lifting magnets and many other electric utilities.

GOOD COFFEE—toast browned to a turn—and the C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch help to make perfect breakfasts in thousands of homes. Even if father *did* "get up on the wrong side of bed," he'll forget his frown if breakfast is "just right."

The electric toaster or percolator is so much more convenient when the 70-50 Switch is attached to the cord. Instead of yanking at hot connector plugs—perhaps burning your fingers or spilling the toast or coffee—you merely press the button to turn the current on or off. You toast each slice when you want it and you serve it hot. A push of the button prepares an extra slice or reheats the coffee. Whether early or late, breakfast is always just ready to serve—piping hot.

For The Iron, Too

With the 70-50 Switch on the cord of your electric iron, you can maintain an even temperature by turning the current on and off without changing your position. If called away from the ironing board, a glance tells whether the current is "on" or "off," thus eliminating danger of fire or of scorching the clothes.

Take the cord of your toaster, percolator or iron to your electrical dealer. He will attach a C-H 70-50 Switch, just like those you will find on the more modern appliances. (75 cents east of the Rocky Mountains.) Look for the "C-H" on the switch—it is your guarantee of satisfaction.

C-H

THE CUTLER-HAMMER MFG. CO
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Made in Canada by BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO., of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

CUTLER-HAMMER

SWITCH & SPECIALTY DEPT.

(Concluded from Page 135)

The Prince asked why Mr. Wilson insisted on his father's removal from the throne. Questions and statements were coming thick and fast; all of them could have been answered, but in a way that I feared might cause our interview to come to a sudden end. So I frequently feigned ignorance or nodded a silent assent.

He related an experience that he had when two American soldiers, prisoners of war, were brought before him for examination. He asked one the reason why America declared war on Germany, and claims that he was told it was because of America's desire to save the money she had loaned to the Allies. Putting the same question to the other he was told that Alsace and Lorraine were a big lake, and that Germany was doing all the fishing and wouldn't let France catch any. So America declared war on Germany.

The Prince was very much amused at this and remarked: "Just think, he thought Alsace and Lorraine were a lake like Lake Michigan." I realized that the Prince had picked the wrong soldier to question, and that this doughboy was slipping one over on him. So I joined with him in a hearty laugh, at his ignorance of the Yankee idea of a josh.

He predicted years of trouble ahead for America unless she cut loose from European alliances, as Europe would use her so long as convenient, and then a break would come.

He warned America to keep awake and turn her eyes to the Far East. He said: "Suppose Japan decided she could use the Philippine Islands, and before America was aware of it, landed troops on the island. You would have your hands full." I asked him if he thought such a thing possible, to which he replied in the affirmative.

I mentioned a secret treaty that existed shortly before the war between Japan and Germany and attempted to question him about it, but his reply was evasive. He spoke about the League of Nations and remarked that in principle it was good, but that in practice it was impossible.

He then laid down the three qualifications for the successful existence of any nation, which were strength, money and might, and stated that the nation that possessed these qualities would have and could demand the respect of the world.

He then told me he had recently received the list of crimes for which he was to be tried, and while recounting them smiled in ridicule at such an indictment.

The Prince's Responsibilities

He said that he was to be tried for burning and robbing castles in France that he had never seen and for mistreatment and cruelty to the French people in the area he was occupying. He then exclaimed: "Do you know, I treated those French people with so much consideration and kindness that I many times incurred the ill will and condemnation of my superior officers."

The Prince laid great stress on his responsibilities during the war, stating that he was in supreme command of the entire line from Rheims to the Swiss border. But to talk with some of his officers, as I have, it appears that his responsibilities centered in various dissipations behind the lines.

He spoke about the beginning of the war and said: "You say I started this war. I—I was no monarch: I could not start this war. And why should I or my father start the war at the moment when the whole world took up arms against us? If I had wanted to make war I should have done so when England was engaged with the Boers in Africa or while Russia was at war with Japan."

I was tempted to refresh his memory of the postscript, written by his father on the bottom of a telegram to the Austrian Emperor, in the first days of August, 1914, that "Now is the time to strike"; and of his own remark, "A gay and frolicsome war."

Several times during his talk he claimed to have predicted the results of different policies and plans pursued by the German government. He said he told his father and the Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, that as soon as they declared war on France, England would declare war on them, and that three days later England declared war.

He was bitter against the English and the French, and said that America is the only country Germany can look to for food and material. The subject then turned to Germany and her present condition. He remarked that a republic, if a good one, was all right, but a republic such as Germany had, with a harnessmaker for president and an absolutely inexperienced and incapable cabinet, could not hope to exist. He said the German people were not ready for a republican form of government and predicted a monarchistic government in Germany in the very near future.

He was certain the present form of government could not last. He also intimated that it was only a matter of time until there would be another war between Germany and France.

From my travels in Germany I found the same belief, as there is a most bitter feeling there toward France. I talked with everyone with whom I came in contact, in order to get the views of the people, and all were of the same belief. I remember a cab driver I hired while in Bremen said that he was sixty years of age, but if war was declared on France he would go immediately.

Recently I had dinner with a colonel of the French Army and related my experiences, and was pleased to know that France realizes Germany's attitude and is on her guard.

The Prince discussed the economic condition of Germany and expressed his hope that America would extend credit and assistance. Such hopes are characteristic of all Europe to-day.

During the conversation Von Mullert was absent, but about this time he put in an appearance and gave me a look which intimated that I seemed to consider myself settled for the night. I couldn't say anything, but I wished that some time I could meet him in a dark alley and wrap seven yards of lead pipe round that face of his. As I was leaving, the Prince went over to his desk, autographed his photograph and gave it to me, and walked out into the hall while I was putting on my overcoat.

My impression of the Prince was that he is intelligent; that he is of the average. I can't say that he is intellectual or that he possesses a pleasant personality. It is spoiled by an air of importance and arrogance.

I am told that he likes to hear himself talk, and Von Mullert is a sort of muzzle for him. For want of something to do he has taken all the sleeping powders available in that part of the country, as there is little else for him to do but sleep. His wife, the Crown Princess, with her children, visited him about a month ago. She is living in Potsdam, near Berlin, and, rumor has it, is seeking a divorce.

Some time ago his wife autographed a picture of herself and used the words "Crown Princess" instead of "ex-Crown Princess"; and when this was mentioned to her she replied that she was retaining her title, as some member of the family would go back on the throne in Germany.

The next day we drove to Amerongen, at which place the Kaiser is interned, and interviewed his adjutant, "His Excellency" General von Gontard, a man thirty-two years of age, who was a lieutenant when the war started and a general when it ended. He is on the list to be tried along with the Kaiser, the Prince and the rest. On viewing the credentials we had he stated that it would give him great pleasure to grant us an audience with the Kaiser, but because of an order received from the Dutch Foreign Office dated February 12, 1920, an order, he says, that was prompted by a request from the Allies, the Kaiser is absolutely forbidden to talk or converse with anyone outside of his immediate household.

He spoke of a Mr. von Passchen, an old friend of the Kaiser, and said he had been waiting in Amerongen two weeks hoping to get permission to visit the Kaiser. And further that there were 200 Allied spies round the grounds, watching to see if anyone was admitted to the castle. He regretted immensely not to be able to grant our request, but added that he would be glad to take us into the grounds as his guests, and that when the Kaiser came out we could watch him sawing wood.

The adjutant remarked: "The Kaiser is not in very good health, doesn't worry much about being tried, and looks forward to moving to his new home at Doorn, some few miles away."

Wood Sawing de Luxe

The manner in which Wilhelm saws wood might interest some of our lumberjacks. Wilhelm has two flunkies place the piece of wood on the sawhorse and start a groove for the saw. Then when the piece falls to the ground the flunkies pick it up and carry it over to Wilhelm, who by this time has retired to a seat under a tree, and he carves his initials on it.

We left Amerongen and drove to Doorn to look over the new castle. It is a very large house and is situated in the middle of about forty acres of ground, which is inclosed by a newly erected wire fence eight feet high. On the top of it are two rows of heavy barbed wire with projections both on the inside and outside so as to prevent anything getting over it. As we were driving round it the Dutch chauffeur turned and dryly remarked: "It is easy to see that a wild beast is going to live in there."

After a four weeks' trip through Germany, in which time I covered nearly every large city, as well as the fair held semi-annually at Leipsic, I left in a more confused state of mind than when I entered, though there was one thing that stood out very plainly, and that was the need of food and raw materials.

Food for the person and food for the machine. I believe every American on leaving Germany will admit that these two requirements are necessary if the economic condition is to be restored.

This is also necessary if we wish to stem that wave of unrest which points to socialism in the extreme, and in turn to Bolshevism. If the Bolshevists add 70,000,000 people to their force I fear not only Europe but the whole world will suffer. The prospects of business relations between Germany and America to-day are limited, mainly on account of the rate of exchange.

The American attempting to sell to Germany will find the dollar so high, as compared with the mark, that Germany cannot buy. Then the buying from Germany is nearly impossible because, from want of raw material, there is little or no merchandise. With what there is available for export to America the tax is so great, in some cases 600 per cent, that by the time freight and duty are figured the purchase is unprofitable. Notwithstanding their condition the German manufacturers seem to be taking a rather lofty, arrogant stand For such articles as they have money to buy they will pay in marks, but if you wish to buy in Germany you are obliged to pay in dollars.

There is dissatisfaction everywhere with the present government. The claim of graft, unfairness and inability on the part of the officials is constantly heard. There is a desire for a Kaiser; the Germans do not favor the return of Wilhelm, but they want a monarch or leader.

This desire seems to be born and bred in them: a republic is entirely foreign to their minds. As a member of the Reichstag told me, "They need someone to look up to and give them strength."

It is the old desire for someone to rule them with the iron hand. Rumor has it that Prince Eitel Frederick, the second son of the Kaiser, is considered good timber for the throne. I venture the belief that if the treaty of peace had given more consideration to the economic recovery of all Europe than to territorial boundaries and the balancing of power a very serious condition would have been in the way of being solved by this time.

These, however, are problems for greater minds than mine. I have one great hope—that the people who make up this great America will open their eyes, lay aside business just long enough to take an interest in the affairs of state, reflect for a moment to what we owe our position to-day, and unite to stand by those policies of the past, including the Monroe Doctrine, and not permit any foreign nation to tell us how we shall govern our internal affairs, or to which part of the globe, or at which time of the day or night we shall send our men or money. You, all of you, think that you love and appreciate America, but you can't until you have lived in other countries.

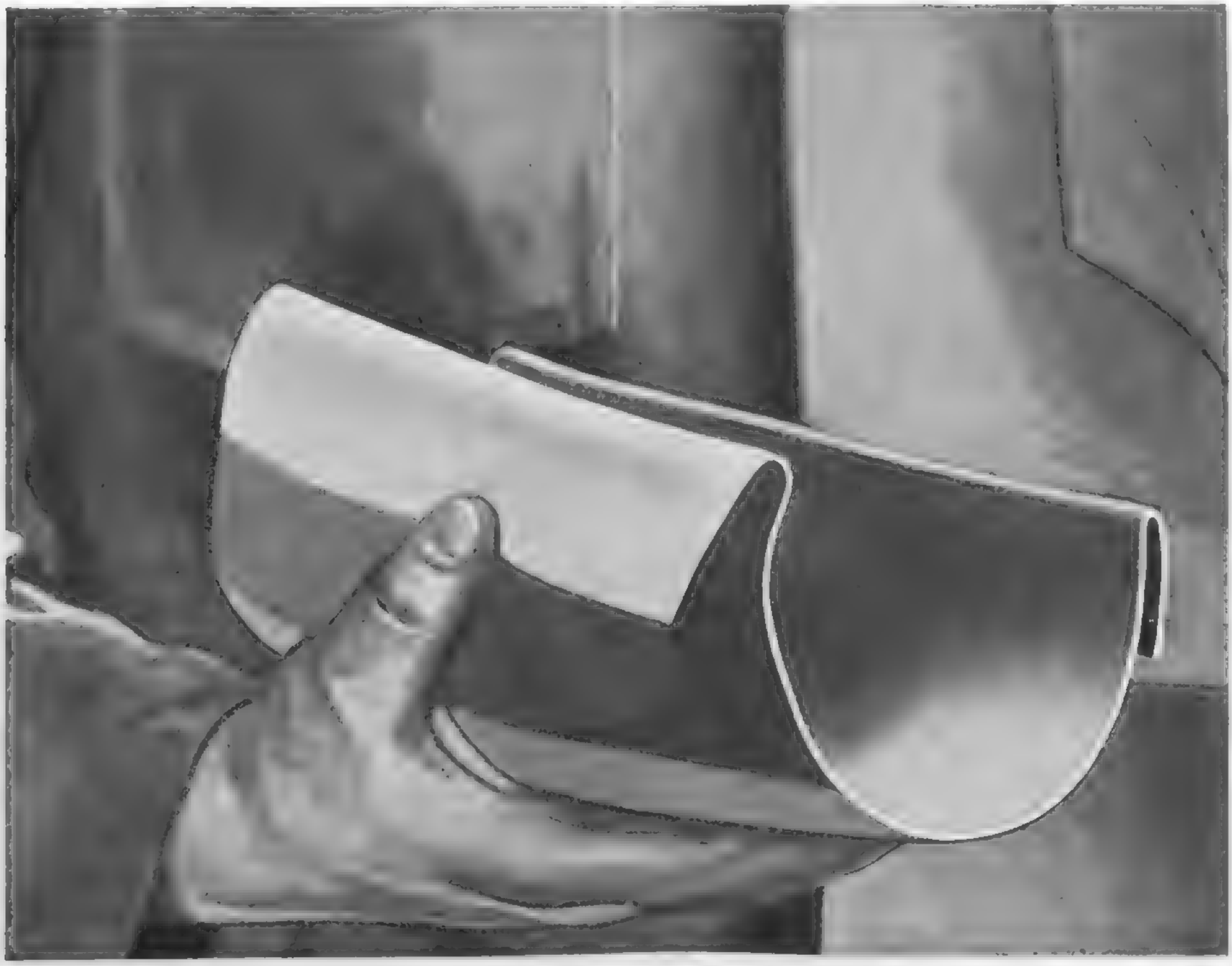
The Ex-Prince and Princess and Their Two Boys. Von Mullert is Assisting the Boy Out of the Boat

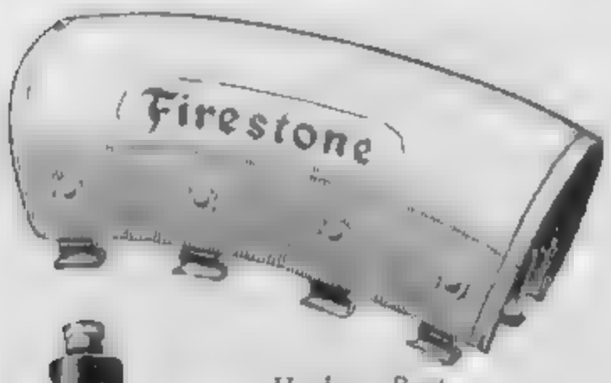
Fayetteville's Defi

WHEN Sherman after his march from Atlanta to the sea turned his columns northward he was temporarily halted just below Fayetteville, North Carolina, while his engineers threw a temporary bridge to cross a swollen creek, the Confederates in falling back having destroyed the only bridge which spanned the stream. The retreating Southern army had left behind in Fayetteville a population made up almost altogether of women, children, boys too young to fight and men too old for service. In response to a call practically all of these older men gathered at the courthouse to discuss such measures as might be taken for the protection of the town in view of the approach of the invaders and the prospect that within a few hours, at most, the place would be entered. Various expedients for saving the town from the fate which already had overtaken Atlanta and Columbia were discussed. But none of them seemed feasible, inasmuch as the community could muster no adequate defending force and inasmuch, also, as there was no great likelihood that the enemy would turn aside and pass the town by.

Finally an aged veteran of the Mexican War rose from his seat and caught the eye of the presiding officer.

"Mister Chairman," he quavered, "I make a motion that we collect a fund and have a lot of dodgers struck off at the printin' shop and circulated amongst the Yankee Army, warnin' them that they enter Fayetteville at the peril of their lives."





Hook-on Boot (Clincher or Straight Side)

Para Dry Patching Cement

Cementless Tube Patches

You May Never Need Them But Once—

But when you do, you'll be glad of your foresight in taking Firestone Tire Accessories with you.

No "ghost" of tire trouble follows your car to mar your tour. You have the answer to every possible tire mishap in Firestone Accessories.

The Firestone Blowout Patch takes quick and sure care of rim cut, tread cut or blowout on the road till a permanent repair can be made.

Firestone

Firestone Holdfast All-Rubber Patch Stock, with Firestone Patching Cement, repairs all tube injuries, large or small—and makes a quick, permanent repair.

These two cover 90% of your possible tire troubles—and the rest are taken care of by Firestone Hook-on and Lace-on Boots, Cementless Tube Patches, Cure-Cut and Mica—the recognized line of "big helps in little troubles." Most miles per dollar, the Firestone pledge, applies to Firestone Accessories, too.

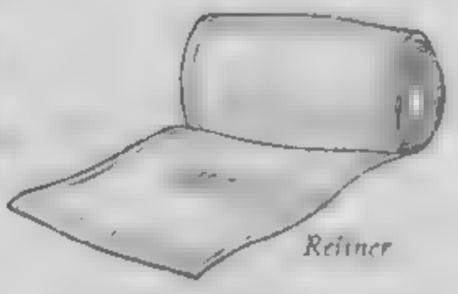
These are the touring days. Go prepared. Ask your dealer for Firestone.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Branches and Dealers Everywhere Firestone Park, Akron, Ohio

Lace-on Boot

Cure-cut

TIRE ACCESSORIES


Reliner

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

Another accomplishment worth noting is the successful production in the United States of salvarsan, popularly known as "606." Prior to the war all our supplies of this synthetic drug were obtained in Germany, and the cutting off of this source of supply created a serious situation in America, as thousands of people were using this drug in an effort to regain health. Our chemists took up the problem, and after many discouragements succeeded in producing salvarsan that is at least equal in quality to the article that was formerly imported. In 1914 the price of one dose of this 606 was $3.50. At the present time the price of the drug is only about sixty cents. This indicates what our American chemists can do in organic chemistry under the stress of necessity.

It was as long ago as 1868 when Lockyer discovered and mapped a yellow line in the spectrum of the sun, but it was not until the urgency of war demanded an uninflammable gas for airships that our scientists really got busy and discovered a way to produce helium in quantity, the gaseous substance that Lockyer had found fifty years before. Though we may not need such vast quantities of this gaseous element as we became equipped to produce, yet the work that was done with reference to helium makes it probable that in the near future we shall be able to supply our industries with a great abundance of cheap oxygen, using practically the same plants and same machinery that were employed in helium production.

Chemical research during recent years has brought about a splendid development in the art of applying electricity to metallurgical and chemical processes. The United States has 330 electric steel furnaces in operation, and leads the world in the production of electric steel. This is a remarkable advance when we consider that less than a decade ago technical men held the opinion that the crucible steel process provided the only practical method for turning out a high-quality steel. Metallurgists now know that electric steel is not only more ductile and better able to resist shock, but it requires only two hours to melt and refine this steel, as compared to an average of twelve hours for open-hearth steel. The electric product also excels in uniformity of composition and in purity. The great need of the moment in electrochemical work is an abundant supply of cheap power. This is one of the reasons why many engineers are urging the more rapid development of our water resources. In Sweden, where water power is plentiful, pig iron can be produced in electric furnaces at a cost that is five dollars less than is incurred in blast-furnace practice.

Iron pipes and tubes are now made from ordinary scrap iron by an electrolytic process. In the brass industry the electric furnace has practically supplanted the old crucible process. In a single brass-producing center more than fifty electric furnaces have been recently installed. Ten years ago the only place in which zinc was obtained electrolytically was in a chemical laboratory.

Now American zinc producers are turning out about 30,000 tons of electrolytic zinc annually.

The foregoing are only a few of the many remarkable accomplishments of the chemical industry in the United States. However, this particular industry has even greater problems ahead than those which have already been encountered. One of our worries during the war was with regard to an adequate supply of potash to use in the fertilization of our agricultural lands. Potash salts exist in Nature in enormous quantities, and the principal natural source is the silicates of potassium. If American chemists can develop a cheap method of recovering potash from these silicates the problem will be solved, and our national independence so far as this mineral is concerned will be assured. The tailings found in the dumps of practically all our great copper mines contain large quantities of potash salts, and there is good reason to believe that this potash will eventually be recoverable.

Very little effort has been made in the United States to locate deposits of potash similar to those found in Germany and in Alsace. We have large and important salt deposits here in America, but it is our practice to exploit these deposits by the use of brine wells instead of by mining. In Germany the salt deposits have been mined for generations, and it was this deep mining that led to the accidental discovery of the large supplies of potash. The necessities of war caused us to adopt new methods that gave us a small supply of potash as a by-product in the operation of cement kilns and blast furnaces. In addition we commenced to get potash from ashes, corncobs, seaweeds and other natural wastes, but all these sources have failed to provide us with a sufficient amount of the material to satisfy our needs, and as a result we are again obliged to look to Germany for a large quantity of potash. Incidentally it is worth noting that the price of potash in Germany advanced four times last year, and is now 600 per cent higher than it was before the war. Surely there is need for the United States to give careful thought to this potash problem.

A great many of our common drugs are obtained from plants that are grown in foreign countries. Though it is possible that our climatic conditions will not permit us to grow all these plants, it is known for a fact that cannabis indica and other plants grow as well in America as they do in India. Not long ago we believed that belladonna could not be cultivated in any part of our country, but to-day we are producing sufficient belladonna in the United States fully to supply our needs. It is likely that much profit might result from giving greater attention to the cultivation of the more important medicinal plants.

Not long ago talc as a constituent of paint was looked upon very much as shoddy is now viewed as a constituent of woolen fabrics. Experimentation and actual use have shown that talc has a number of valuable properties which greatly improve certain classes of paint. It is now regarded as a standard paint material. In years past most of our talc was imported, but to-day we have an infant talc industry trying hard to get on its feet. We need this material more now than ever before because the country is faced with a shortage of barium sulphate, which mineral has been used very largely as a paint filler. Our imports of talc were larger in 1919 than in 1918, and yet there is no reason why we should not produce an adequate supply of this material here in our own country.

Up until 1914 German interests visited all our great fruit-packing centers and purchased thousands of tons of fruit pits. These were transported to Germany, where the kernels were removed and subjected to a treatment that yielded hydrocyanic acid and a number of oils from which liquors and essences were produced. The residue of these kernels was made into feed for cattle and the nut shells were converted into a high-grade carbon valuable for chemical purposes. During the war we began to save these fruit pits, but I am advised that very little effort is now being given to the practice of this particular line of thrift.

Perhaps the greatest opportunity that is now offered for the conservation of chemical wastes is in the manufacture of alcohol from wood waste. One authority states that more than 75,000,000 tons of wood waste is produced in the United States each year. If this is true it is easy to figure that this supposedly valueless wood will yield more than 1,000,000,000 gallons of alcohol. Wood waste, being bulky, cannot be transported long distances, and as a consequence the alcohol would have to be made in a plant located near the place of origin of the wood. Not long ago one experienced lumberman told me that on an average less than seventy per cent of the cut of a log actually is converted into lumber. What a lot of alcohol the thirty per cent would make!

The great need for this alcohol is for use as a motor fuel. Up to the present time petroleum products have been plentiful and cheap, and alcohol could not compete with them. Gasoline prices appear to be continuing on an upward flight, while the total number of motor vehicles in the world is doubling and tripling as the years go by. The raw materials for the production of a large quantity of alcohol are right at hand in inexhaustible quantities. It is likewise true that these materials can also be grown on large acreages in many parts of our country.

Even at the present time alcohol mixed with other components is being used in the Government's postal airplanes. Reports tell us that this fuel has not only proved satisfactory in flights but has been economical when compared with the cost of the high-grade gasoline used in aviation. Alcohol as a motor fuel will soon be a reality.

Truly our chemical industry has before it some big work that is in need of careful and urgent attention. And each American citizen, on his part, should bear in mind that every chemical plant is a potential arsenal.

HIDDEN PROFITS

(Continued from Page 7)

been witnessing a duel; one of the most tremendous duels in financial history." And he paused, while Mr. John Henry Payne, Third, of Boston, unfolded and refolded his legs preparatory to securing a stronger mental grip upon his argument.

"On the one hand," said Mr. Fisher somewhat harshly, "through this war we have seen Washington—those pudding, pin-headed precinct politicians from the pine woods below the Potomac," he asserted, using an alliteration which he had not infrequently used with his customers before—"trying to penalize the courage and initiative of this country, to take away the legitimate profits and rewards of industry.

"On the other hand," he said, going on, "watching them have been the wise, silent, farseeing men—the deep, farsighted men of Wall Street—the wise, sane, gray business heads of this country—determined that this country should not be paralyzed by this provincial ignorance. 'Thus far,' they said, 'and no further!' Now what is the net result of this contest—this duel?"

Mr. Payne at this time made motions indicating a possible expression of individual opinion, but Mr. Fisher was going on.

"The net result is what—now—to-day? It is hidden profits. Hidden profits, is it not?" he demanded, leveling his glasses upon Mr. Payne.

"But ——" said Mr. Payne, again abortively in Mr. Fisher's quicker progress.

"Hidden profits," he again asserted, "piled up—piled up—piled up, through the war and since, by the wise, sagacious managers of our great corporations, who saw to it that American industry was not crippled by this iniquitous, provincial, un-American income and profits tax law. These men, these financiers, are now getting ready to distribute these huge—these enormous surpluses, these hidden profits. They are working toward it now. They will distribute them just as soon as their lawyers, the great legal advisers of Wall Street's financial district, get it all worked out and framed up.

"You see," said Mr. Fisher with great emphasis, "what I mean? What must happen inevitably in any clash between the politicians and the managers of our great financial institutions? The results of this great duel you are familiar with, as everyone is to-day? They thought they would catch Wall Street—its great capitalists—in their investments. Did they? Far from it! They merely put their money where it was untaxable. They thought then they would get the profits from their corporations in excess-profits taxes. Did they get them? You know and I know. They just increased their gross profits—the gross expenses of this country. The costs went back again upon the crowd that made these taxes, piled up in extra prices on everything they bought and ate and wore. The wise, still, clear-sighted, patriotic men at the heart of Wall Street refused to let American industry be paralyzed in any such crude way. They not only charged back to the makers of these laws and their crazy constituents their excess-profits taxes, but they have accumulated tremendous—perfectly tremendous hidden profits treasures which make the Arabian Nights look like lunch money. I can name stock after stock where there is from one hundred to three hundred per cent of hidden profits plowed in by their managements—by the wise and farsighted managements of the great corporations in our financial district," he said, and stopped.

And Mr. Payne, observing him sitting across the small, bare, severe, polished table which occupied so large a portion of his private room, could scarcely help but see the marked resemblance of his manner—his manner of speech and carriage—to that of some great corporation head addressing his board of directors over his bare, severe, polished directors' table.

"You can imagine," continued Mr. Fisher, completing his thought, "who would win in this great duel—the leader of the bar at West Mudhole, Nebraska, sent from there to Congress, or these still, wise, experienced men opposite the subway entrance at the mouth of Wall Street."

"I have sometimes thought," began Mr. Payne, bringing out his own reflections at last, "that between these two extremes there was a great body of citizens who ——"

"Exactly, but ——" said Mr. Fisher, catching his point at once.

"—— who are being crushed between ——" stated Mr. Payne, struggling on, only to be again cut off.

"Exactly," repeated Mr. Fisher. "But that is not the question for us. The question for us here and now is, which will we follow of these fighters? The question for you and me and every sane, patriotic adult man in Wall Street and this country to-day is: How are we ourselves going to get and keep our own share of the great hidden profits of this country?"

"Yes, but ——" said Mr. Payne with a slightly uneasy air of demurring. But in the meantime Mr. Fisher was going on:

"You take your stock—your Agmo. What do you think they've got in there tucked away in hidden profits? Nobody knows.

"Nobody knows precisely. But I am willing to stake my reputation to-day it is not less—not less, sir, than 325 per cent, according to the best of my model and calculation. And if it were not for the limitations of this flagrant, criminal, un-American income tax you'd see it to-day ——"

"Now that is something—I'm worried you know," Mr. Payne had managed to say before he went on. "That income tax, you know," said Mr. Payne, proceeding with his idea largely to himself, his voice running down to a mumble as he heard Mr. Fisher going on.

"By the way," inquired Mr. Fisher, "how many shares of Agmo are you carrying to-day?"

"Three thousand-odd," said Mr. Payne, "and I've wondered ——"

"Just the same as after you built up that first large accumulation?"

"Yes," said Mr. Payne. "And it occurred to ——"

"And that's all you hold—practically?"

"Yes."

"You have specialized on that?"

"Yes, sir. You advised ——"

"Precisely," said Mr. Fisher. "And you were wise. You were wise to select that stock and hang onto it. It took courage. It took courage—at the beginning; courage and foresight. But now you are on Easy Street. Since that rise you've got how many points margin?"

"About 130 to-day."

"Well, hang on then. You'll reap your reward," said Mr. Fisher—"your reward for your foresight and courage."

"So you don't think ——" Mr. Payne attempted to say.

"No, sir," said Mr. Fisher, reading his thought. "Not yet. Money rates are high—yes. You'll hear the newspapers talk of high money rates and diminishing gold reserves. Never mind them. Don't listen. Hang on. There's something else in the air. Distribution! Distribution of hidden profits! Wall Street smells hidden profits and it's hanging right there. It's waiting for its great financiers to obtain a decision

(Continued on Page 145)

Try a KLIM SHAKE *at the Soda Fountain*

The smoothest, best milk shake you ever tasted. There's a surprise in store for you when you try a Klim Shake at the Soda Fountain.

"Why is it so much smoother and better than the usual milk shake?"—you ask when you taste it.

It is because Klim is as fresh and sweet as it was on milking day.

If the Soda Fountain could be moved out to the farm, and your milk shake could be made a few hours after milking, it would be just as good as a Klim Shake.

What is Klim? Klim is fresh milk with the water removed. Milk is 7/8 water and 1/8 solids. When the water is removed the solids remain in the form of powder.

Soda Fountain Operators, write for information about Klim for your fountains

The milk is forced by great pressure through a tiny pin-hole. It comes out like a cloud or mist into currents of warm air which dry the spray instantly, and the milk falls like snow in the form of powder. This powder is called

Spell it backwards

KLIM

BRAND

POWDERED MILK

Nothing has touched it but air.
Nothing has been removed but water.
Nothing is changed.
When you replace the water you have milk again just as it was in the first place.

Now watch the man make a Klim Shake.

He puts the syrup and clear water into the glass.

He adds the right amount of this fine white powder—Klim. Then he places the glass under the beater and in a minute you have the smooth, sweet, fresh Klim Shake.

Isn't this more sanitary and healthful than a milk shake made by the old method?

And as to goodness—let your own taste decide. At all Soda Fountains. Ask for it by name, "Klim Shake."

Klim Powdered Milk is in two forms—Whole Milk and Skimmed Milk. Both of these products make splendid Klim Shakes.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.
CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS, LTD., Toronto

Klim is not sold in bulk. It comes only in 1-lb., 2½-lb. and 5-lb. sealed cans.

How to get Klim for the Home

Hundreds of distributing agencies are established to supply you quickly and regularly with Klim Powdered Milk. Send us the coupon and our nearest distributor will call and give you, without charge, a demonstration and liberal samples of Klim. We will also send you free "The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk." Remote regions will be supplied direct by mail.

Remember, there is no obligation on your part in this trial. Or if you prefer, send us $1.25 for our special trial outfit of 1 lb. of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (full cream) and 1 lb. of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk, sent postpaid.

Tear off the coupon, fill it in and mail to us. DO IT NOW.

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Please send me FREE booklet, "The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk," and tell me how to get samples.

Name_____

Address_____

City _____ State

(Or enclose $1.25 for trial package—1 lb. Klim Whole Milk and 1 lb. Klim Skimmed Milk.)

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

It's all a matter of confidence

"I simply can't go. I haven't a thing to wear!"

How many times have you said this? Of course you had "clothes," but you lacked confidence in their style.

That is where the blessing of knowing that your coat or suit is correct comes in; of knowing that the makers are authoritative interpreters of style. More and more women are coming to demand this assurance. And they find it in every garment that bears the label, Printzess "Distinction in Dress."

You may not take the time to learn that Printzess designers are flitting to and from Paris, bringing models that reveal the newest Parisienne inspiration which they adapt to American needs and American ideals. But you do know that a Printzess coat or suit always has a distinctive, individual style that is neither bizarre nor commonplace; and that it does not lose its charm as the season advances, nor even at the end of a second season.

You may not realize that Printzess tailors begin with the perfection of the master pattern itself and model each garment, step by step, quite as carefully and painstakingly as any exclusive custom tailor. But you do know that Printzess coats or suits never lose their perfection of line, that hems never pucker nor seams draw — even after months of wear when summer showers or winter storms have given them the supreme test.

When you find the Printzess "Distinction in Dress" label just under the collar inside a coat or suit, you can brush the cobwebs of perplexity away immediately. You have a guarantee of style and workmanship that is recognized by well-dressed women the country over.

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY

New York CLEVELAND Paris

Printzess
DISTINCTION IN DRESS

Copyright, 1920, The Printz Biederman Company

IN THE JULY 3rd ISSUE OF THIS PUBLICATION WE WILL TELL YOU MORE ABOUT "DISTINCTION IN DRESS"

(Continued from Page 142)

on the proper means under this vile un-American taxation without representation—for just the right loophole."

"Now there's another reason," exclaimed Mr. Payne, having now brought his speech into somewhat more rapid action—"another reason why I might perhaps wish to sell."

"How could you sell now, with this surtax, and get out anything for yourself after this ridiculous, tyrannical income tax?"

"That's true. I cannot. That's it," said Mr. Payne, Third, now talking, as was his custom, with growing ease.

"No," said Mr. Fisher decisively.

"But when I do," continued Mr. Payne, "I shall insist on what I've said before—about yourself. I want that understood now."

"Never!" said Mr. Fisher firmly.

"You took me," said Mr. Payne, evidently debating a matter they had often canvassed before, "a man new, inexperienced in Wall Street. You gave me the benefit of your statistical knowledge, of your analytical powers in finance. At first I was doubtful—skeptical. It was all more or less of a gamble to my mind. But then I saw results. And I shall never forget the obligation, the practical indebtedness I felt and still feel; how within a week Agmo common began climbing. I shall never forget it, sir—how you have made me a rich man. A share of these profits is yours, and sooner or later you shall have it."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Fisher, waving his plump hand.

"I shall insist," said Mr. Payne. "I shall insist. And I warn you I am a man of considerable determination when roused. I shall ——" he said as if going on, and then stopped, looking back of Mr. Fisher at the door of the glass-lined office. Mr. Fisher looked in that direction himself.

"Why hello, kitten," said Mr. Fisher with gratified surprise, "where'd you come from?"

"Oh, I just came," she replied with a pleasing smile, showing a flexible, very rosy mouth.

She wore, if anything, a more delightful and apparently expensive hat, Mr. Payne observed, than upon the only other occasion he had seen her; a small one made up some way with silver braid on it. And now he also saw her face, the hat being small. He backed slightly away, still looking, obviously pleased by what he saw, and then remained stationary but as if poised for further backing.

"Mr. Payne," said Mr. Fisher.

"Mr. Payne," she acknowledged with a radiant but somewhat preoccupied smile.

"Of Boston," continued Mr. Fisher.

"And this is my kitten," said Mr. Fisher, reaching out and drawing her to him in a familiar and jocular manner, disregarding entirely the obviously costly hat. "My squirrel—just back from her summer."

His squirrel remained passive under his embraces, regarding Mr. Payne of Boston with a frank and flexible smile. She ornamented Mr. Fisher considerably in the opinion of Mr. Payne, who stood regarding their grouping with a slightly reddened gravity.

"What are you here for?" inquired Mr. Fisher of her, now breaking the tableau.

"Money," she said succinctly, and with a frank and simple gesture held out her right hand.

Mr. Fisher, with an equal economy of gesture, thrust his right hand into his smoothly fitting trousers pocket.

"What for now?" he inquired. "Another hat?"

"A darling! A perfectly wonderful hat," she admitted, her hand still extended as steady, Mr. Payne observed, as a suppliant on an early Greek frieze.

Having passed the bills to her, her father again took the privilege of a parent by throwing his arm round her shoulders. She stood unresistant in his grasp, again looking out at Mr. Payne of Boston with the frank glance of one who states "I'm worth all I cost him."

"Money," said Mr. Fisher to Mr. Payne in an explanatory voice—"that's all they want of us. Isn't it, kitten?"

"I don't know sometimes," admitted his kitten, looking out still from her retreat on his arm at Mr. Payne very judicially and frankly.

She apparently found no difficulty whatever, Mr. Payne observed, in letting her eyes rest on a man's face in a kind of mildly critical, abstracted appraisal.

Mr. Payne of Boston tacitly acknowledged this by occasionally shifting his weight onto the other foot.

"Now here's a funny thing," said Mr. Fisher to Mr. Payne, giving her shoulders a parental squeeze.

"You'll appreciate it. I've given my life to finance—to figures, statistics, mathematics—digging them out of all kinds of dark corners and corporation reports. Yet this girl here never could learn them, in school or out of school. She knows less in four languages about business and money than any other member of the human race," said Mr. Fisher. "You never could learn them, could you?" he asked her, pressing her shoulders again.

"No, dad. No, Billikins," she said, looking up temporarily at him.

"No," continued Mr. Fisher. "No, she knows nothing about her Billikins' business—cares nothing. She wouldn't know a stock from a bond, I'll guarantee you. She knows nothing about business or money, or any of the things we men have to worry about. She has no idea about money whatever, except how to spend it," he added as an afterthought, and released her from his embrace.

"Kitten," he said, "why don't you come and take lunch with me, and bring the new hat? I'd like to get you two young people acquainted. Will you do that, Mr. Payne?"

"Delighted," said Mr. Payne in measured but very cordial tones.

"All right," said Miss Fisher, "after I tear out and see that nobody snatches that hat away from me before I get there," she said, suiting the action to the words.

"Her real name," said Mr. Fisher, looking after her fondly, "is Deborah, her mother's name. She was a Twomble, one of the Twombles—one of our older New York families."

"I see," said Mr. Payne.

"But I always call her kitten. She knows so little of life, of affairs, of all we men must know. She is so absolutely innocent. She is always kitten to me."

"I can appreciate it," said Mr. Payne of Boston.

III

WHEN Miss Fisher met them at the restaurant she had on the new hat. "Do you like it?" she asked Mr. Payne very frankly.

"Yes indeed," said Mr. Payne with great sincerity.

It was rather small and trimmed with a very rich kind of braid or something—very becoming. She had corn-colored hair, he saw, and large, rather violet eyes and a very delicate, small face.

"Very much?" she insisted.

She seemed to Mr. Payne of a singularly frank, open nature. Frankness was evidently one of the chief among a number of charms.

"Very much indeed," replied Mr. Payne with an even deeper tone of sincerity.

"Mr. Payne, I want to ask you something," stated Miss Fisher after their order had been made, gazing at him with the direct frankness which was clearly so characteristic of her. "May I?"

"Yes, please do," said Mr. Payne, apparently untwisting his legs under the table as he spoke.

"Are you the John Henry Payne, Third, of Boston?" she asked, emphasizing the third word in the sentence.

"I'm sure," said Mr. Payne, Third, now quite obviously twisting his legs together again beneath the table—"I'm sure I ——"

"You know what I mean," she said, gazing without emotion into his eyes.

"No, really—I'm—really, no!" he said, evidently distressed by some untoward suspicion.

"The one they called that name?"

"What name?" inquired her father now with a somewhat puzzled air.

"You know!" she said to Mr. Payne.

But Mr. Payne, though his long face was apparently an ever-deepening carnation, merely shook his head.

"You know what I mean," she reasserted, apparently still more convinced of her suspicions.

"No."

"All right then," her chin rising slightly, "you are!"

"Are what?" inquired Mr. Fisher.

"He's the one," she said. "You're the one they called that dreadful name."

"What name?" persisted Mr. Fisher.

"After the battle."

"What name?" reiterated her father.

"The Hellhound of the Argonne," said his daughter, speaking it finally.

"My dear!" said Mr. Fisher with an extremely respectable gesture of his right hand.

"I didn't make it up myself, Billikins," she said in self-defense. "It was in all the papers. You were, weren't you?" she inquired, not once removing her level but now quite enthusiastic gaze from Mr. Payne. "They called you that, didn't they?"

"Well, yes," admitted Mr. Payne, now writhing openly. "Unfortunately—in a way—they did. That is to say, the men in my company, I suppose just among themselves. Yes."

"I knew it!" said Miss Fisher triumphantly. "I knew it! I saw your picture in the paper when I was up there in the summer."

Mr. Fisher's eyes were now leveled with his daughter's upon the long, red and deeply moved features across from them.

"You mean to tell me," he said accusingly to Mr. Payne, "after all these weeks I've known you, that you were one and the same—that you were that young officer in that historic shell hole in the Argonne Forest?"

His face seemed even more rosy and round than usual.

"The subject never came up," explained Mr. Payne, Third. "It never seemed exactly germane to any of our conversation."

"But I didn't know," complained Mr. Fisher, "that you were even in the war, to say nothing of being gassed and wounded, of being that so-called—that Hellhound of the Argonne."

"If you were named that," asked Mr. Payne, shifting the burden of proof, "would you care to talk about it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Fisher thoughtfully.

"I don't think you would."

"I never thought of it that way," she said, making an effort to turn the conversation to another subject. "Would you—would you mind telling me ——"

But her father, who still held his scrutiny upon Mr. Payne, was now speaking.

"Now I know," he said.

"Know what?" inquired Mr. Payne, apparently interested in starting any new line of conversation.

"Why it is you never get so you can call a man from Boston by his first name," said Mr. Fisher.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mr. Payne.

"And feel comfortable," concluded Mr. Fisher.

"Tell me," said his daughter, who had never once removed her interested gaze from Mr. Payne's face during her father's statement, now going on, "how did it fee.?"

"How did what feel?" asked Mr. Payne, still clearly anxious to promote new and other conversation of any kind.

"To have your tongue black," inquired Miss Fisher—"from thirst and all that?"

"My dear! My dear!" said her father, objecting to her line of thought, which, however, she insisted on pursuing.

"After those twelve days there—in that shell hole—without anything?"

"Why," said Mr. Payne at a venture, "that's nothing!"

"No, I should say not!" she said, not relaxing her scrutiny to any great extent. "Nothing but a merry jest! And then, of course," she said, continuing the conversation, "what you told the Kaiser—where he could go to."

"That was mere newspaper talk!" exclaimed her victim, writhing in vain toward some loophole of escape. "Mere newspaper invention! You are aware, as well as I am, what the newspapers ——"

Her unruffled scrutiny stopped him at this point.

"Now I want you to tell me, Mr. Payne," she informed him, "all about yourself."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mr. Payne, twisting.

"You heard what my father just said," she asked him—"about Boston people?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Payne of Boston, apparently again surprised.

"Well," she said, gazing and waiting.

"Well?" he repeated, now meeting her calm gaze like a hunted creature at bay.

"Don't be like that—that's all!" she told him. She had almost violet eyes and a very sincere and confidential manner about her.

"What is there to say?" he asked her somewhat helplessly.

"Tell me," she instructed, "everything—from the beginning."

And Mr. Payne related in some detail the incident in the Argonne.

"I wouldn't have thought you'd have said that," said Miss Fisher, toying quite deliberately with a ring worn on the engagement finger—of the wrong hand.

"Said what?" he asked her, watching her fingers closely, endeavoring to remember which hand it was—right or left—upon which custom prescribed the wearing of an engagement ring.

"What you said to the Kaiser," she was going on.

"I didn't say anything to the Kaiser, I think I have already told you," said Mr. Payne, his voice rising very slightly.

"Or to the German Army, or Hindenburg, or whoever it was, about where they could go."

"I don't know that I did say it."

"You don't know!"

"How can you recall what your words may have been under such circumstances?" asked Mr. Payne of Boston.

"It seems so funny—that's all," she observed—"for anybody from Boston!"

"Oh, now, I say!" said Mr. Payne, somewhat straightening up.

"Tell me," said the young woman, looking at him with the air of one who has discovered an entirely new angle for her hat and is trying it out—"tell me what you did after that."

"Nothing," he said, stopping now, having reached quite obviously a new decision—the determination to leave the Argonne at all costs. "I returned to Boston, that's all, and from there here."

"And then," said Mr. Fisher, now taking up the conversation, "you came into my office."

"Yes."

"That always beat me!" continued Mr. Fisher.

"What, please?" asked Mr. Payne with the air of one who was willing to invite any conversation—to take any steps which would lead out of the Argonne.

"You came down here with $10,000—the last that you had, as I understand it. Am I right?"

"You are right," assented Mr. Payne.

"And put it all in the stock market on a ten-point margin."

"It was very simple," said Mr. Payne, explaining, "when you understand it. It was due probably more than all else to a book—the influence of a book."

"A book!" repeated Miss Fisher. "How Bostonian!"

"Pardon me?" said Mr. Payne, a slight shadow passing over his brow.

"I said, 'How Bostonian!'"

"Possibly," said Mr. Payne, and stopped, his voice unmistakably chilled.

But Mr. Fisher was going on.

"A book!" he said. "What do you mean?"

"I am afraid," said Mr. Payne rather coldly, "that you would scarcely be interested; in fact it is more or less personal."

"He'd rather tell me what I want to hear," said Miss Fisher, biting quite calmly into a confection which went with her dessert—"more about that shell hole and that fighting and that name he got and all that."

And at this Mr. Payne started, unmistakably writhing again.

"If you are really interested," he then said to Mr. Fisher with a slightly reddened face, "in how I came here to your office ——"

"Go on, please," directed Mr. Fisher. "I want to hear you."

"Really to understand it," said Mr. Payne then in the self-deprecatory manner which was often his, "I am afraid I shall have to go back further and talk to some extent at least about myself—my own personal peculiarities."

"Go ahead," responded Mr. Fisher heartily.

Mr. Payne hesitated again before starting.

"You may find it a little unusual," he warned them.

"Go ahead," said Miss Fisher cheerfully. "We won't mind a bit."

So then, stopping for a moment to choose his words and unfold and fold his legs again, Mr. Payne went on to his explanation.

"My power of expression," he began, "you have no doubt noticed, is often unfortunate. I regret it very much. In fact," he continued in a burst of confidence, "in a way I feel that I am very unfortunate."

"Unfortunate!" echoed Mr. Fisher.

"Yes," said Mr. Payne. "I am, I think, a most unfortunate type—the most unfortunate type in fact that I know. I am a highbrow," he said with a rather wistful

(Continued on Page 148)

Washouts, Mountain Roads, Sandy Deserts— and Sheldon Worm Drive Axles

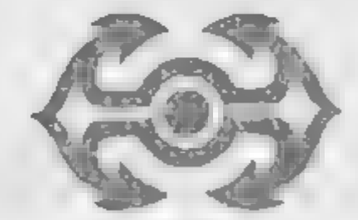
THIS truck—a house on wheels, weighing over seven tons and running on Sheldon 2½-ton front and rear (W-21) axles—made an eventful trip of 3279 miles from Marion, Indiana, to Los Angeles, California.

It was a gruelling test for every part of the truck, but particularly so for the axles.

Every possible bad-road condition was encountered.

Sometimes the truck ploughed for miles through deep sand; then a stretch of sticky gumbo mud. Once it was driven eight miles down a river bed.

All the way over the Continental Divide there were stiff, rocky grades



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look for the Sheldon trade mark cast on the housing at rear end of the axle. It denotes a Sheldon axle and is your guarantee of strength, long life, and economical upkeep.

Sheldon

with jolts, jars, and bumps of every variety. Many times a minute the weight of the truck was thrown on one or two bearings, but the Sheldon Axles took the severe punishment without a whimper.

Sheldon Worm Drive Axles are built with sufficient over-strength to withstand much more than ordinary heavy-duty service even over bad roads.

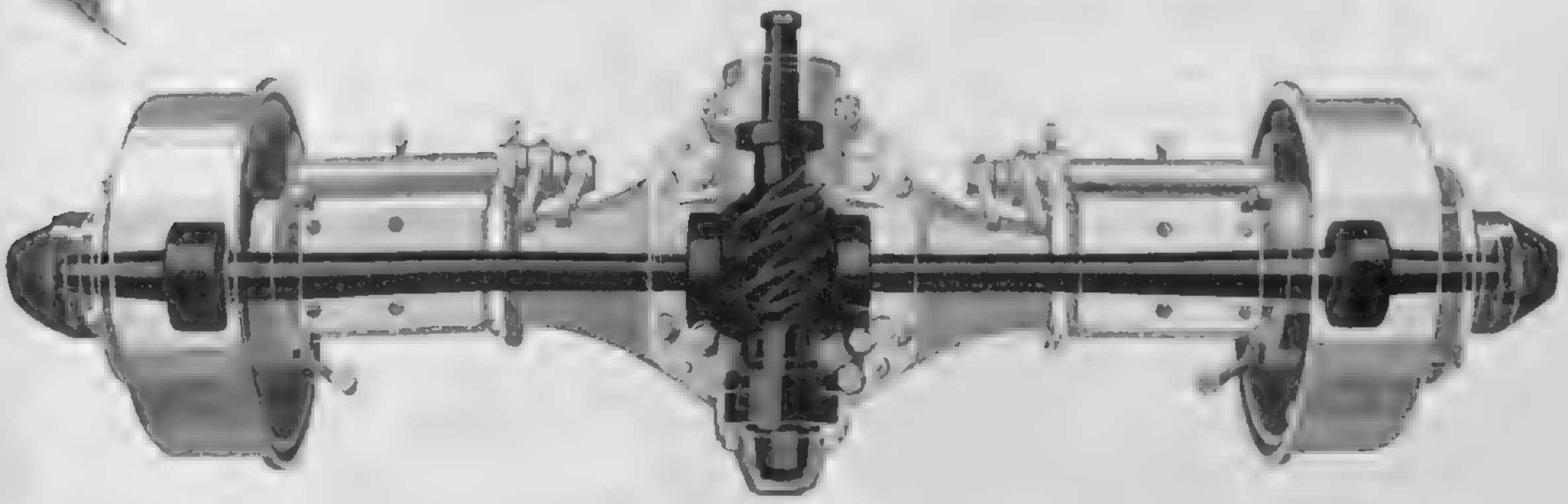
They are designed on the locomotive axle principle—wheels rigidly fixed to the revolving axle—a wide spread of bearings that gives extra leverage to resist the side shocks and stresses, which are the greatest enemies of axles.

Sheldon Axles are worm-gear drive with ball bearings that need no adjustments during the entire life of the truck.

Made for all trucks from ½- to 5-ton capacity—and you can know Sheldon Axles by the torpedo-shaped hubcaps and double-anchor trade-mark.

SHELDON AXLE AND SPRING COMPANY
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Trucks and Automobiles



Axle FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

Shoe economy & foot comfort

Shoes of fine duck will save a lot of shoe expense this summer. The "Gym-Bal" has good looks, comfort, great durability and a low price to commend it. It is made of extra quality Top Notch duck, in styles for men, women and boys. Neat leather trimmings give it the real athletic look. The non-slip sole of the "Gym-Bal" is of the finest live rubber, dark red in color. It will outlast two ordinary soles, which makes the shoe a particularly desirable one.

TOP NOTCH
BEACON FALLS
SUMMER FOOTWEAR

For men and boys who want a good looking, durable *brown* shoe—the Top Notch Service Shoe, shown below, is a crackerjack. It is a real shoe, made with a full heel and an extension sole of fine brown rubber that looks just like a leather sole. The uppers are of extra quality Top Notch duck, with neat trimmings of black leather. It is just the shoe for every-day work, for outings and vacation use—a real money-saver.

Write today for the name of the dealer in your city who sells these Top Notch Shoes, which are easily identified by the Top Notch cross on their soles.

Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co., Dept. C, Beacon Falls, Conn.

New York · Boston · Chicago
Kansas City · Minneapolis · San Francisco

Top Notch Service Shoe

The Service Shoe needs no "breaking in". It is comfortable from the first moment you put it on. A fine cork insole adds to its coolness and comfort. The sole is springy and waterproof.

(Continued from Page 145

smile, "with the soul of a man. A person, that is, who is compelled to think and act as a highbrow and who wants always more than anything else in life to be, as they say, a regular fellow."

"Now what is a highbrow," asked Mr. Payne, proceeding with his self-analysis in the others' sympathetic silence, "in essence, in principle? He is simply one who is compelled by the terms of his temperament to proceed from the abstract to the concrete, instead of, as most men do, from the concrete to the abstract. It is a terrible handicap—terrible. But that's the way I am, you see; and I suppose," he said, appealing to Mr. Fisher, "we all have to take ourselves as we are—our own personal equation."

"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Fisher. His daughter said nothing, but, leaning her cheek on her hand, gazed steadily at Mr. Payne.

"I well remember," said Mr. Payne, his speech running faster under the naturally thawing influence of personal reminiscence, "my first realization of this fact: my first step in working myself out from this handicap which I had—that is, from general principles into concrete practice. I took this very early. But I am boring you," he broke off apologetically.

"Not at all," said Mr. Fisher. "Far from it!"

His daughter said not a word, but sat gazing with self-evident interest at Mr. Payne.

"I was brought up rather quietly," the latter then went on, "when I was a young boy, by a private tutor, under the direction of an aunt; an unmarried aunt, who, having an unfortunate early love affair, turned her attention to early Italian art and made a specialty of Botticelli. You know the type?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Fisher somewhat vaguely.

"I was quiet and rather diffident naturally, as you may perhaps have noticed even to-day," continued Mr. Payne, here adjusting his legs and then going on. "At the age of eleven," he said, "it was determined that I should go to public school. I soon found that there was something lacking in me there. I was not popular. I remember going off by myself to consider it and finally arriving at the explanation—the principle, if I may say so. I concluded then that my main difficulty was that I did not fight readily enough; that to get on with my fellows I must in some manner learn to fight more easily. But how?" said Mr. Payne to Miss Fisher, smiling apologetically. "How? That was my question."

She did not reply, but sat—her cheek on her hand—frankly directing herself to the study of him and his problem as he went on.

"It was necessary, you see, for me to translate theory into practice. I consequently at last, after considering it some time, went and laid the matter before one who, I thought, might know—our coachman, who I knew in fact had been at one period in his youth a prize fighter for a short time.

"I got my desired answer at once. 'The way to learn to fight,' he said to me in essence, 'is to start fighting.'

"I think," reflected Mr. Payne, "that that was perhaps the turning point in my career—certainly the high point in my education. For it taught me the one thing I must have—the ability to translate my general principles into practice; the one way in fact in which with my handicap I was able and in fact have ever since been able to break out of that vicious circle of mere thinking. It is in fact the first and only rule of action that has ever worked well with me.

"In carrying it out at first I was not successful. I was perhaps too ambitious—too enthusiastic, as I am apt to be under the influence of a newly discovered principle. I chose opponents beyond my immediate abilities. For I had ample opportunity to practice my new principle, as you will see when I remind you that the great mass of Boston's population is, as is not generally understood perhaps, made up of the Irish race and their descendants. I often think of myself," said Mr. Payne with the smile of one calling back the odd and diverting memories of childhood, "at the age of eleven, let loose to work out my theory—my new principle—upon the Irish race. I bear the marks to some extent on my person to-day.

"You may not have noticed," he said then in a digression to Miss Fisher, "my slight touch of the prize fighter's, or cauliflower ear. It is much less noticeable now than it was once.

"But to be brief," he said as Miss Fisher gave a slight start on observing it, "in the end, by the time I was nineteen, together with my dumb-bells and my work in the gymnasium and the practice I received, I was not without some success and even local reputation as a boxer in Harvard and about Boston. You see," he summed up to Miss Fisher, "I had succeeded in this respect in breaking out of the vicious circle which surrounded me. I had succeeded in finding a way to translate my principle into practice—to pass from the abstract to the concrete. I had, in short, learned to fight by starting fighting."

"But what," inquired Miss Fisher finally, "has this got to do with a book?"

"I was coming to that," said Mr. Payne, smiling faintly now, more at his ease, as he was oftentimes after a period of speaking. "But before that I must inform you of the situation I was in—in which I found myself at the close of the war.

"I had been in France," he went on. "I came home, as I have told you," he said to Mr. Fisher. "Unfortunately my father, my only living parent, had died during my absence; and with the settlement of his estate, as you already know, I found that I possessed not some $250,000, as I might have anticipated, but $10,000 merely. I found, in short, that my father's particular business had been not helped but ruined by war and that this fact had hastened his death. This was not unnaturally a great shock to me and also puzzled me greatly. I am now speaking of his business failure. My father had been considered an excellent business man, his business the soundest and most conservative possible, and yet I returned to find it ruined. Naturally I was interested to find the reason—the principle for it."

"Naturally," said Mr. Fisher. "What was it?"

"What would you think?"

"I can only guess," said Mr. Fisher.

"You would scarcely believe it," Mr. Payne told him.

"What was it?"

"Prudence—too much conservatism, too much prudence and attention to business."

"Too much prudence and attention to business!" exclaimed Mr. Fisher with an expression of doubt in his face.

"Exactly!" said Mr. Payne. "It puzzled me, too, for a time. For of course I unfortunately had, and have had now, no experience, no practical knowledge of business at all. It puzzled me until I obtained a clew in the book of which I was speaking to you—to which I have, with too much circumlocution probably, finally led you. Have you ever read Mudge on The Theory of Chances in Relation to the Evolutionary Theory?" he now asked Mr. Fisher directly.

"You should," he said in response to Mr. Fisher's negative reply. "You would find it very stimulating, I should think, in your business. It sums up, in my opinion," said Mr. Payne, talking now very earnestly, "the whole modern philosophy of existence. He holds briefly that it is the first principle of all life to take chances; in fact that evolution, progress itself, is only the sum total of an infinity of chances taken in the past," said Mr. Payne, pausing for a moment to look at Miss Fisher. Miss Fisher, however, made no reply, having again apparently given herself up permanently to the study of Mr. Payne without speaking.

"In other words"—Mr. Payne was continuing now with even more interest and enthusiasm—"he holds that the success of the individual or race depends not on the quality of foresight, of vision into the future, but on the sheer power of taking indefinite chances; upon, first of all, the number of chances taken. As, for instance, in his well-known experiments with a cat in a bag, whose release depends really on an indefinite vitality in rapid motion, which gives it a chance of finally breaking out. He holds it is the same with men; that it is not the absolute wisdom you possess as much as your activity and vitality—the indefinite ability to take chances and the education in daring and resourcefulness which comes from this—which, as a matter of fact, he holds, accounts for practically all of our more distinguished commercial and financial careers. It is, summed up, in fact his theory, in the popular expression, 'Start something!' He holds, in other words,

(Continued on Page 151)

HAUGHTON

NEW STUDEBAKER PLANT
AT SOUTH BEND

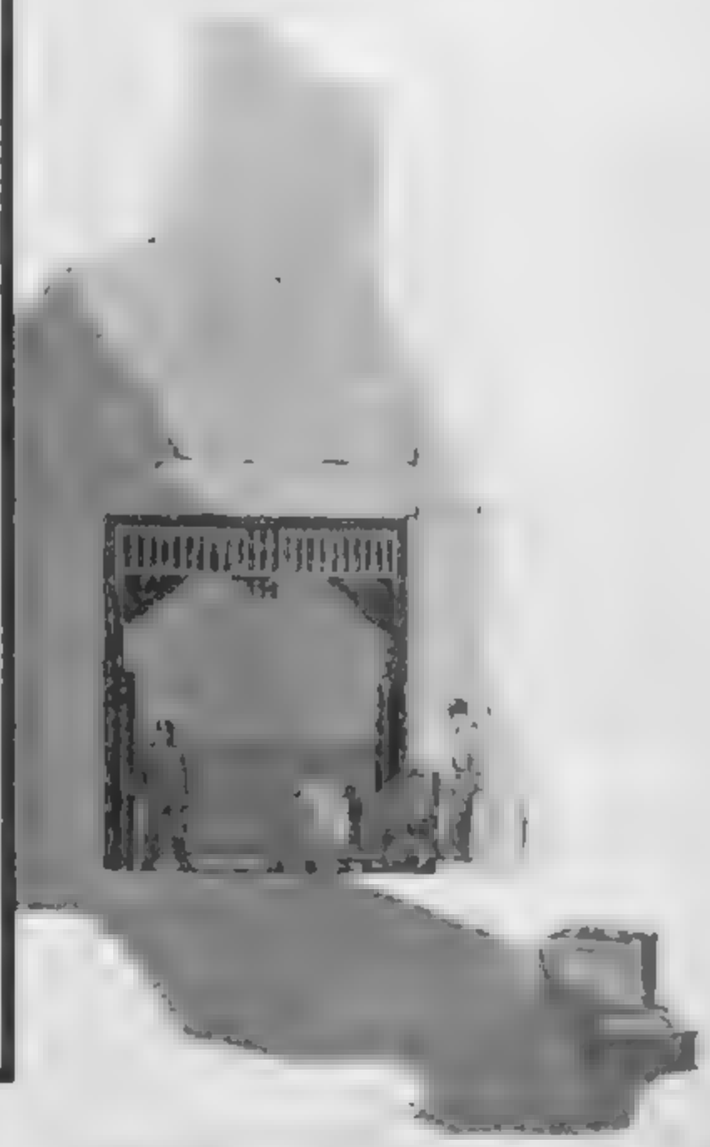
Equipped with Haughton Passenger and Freight Elevators

SELECTION of Haughton Elevators for entire plant equipment is due to something even more basic than the engineering skill and mechanical excellence with which Haughton Elevators are built.

It is due to a growing understanding of the policy to which the Haughton organization for years has been committed:

To build elevators of the highest quality only, and of such liberal design and construction as to provide an exceptional margin of power and durability, beyond the most extreme requirements.

THE HAUGHTON ELEVATOR
& MACHINE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO



ELEVATORS

THERE are several outstanding reasons why Northern Folded Towels are used so generously in the lavatories of America's more modern factories, offices and hotels. A few of the reasons are:

They absorb moisture quickly and thoroughly.

In performing this service the texture of the paper does not break up, hence you can use a Northern Towel just as you would a cloth towel.

They are delivered one at a time from a neat cabinet—one pair of hands, one towel.

Their use guards against the transmission of contagious skin diseases.

They are economical.

They cost less than cloth towels to begin with and the one-at-a-time delivery insures economy in use.

Briefly, Northern Folded Towels provide completely adequate towel service at a minimum of expense. A post card will bring you the name of a nearby paper merchant who can supply you.

NORTHERN PAPER MILLS
GREEN BAY WISCONSIN

Northern FOLDED TOWELS

Another Northern Paper Mills Product

Ask your retailer for Northern Tissue—dependable, excellent value. For sale everywhere.

(Continued from Page 148)

with my early instructor, the coachman, that the only way to fight is to start fighting; that the only way to cultivate daring and resourcefulness in life and business is to start taking chances at once."

Miss Fisher, he observed, at this point gave a profound sigh and rested her other cheek upon her other palm as Mr. Payne again went on.

"You may see now perhaps my personal problem—my position. I had no experience in business. I had the handicap, which you may have noticed, of a manner of speech not perhaps adapted to the usual commercial life. I had but this $10,000. I was, to be frank, much discouraged at my business and financial prospect till finally, all at once, I grasped the great main principle that business, like life, was a series of chances, and that the one way to learn how to take chances—to acquire that daring and resourcefulness which alone make any man successful—is to start taking them.

"Oh, I appreciate," said Mr. Payne apologetically—"I have no doubt that another man with a different experience and temperament might have approached my problem in a different way, but being what I am, I knew that for me at least there was only one plan that would work. To learn to take chances I must start taking them at once.

"And so, you see," said Mr. Payne, evidently nearing the end of his narrative, "I was in New York on a matter of business; in fact of settling my father's estate. I was compelled to wait—to kill several days in my hotel ——"

"And so," said Mr. Fisher, now breaking in understandingly, "you came to me."

"Yes"

"You had had no special knowledge, had you, of the stock market when you came into my office?" now inquired Mr. Fisher.

"Nothing beyond the general knowledge that there was a great, rising, speculative market going on in Wall Street."

"No," said Mr. Fisher. "No, I thought not. You merely saw what everyone else saw—the immense possibilities of the stock market at that time."

"Yes."

"And then, I presume," said Mr. Fisher—"I have never asked you this—but I presume that you were directed to us, to me perhaps, by someone who had heard of my practice of analyzing financial conditions before giving advice, as a student of Wall Street."

"Well, no, not exactly," returned Mr. Payne. "No, my coming to you was, I must admit, more or less of a coincidence."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Fisher in a somewhat diminished voice.

"No," said Mr. Payne somewhat apologetically, "it was due almost entirely in a way to Mudge—to this book of which I have just spoken to you. In fact I should perhaps have told you that I had just come across it before visiting you, while delving, browsing round your New York bookstores.

"You see," said Mr. Payne, reëxplaining himself in the further absence of speech by Mr. Fisher, "as I have already intimated to you, it is my peculiarity to have my enthusiasms roused by the abstract rather than the concrete, as I think is more usually the case. I have actually what you might not expect—I have a tendency to be governed by impulsiveness to a rather high degree. But with this difference: I am excited to action rather by the abstract than the concrete. After grasping any new theory I am perhaps too much inclined to act on it at once.

"So then," he went on, making sure of their understanding him if possible, "I was most enthusiastic over this theory. I saw that to succeed man must take chances in life—in business. And I realized that for me at least the only way I could ever learn to take chances was to start taking them at once.

"And then in going out for the air—out of my hotel through this upper financial district on Fifth Avenue—I looked up and saw your window, and went in. You will know the rest."

But Mr. Fisher did not at once answer.

"You see?" Mr. Payne appealed a little anxiously to him.

"In a way, yes—in a general way," said Mr. Fisher, detaching himself from his silence with something like a jerk. "And so you just brought in your $10,000."

"That was all I had, of course," explained Mr. Payne—"to start with."

"And put it all up," continued Mr. Fisher thoughtfully—"at once on a ten-point margin."

"How could I do otherwise—in the terms of my proposition?" asked Mr. Payne, still anxiously explaining. "Naturally if I took chances I must take chances of some consequence. I can imagine nothing more futile," said Mr. Payne, looking at Mr. Fisher, "or worse for my particular purpose, can you?—than sitting round a broker's office, wagering a few hundred dollars upon stocks. I often, even with my success, become restless sitting round watching my interests on your stock board. And indeed in the end, as the table in Mudge's book will show you, you take just as much risk mathematically of losing by piecemeal operations, when you have once made up your mind to venture, as you do in one real risk of consequence. And then, worse than all, you would lose entirely the one thing of consequence—in my case at least—the habit which I must certainly cultivate of taking chances to the limit in order to succeed in spite of my particular handicap; to cultivate my daring and resourcefulness in the way of taking chances, of making decisions; in short, of playing properly the speculative game which is life and business to-day."

"But if you lost," inquired Miss Fisher, speaking finally, but not moving her eyes from Mr. Payne, "what then?"

"Oh, I had that planned," replied Mr. Payne quickly. "You must not think me as eccentric as all that. I had my next experience planned in case this failed. In fact before I entered into this speculation I was intending to go out into the copper district in Montana to take a position in a copper-mining concern in which friends of my father were interested. Another speculative business," said Mr. Payne, "with of course, I hope, corresponding chances of large success—of a success of consequence if you did succeed.

"Beyond that, if I should not make a large success in the copper business, I must admit that I had not and have not yet decided on my next probable step. So you see," said Mr. Payne, again to Miss Fisher, closing anxiously his attempt at self-explanation.

"Well, yes," said Mr. Fisher, but without genuine conviction, "I don't know but what I do."

"And of course," said Mr. Payne, "as you know, after I came into your office I had the benefit of your advice."

"Yes," said Mr. Fisher, somewhat brightening.

"And then of course," continued Mr. Payne, "under your advice I bought Agmo. And following that at once came that tremendous rise which made me wealthy and which I can never thank you sufficiently for.

"Oh, I am well aware that another man might have approached my problem differently," concluded Mr. Payne in a closing self-explanation

"But being as I am, I am of course glad now that I did what I did."

"In other words," said Miss Fisher, speaking at last, "you bet it all that $10,000—all at once, on principle."

"Yes."

"How thoroughly Bostonian!" said Miss Fisher.

Mr. Payne sat up at this and gazed very directly into her eyes before answering.

"Why do you say that?" he asked then in a distinctly sharper voice.

"But how funny too!" she continued.

"What is?"

"For anybody from Boston."

"Why?"

"Why, it is, isn't it?" asked Miss Fisher, returning his gaze very frankly.

"What is?" he persisted.

"Why, Boston isn't exactly what you would call the center of speculation of the United States, is it?" she explained herself.

"Why not, may I ask?" he returned severely. "Why do you say Boston is not speculative?"

"Boston," said Mr. Fisher, now finding his voice once more, "speculative! That's a good one!"

"Why not, may I ask?" inquired Mr. Payne again, fixing Mr. Fisher now with his grave but direct gaze.

"Compared with New York!" ventured Mr. Fisher.

"Certainly," said Mr. Payne. "Who established the foreign trade in this country—took the chances of pirates and shipwreck in the East Indies—Boston or New York?" (Continued on Page 154)

Speaking of Politics

Politics certainly is the great American sport. I like to come to these Conventions to see the various types of people, to listen to the wise and the near-wise and to watch them argue and fight for their political cure-alls.

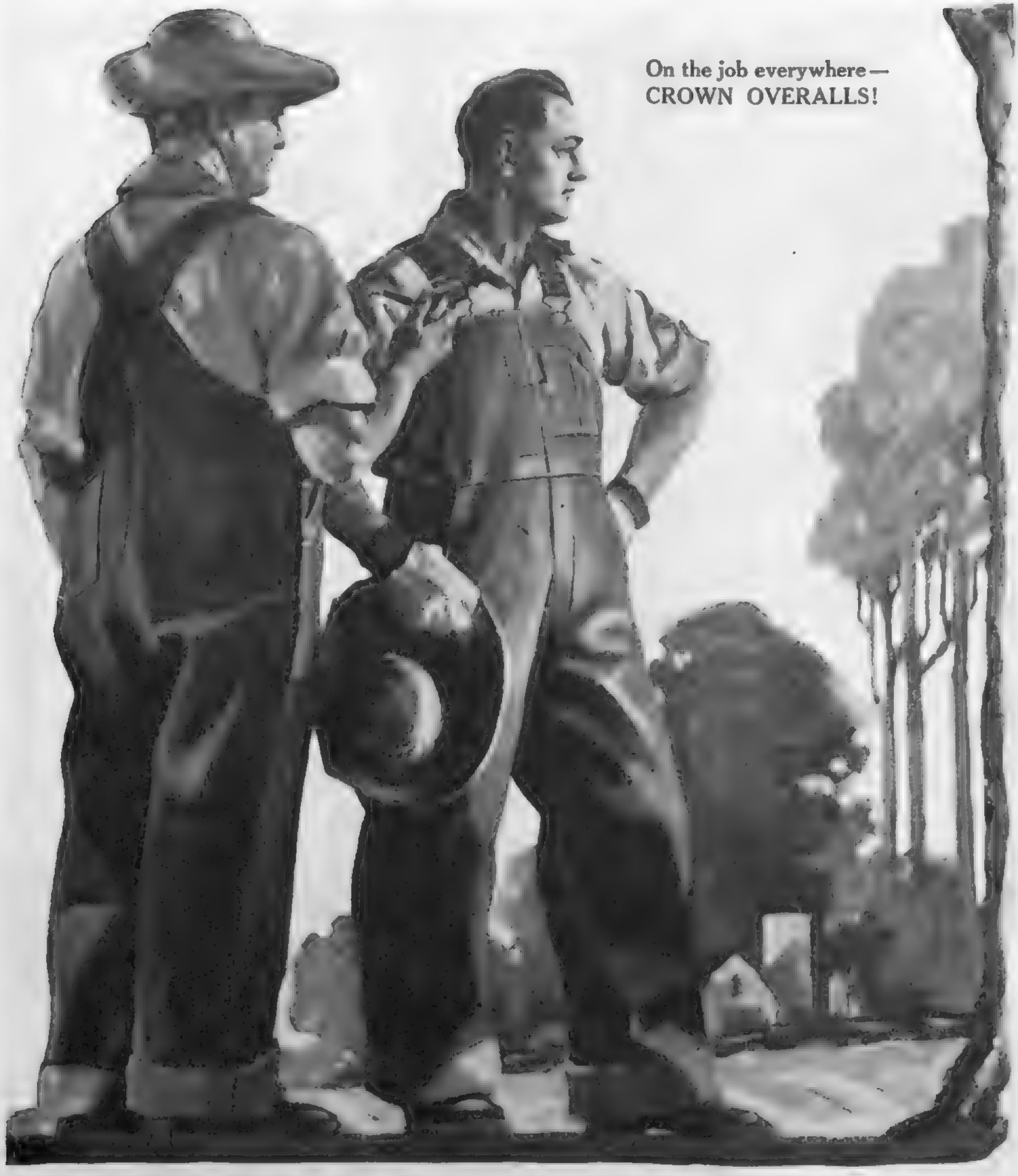
These fellows you see here in the lobby agree on only one thing—Cinco cigars. A dozen times today I have seen a heated argument fade out unfinished when one of the bunch would walk over to the case and treat to Cinco cigars. Really, Jim, there is something soothing about those cigars. Arguments would cease while the boys lit up, and shortly they would be sitting down and taking it easy. They appear to welcome a recess, and to enjoy the relaxation and comfort of their cigars, and they all agree on one thing—that Cinco is the most *restful* cigar they can buy.

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., Inc.

ESTABLISHED 1850

STICK TO Cinco IT'S SAFE

Copyright, Otto Eisenlohr & Bros., Inc., 1919 Registered U. S. Patent Office



THE CROWN OVERALL UNION MADE

CROWN

The World Works in Crown Overalls

Travel far from home, go north, go south, go east, go west, and if work's being done, there you'll find Crown Overalls.

They are the world's work garments, worn by father and son, and endorsed by knowing wives and mothers. They are on the job everywhere, wet or dry, hot or cold, oily or muddy, rough or easy. Crowns are Labor's favorite business clothes. Four million men and boys wear them and 25,000 dealers in all parts of the world sell them.

A quality product

Crown System Overalls are made of heavy and tough blue indigo denim. It defies punishment. Yet it's soft and pliable and body conforming. It's overweight and oversize. It endures the yanks and strains. It protects you against things apt to ruin the ordinary overall.

Crown System Overalls are laid out by expert designers. What's more, they have a made-to-order fit you couldn't beat even if tailored to your measure. The rise is high, the seat roomy, the legs wide. No floppiness — no pinching in the crotch, just big, generous, roomy, wide, full and strong.

Every detail perfect

You get bigger value in Crown System Overalls — more for your money. No crooked seams, no rough cut edges, no bundly patches. Reverse them, and they look as good as on the right side. The seams are double-sewed and felled, reinforced at the points of tension. Threads and trimmings are the best obtainable. And you get the Crown guarantee with every pair.

There's a pocket for every purpose, all generously cut, double-stitched and stayed. The watch pocket keeps the watch from falling out, no matter how low you stoop. Suspenders are broad and long. Brass buttons are like welded on—never come off.

Contented workers

The spirit of Crown employes is a big factor in the quality product they produce. Sunlight, fresh air—an entire floor for recreation, in the largest and most modern of overall plants, makes efficiency a by-word — happiness and co-operation part of the day's work. Interested in their work, proud of their workmanship, Crown employes have given to the market, in return for a square deal, the world's greatest overall value. And UNION MADE.

Boys' overalls like daddy's

Out of the same factory, out of the same cloth, made by the same expert hands, are these boys' and children's overalls. Not a toy suit but a sure-enough, exact duplicate of the famous Crown System Overalls.

All-In-Alls

For men who want to lock themselves in a big, roomy, but well-fitting one-piece work suit that covers them head to foot, there is none better made in workmanship or materials than these Crown All-In-Alls.

Write for illustrated booklet, "Making the World's Work Garments"

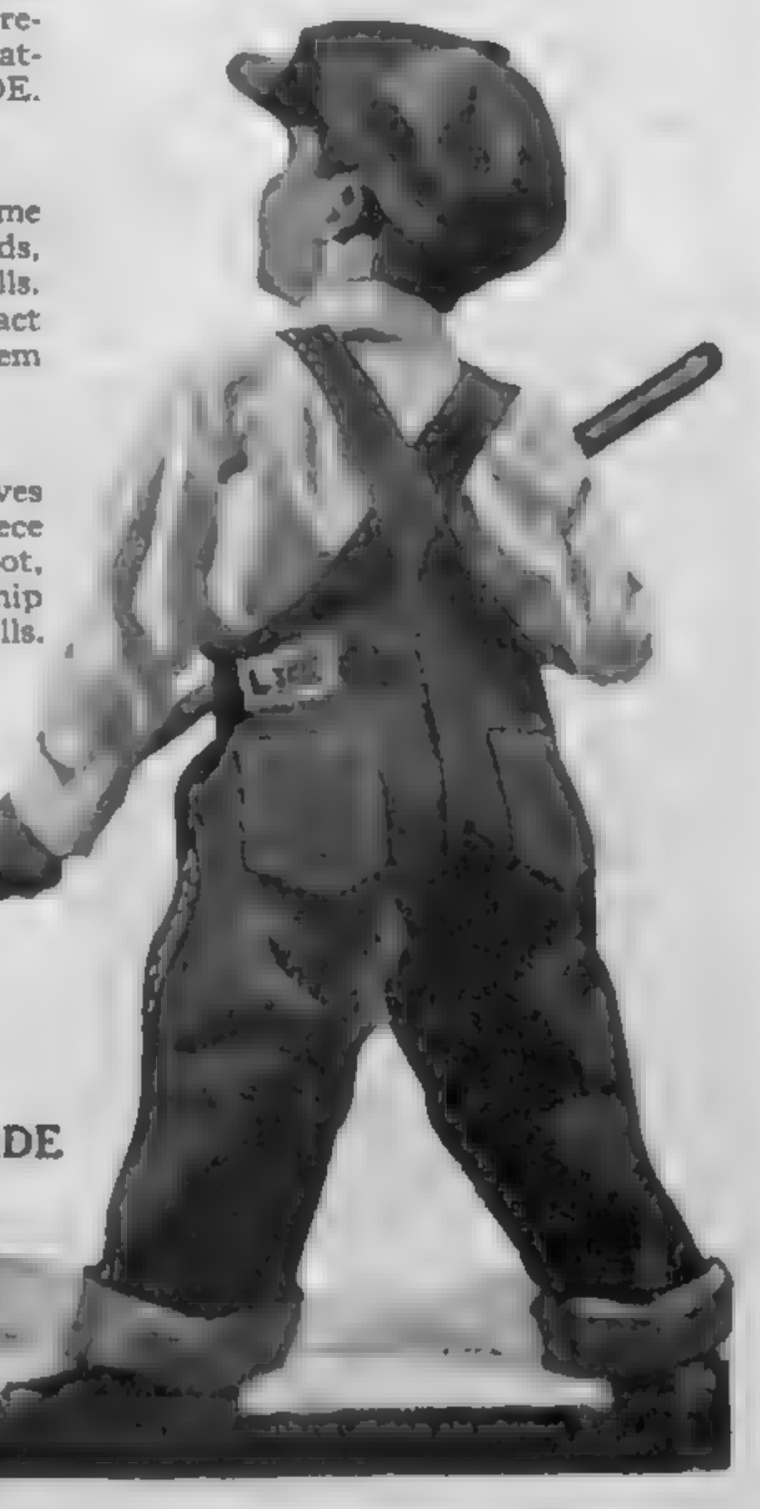
THE CROWN OVERALL MFG. CO., Cincinnati, Ohio
Oscar Berman, President

Dealers

If you are not already selling Crowns, write at once for our Free Trial Offer. The greatest Overall proposition ever presented to you. Address Department L.

© C. O. Mfg. Co. 1920

UNION MADE



OVERALLS

(Continued from Page 151)

"Well, perhaps," assented Mr. Fisher—"back there in the dark ages!"

"Who pushed out among the American Indians and built the railroads of the great West—New York or Boston?"

Mr. Fisher was silent, possibly not knowing the exact facts in this matter.

"With the possible exception of the Illinois Central, what did New York ever do in building Western railroads?" persisted Mr. Payne.

"Then in addition to that, who financed copper across the country—from Michigan to Montana—and gold and silver and spelter and metals in general?" inquired Mr. Payne after again receiving no answer to his question.

"To me," he said—"to my mind, there is no comparison between the New York and the Boston dollar. I say this once and for all," he said, now gazing steadily and even sharply at Mr. Fisher as if—Miss Fisher thought—they had talked on this subject before.

"The New York dollar stays at home," stated Mr. Payne. "They play with it, one after another in turn, like this old-fashioned game—you know, where they throw things into the air and let them fall."

"Craps," suggested Mr. Fisher in a rather sour voice.

"No, no! Jackstones, I mean," said Mr. Payne. "Or like those dried peas they have at country fairs under nutshells, you know."

"Oh, come, come!" said Mr. Fisher, protesting. But Mr. Payne went right on.

"But the Boston dollar," he said enthusiastically, "as someone has said of the drumbeat and the British flag, goes round and round the world"

"Seeking whom it may devour," suggested Miss Fisher in turn.

"Certainly," said Mr. Payne, now exchanging a slow but appreciative smile with her. "And I may say further, when it comes to taking chances it would be a rash and temerarious New Yorker who would follow it."

Miss Fisher, following this exchange of smiles, though not removing her appraising glance from his face or speaking until he was done, followed his eulogy of Boston with an obviously growing interest, appreciating, though she did not share, his odd enthusiasm.

"When I think," he was going on, "of the chances those old people took with pirates in the Indian Ocean, the Indians in the West and starvation and shipwreck on their way to California about the Horn, following the dollar from Boston, it makes me shudder with admiration. They had worked out in practice," he said with a faint smile, "years before the exact principles which this book of mine which Mudge merely recorded later the vital principle that life consists essentially in the ability to take chances."

At this point he stopped, for he observed Miss Fisher nodding deeply to herself as if having finally reached a conclusion.

"What is it?" he asked her with much interest.

"I am getting it," she replied.

"Getting what?"

"I read it in a book once myself."

"What?"

"About Boston," she replied—"and principles."

"Boston! Principles!" cried Mr. Payne, his interest surprised in its turn.

"It was about the Boston character," she exclaimed. "It said there was no violence known that a Bostonian would not commit when his principles were once roused. I never quite understood it before" she added.

And Mr. Payne gave a faint and somewhat introspective smile.

"And I understand now," she continued, "why it was they gave you that name. Your principles probably got excited."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mr. Payne of Boston, his dark face suddenly grown again the color of meat too long exposed in the market.

"I think," he said then in a slightly altered voice, "it is perhaps time we changed the subject."

"All right," said Miss Fisher cheerfully; "how'll we change it?"

"From me to you," stated Mr. Payne with grave directness. "For a slight interval—if you don't mind"

And suddenly, without warning, Miss Fisher experienced a new sensation: the sensation of finding one's eyes on the defensive, against the staid, gray, rather chilly eyes of her new acquaintance from Boston. It was as if—the explanation occurred to her—he had suddenly grasped the principle that the only way to deal with young women's eyes which look at you with too continued frankness is to look back into them with a frankness equal to their own.

"Why not?" she replied gravely, returning hers to his face and slightly altering the angle of her hat with her hand. "That would be fine."

"There are two questions I have been wishing to ask you," he said then, still holding his optical advantage, "for some little time—to get your opinion."

"What's the first one—tell me. Hurry!" she directed with unfaltering lightness, though her eyes did finally drop before his.

"Just what is it," he asked then—"that name which you call your father?"

"What? Billikins?" she asked, apparently surprised at the comparative triviality of his question. "Why—that! Oh, I named him that myself," she said frankly, "when I was just a child—a mere infant—because he looked so much like a little thing we used to have—oh, years and years ago—a little fat idol kind of thing that sat on the mantel.

"Now, don't get mad or pout," she said, seizing her father's hand and patting it warmly.

"Can you beat them?" inquired Mr. Fisher, who had grown noticeably rosier while she was speaking. And under the encouragement of this she gazed up into the fixed and immobile eyes of Mr. Payne again.

"Now what is the second question?" she inquired with a well-reëstablished calm.

"The next," said Mr. Payne, who shared, she saw, to some extent her father's redness, "is less personal—more general. It is a matter for your judgment—your opinion."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Fisher, looking at him with an expectant smile.

It seemed to him then, as it was to seem quite often in the future, that beyond anyone he had ever known she possessed the charm of the unexpected: that great feminine power of giving no one could foretell what new flap to the masculine mind and emotions. And he now turned himself quite definitely to a lighter and more alert mode of conversation.

"I've told you about the Boston dollar," he went on. "What do you think of the New York stock market?"

"Now—at this moment?" she asked, assuming a judicial air.

"Yes."

"What does dad think?" she asked.

"I'm for holding still for the rise to come," said Mr. Fisher, looking at her with arch amusement as one does at a child.

"Then I say it will fall," she announced promptly, and exchanged a sudden glance with her father in the manner, Mr. Payne thought, of one suggesting family secrets.

"You little devil!" said Mr. Fisher fondly.

"What is your particular stock—that you bought so much of?" she was asking Mr. Payne.

"Agmo."

"What does dad think of that?" she asked.

"He's for holding—buying more."

"Is he?" said his daughter gravely, fully conscious that others were watching her closely.

"Yes," said Mr. Payne. "What would you advise in that case?"

"I'd sell," Miss Fisher stated—"if he buys."

And at that Mr. Fisher burst out laughing.

"I'll tell you sometime," he said, "what the little devil did to me"

"No, you won't either!" she said to him, giving him a very definite look indeed. And Mr. Payne, catching this, politely swept the conversation on to new lines.

"It means a lot to me you understand," he said lightly, "for this reason: I have large profits, very large indeed, which personally I would like to take, even in spite of your father's judgment. I should sell, only ——"

"Only?" Miss Fisher prompted him.

"Only," he went on, "for the income tax. It would take a great share almost half of everything I've made."

"Oh, don't do that!" cried Miss Fisher with a quick, involuntary repugnance.

"Exactly the same position that all men of forethought and wisdom find themselves in in this market in Wall Street to-day. Exactly and precisely the thing," observed Mr. Fisher in his most studious manner, "which will hold the Wall Street market up where it is to-day."

"Why?" asked Miss Fisher with a sudden seriousness.

"They cannot sell—and lose their profits to the Government."

"No, no, certainly not!" said Miss Fisher with great positiveness.

"Then you would advise my holding too?" said Mr. Payne, smiling slightly.

"No, no, I don't know what I would do. I won't say that. Isn't it terrible," she said excitedly, "to have the Government act so to take all your money the way it's doing now?"

"Good Lord," said Mr. Fisher, suddenly drawing out his smooth gold watch and waving at the water, "look what time it is!"

"I wish you'd help me with this problem, Miss Fisher," said Mr. Payne, shaking her hand, in the spirit of light conversation at parting. "I wish you would give your best attention to my difficulty."

"I will," she said, "but ——"

"But what?"

"But what is there in it for me?" she demanded, looking up.

"Well," said Mr. Payne slowly, "I understand—I see in fact—you are a specialist yourself. And a good deal of a plunger, I am told."

"A specialist! A plunger!" she repeated, returning as frankly as she could his very earnest and flattering gaze.

"In hats," he said. "I refer to hats. And if by any chance you could work this problem out for me—about the income tax—how to eat my cake and have it—I could make a large offer, an offer of an almost indefinite reward in hats, which you could name yourself."

"Hats are very dear now," she observed.

"I can think of nothing at the moment," responded Mr. Payne, bending over very gravely, "that would give me a greater pleasure than the privilege of financing hats for you."

And he bowed very seriously and looked still very earnestly in her eyes.

"Come, come!" cried Mr. Fisher. "I've got to get back to work."

"Remember!" said Mr. Payne. "Anything you can do to help me!"

"I'll remember," promised Miss Deborah Fisher, raising her eyes at parting finally to his—the strange eyes of this singular and unprecedented young man from Boston.

It was, as a matter of fact, a novel and interesting sensation to her. She had been acquainted with a number of eyes. She was familiar of course with the New York eye, which promises so much and so readily and is apt to give so little; with the sunny, ingratiating eye of Baltimore and points south; the free, roving, conversational eye from Pittsburgh, Chicago and the West. But the Boston eye was comparatively new to her. Up to that time she had had small experience with the discriminating, fastidious, steadfast, strictly monogamous eye of Boston. There was something about it and its obvious connotation when in a state of admiration both fascinating and sobering for a young woman before whom life was after all barely opening.

IV

ON THE morning of November 7, 1919, Mr. J. Belgrave Fisher was seated at the side of the small, bare, polished table so suggestive of the directors' table of a large corporation, which occupied so considerable a portion of his private room, discussing the question of the Federal income tax with his most fortunate customer, Mr. Payne.

"No!" he asserted. "No, you are wrong! The situation, the general situation, in my opinion, looks very good, very hopeful. I think myself we are well out of the woods, whatever they may tell you to the contrary.

"What is the great main question before the country to-day," asked Mr. Fisher, "that the best minds of Wall Street and this country have been focused on since the beginning of this war; that has engaged the attention of this country almost to the exclusion of everything else?

"Hidden profits, is it not? A problem that every citizen and every corporation has had to solve. A problem in two parts—two parts: accumulation and distribution. How to get your profits; and how, having got them, to avoid losing them—to avoid paying these unwarranted, confiscatory, un-American taxes on them in this income tax.

"To-day," continued Mr. Fisher, "the first of these two has been worked out; the first step has been taken by the great, sane, broad-gauged men in command of our corporations—in the form of hidden profits, put away in their treasuries.

"The next step," he asserted, "now remains to be taken—is being worked out in fact to-day by the powerful, resourceful legal minds of Wall Street. And eventually, I believe ——"

"But in the meanwhile," interjected Mr. Payne, "before this happens, I must decide whether or not I want to sell—sell and take my profits on my stock."

"True," responded Mr. Fisher. "True. But that question, I believe, contains its own answer. Take your own case," said Mr. Fisher, looking across the smooth, bare table in very much the manner of a great corporation's head addressing his directors. "You come here into Wall Street. By your foresight and courage you build up an interest in a great corporation possessing unquestioned assets—great assets which are registered in its prices on the board to-day. Can you afford now to forgo these profits—to sacrifice them by sales and by subsequent division with a rapacious Government—of nontaxpayers for nontaxpayers by nontaxpayers—through this income tax?"

"But yet," began his hearer, "on general principles it might be said ——"

"And are you any different," continued Mr. Fisher—"are you any different from thousands of other farseeing investors, men who have had the courage and foresight ——" he was saying.

But just at the point the rippled-glass door opened and Mr. Halpin appeared.

"Did you see what Spurp did this morning?"

"No," said Mr. Fisher.

"Two hundred and thirty-three," announced Mr. Halpin, standing astride in the doorway and looking up with that sharp, crafty, sidewise look under his eyebrows which was so characteristic a century ago of the great Corsican—the great Napoleon—in his middle and more prosperous period.

"I'm not surprised," said Mr. Fisher, his glasses waving before his chest as calmly and regularly as the fin of a contented goldfish. "I'm not surprised."

"We've got them going, that's all," said Mr. Halpin with that crafty look in his eye, the look of a great tactician at the closing of a great campaign. "We've got them on the run!"

"I'm not surprised—no," reiterated Mr. Fisher, looking more than ever like the head of one of America's great industrial corporations.

"We've got them on the run. We've outflanked them," stated Mr. Halpin in his more military form of speech. "It's a rout. The bears have practically surrendered."

"You know why, don't you?" inquired Mr. Fisher.

"Shorts on the run. A bear massacre," stated Mr. Halpin briefly.

"Hidden profits—that's why!" said Mr. Fisher, going on as if he were the first answerer of his question. "Hidden profits! When you see Wall Street register a great rise like that—in those two stocks that you two hold—you can make up your mind it's no accident. The men who know are after them right now. It's showing to-day in this market. You can count on that."

"Spurp is the better stock right now," asserted Mr. Halpin belligerently. "The best stock on the board."

"Agmo is just as strong—stronger!" asserted Mr. Fisher. "They're both good stocks. But Agmo is the stronger. Why? I'll tell you why."

"Spurp has got more pep to-day—I know that," said Mr. Halpin, and turned and walked out in his abrupt way without waiting for Mr. Fisher's explanation.

"They're both going up to-day," continued Mr. Fisher, giving it to Mr. Payne. "And why? Hidden profits—that's all!"

"Then you think ——" Mr. Payne asked, finding an opening for speech finally.

"Think what?" asked Mr. Fisher briskly.

"You think I'd better hold on and not consider the question of selling with this income tax?"

"My advice is—yes," said Mr. Fisher. "Decidedly yes. How can you do otherwise than hold your stock? How can thousands of others in exactly your position do otherwise?

"You will hear talk of inflation—of overspeculation. Foolishness! Hot air! The situation in the stock market is simple—

(Continued on Page 167)

'Ever-Ready'
Safety Razor
Complete Outfit
One Dollar
Where are all my old friends? 'Ever-Ready,' you seem to be the only one left. Do you know me?
Why, sure I know you. You're old Dollar Bill
DOLLAR BILL
'Ever-Ready'
Safety Razor
MADE IN U.S.A.

A dollar bill, having fallen asleep for five years, returns, like Rip Van Winkle, and finds all his old friends, but one, moved out of the neighborhood. (And, with that beard, he couldn't have had a better friend left.)

Ever-Ready—Twenty years old, born at a Dollar, and not raised yet.

DURABLE
DURHAM
TRADE MARK
HOSIERY

Export Selling Agents:
AMORY, BROWNE & CO.
New York London
Paris Sydney, N. S. W.

EXPERIENCE can tell at a glance that Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is good hosiery. It has the appearance that results from fine yarns, well-knitted and carefully finished. The Durham dyes give a splendid richness of color and will not fade. Durable-DURHAM is truly the Hosiery of the American Family because it is made in styles for all ages.

For women and men these styles range from the finest mercerized lisle with seam back and fashioned marks, in all fashionable colors, for dress wear. Lady Ware and Lady Durham for women, Cavalier and Carrlisle for men are favorite mercerized styles. Heavier weights meet the demand for outdoor and workaday wear.

For children, Durable-DURHAM stockings are made extra strong. Mothers agree that the wear is remarkably long.

Every pair of Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is extra strongly reinforced at points of hardest wear. Tops are wide and elastic; legs are full length; sizes are accurately marked; feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even.

A Trade Mark Ticket is attached to each pair to identify the genuine Durable-DURHAM quality.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.
Sales Offices: 88 Leonard St., New York

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children *Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest*

(Continued from Page 154)

absolutely simple! There are thousands of men in your situation who have built up by their courage and forethought an interest in the great hidden profits in the corporations of this country. Will they sell them now—and share their earnings with this rapacious, undemocratic Government? Will they give up the fruits of their judgment to that income tax—that diabolical fine upon private enterprise which hangs like a pall over this country? They will not. They cannot! No, sir," concluded Mr. Fisher, "you will not sell. You will hold. That is my advice—flat!"

"You are no doubt correct," conceded Mr. Payne, though somewhat doubtful. "You are no doubt right. It is your business to know. And I believe you do know.

"But there's one thing: If I do sell -or when I do sell," he corrected himself—"whenever that is, I shall certainly insist upon one thing: When I do sell I shall insist that you have your share of the profits for your part in making them."

"You will do nothing of the kind! Nothing of the kind!" said Mr. Fisher, tapping the bare, severe, miniature directors' table with his well-fed forefinger.

"I mean what I say," repeated Mr. Payne. "If I sell—remember ——"

And at just this time their friendly controversy was again interrupted by a third party.

"Why hello, kitten!" exclaimed Mr. Fisher with the pleasure of a connoisseur witnessing a new artistic triumph. "Where'd you get that one?"

"Oh, you gave it to me—only you didn't know it. Do you like it?" asked his kitten, including Mr. Payne of Boston in this frankly propounded question.

"I certainly do," said Mr. Payne of Boston. "It is a real success."

For they both felt extremely well acquainted by this time and had looked into a number of millinery windows together while walking on the Avenue.

Miss Fisher now seated herself and passed on with a manner of one who, having satisfactorily disposed of a topic of real concern, now takes up another.

"Sell what?" she asked Mr. Payne directly. "Are you going to sell your Agmo? Is that what you were talking about when I came in?"

"My dear," said Mr. Fisher, "that is Mr. Payne's business. You'll excuse her," he said to Mr. Payne in explanation, "she is as ignorant of the proprieties of business as a child."

"She's always excusable," said Mr. Payne cheerfully. "More than that, I would greatly value her advice."

"What about?" she asked, tilting the brim of the rather large new hat so as to procure a fuller glimpse of Mr. Payne with the ambushed but very observant eye which was to be seen by him.

"The income tax," stated Mr. Payne briefly.

"Yes?" she said as briefly.

"And my Agmo—whether I shall sell it," he told her, for she knew all about the stocks he held long ago. He had informed her in detail of all his transactions.

"It's robbery!" she exclaimed. "A perfect outrage—the way the Government acts—the whole miserable, disgusting thing. If I were a man they would never have had that law!"

"You are now a woman," stated Mr. Payne, making clear the illogic of her situation, "and a voter of the state and the United States"

"That's different," asserted Miss Fisher, closing the line of thought. "But what have you decided to do about that confounded old income tax?"

"I don't know exactly," responded Mr. Payne. "Your father feels I should not sell. And of course if I should sell now, as you are aware, I lose almost half of what I have made in the payment which would go to the Government."

"How much would you have made today if it wasn't for that tax?" she inquired calmly.

"My dear! My dear!" protested Mr. Fisher.

"Why not?" she asked. "Hasn't he told me himself time after time?"

"You must pardon her," said Mr. Fisher to Mr. Payne. "She knows no more of the ethics of business than a young schoolgirl in a nunnery."

"I've made approximately $500,000 on the rise," said Mr. Payne, answering in spite of this. "It's gone a little higher since I told you."

"Then why sell it?" she inquired, regardless of parental interruptions.

"That's it," said Mr. Fisher, now formally admitting her into the conversation.

"Only that there are some signs possibly," Mr. Payne explained, "that theoretically there may be inflation—tight money—a possible general slump in the market."

"No!" said Mr. Fisher, violently dissenting. "No! There will be nothing of the kind. That is all alarmists' talk."

"Just what is dad saying about it?" his daughter asked Mr. Payne now quite calmly.

"I tell him he is overworried—overanxious," her father answered her himself.

"Why?" she asked, addressing him now very directly.

"Because it's going up. It's going up—that's why," said Mr. Fisher. "Because if he sells it now he'll lose the advantage of one of the greatest bull markets of history."

"Why?" she asked again. "Why, Billikins?" she asked her parent with fond directness. "No, tell me! Why do you think so? No, tell me why!" she demanded firmly, and grasped his chin decidedly in both her hands.

"Why should I tell you?" responded Mr. Fisher, smiling. "Will you be any wiser?"

"Why?" she persisted, holding his gaze now fixedly into hers. "Can you give me one reason?"

"Because ——" he began.

"Why?" she asked again.

"I was trying to tell you," said Mr. Fisher, starting to disengage himself from his somewhat undignified position. "But now ——" he said, taking her wrists to remove them. But she now dropped her hands of her own accord.

"He doesn't know," she said quite definitely. "He hasn't an idea on the subject. He's just gone crazy with the rest of them on another 'greatest bull market in history.'"

"My dear kitten," said Mr. Fisher, slightly flushed, "you might at least ——"

But his daughter was going on, having fixed her attention on another point.

"What do you think yourself?" she was asking Mr. Payne.

"Well, of course," he answered her, "I confess, on general principles, I'm a little nervous. Of course if it wasn't for the income tax I would sell. And another reason for selling," he said: "I should really have gone from New York some time ago." He apparently, making this statement, did not observe Miss Fisher regarding him rather fixedly under the cover of her hat brim with the one violet eye which was toward him. "I should have been at work on my business career long ago," he continued, "instead of waiting here, engaged in a speculation. There is no reason whatever," he went on, "for my remaining here in New York."

"Oh," said Miss Fisher, suddenly but quite unmistakably reddening, "then I should have thought you would have sold and gone long ago, if—if New York annoyed you so. There is certainly no reason," she stated very calmly, "why New York would have to have you remain here. It will still keep its position on the map when you change yours."

"What I meant—what I attempted to say ——" exclaimed Mr. Payne hastily, in the manner of one who has made an unfortunate choice of expression, and then came to a stop. And for a moment both listened to the student of Wall Street methods going on with a further consideration of the income tax.

"Of course there is a third way out always," he was saying—"a method of avoidance of the tax. Wall Street of course has given a great deal of attention to this. There is one course in particular. It has been quite the common thing in the Street for a man who has had the courage and enterprise to see a good profit in a line of stock to make a present of it to his wife"

Mr. Payne's hand, which seemed to have been extended to the arm of Miss Fisher under cover of her father's preoccupation, was now lightly removed by her with the delicate air of one removing a bur from one's clothing on a country stroll.

"Who then sells and takes the profit for him," Mr. Fisher was continuing, not noticing this.

"The wife, I mean—who afterward returns him the money. Love and affection—love and affection constitute a sufficient consideration for proper transfer in the eyes of our laws," stated Mr. Fisher.

Other propitiatory motions of the hand and face of Mr. Payne were rejected during this speech by the one to whom they were directed.

"The trouble is," said the student of Wall Street, waving his glasses again in the measured rhythmic contentment of an uninterrupted flow of thought, "that in this case the stock owner is not married. Now if you," he said to Mr. Payne in the tone of one arguing archly, "and my kitten here, for instance ——"

"Don't mind him!" said his daughter in the somewhat metallic voice of one long since grown hardened to the indiscretions of the older and more broken. And though still rather red, she looked up at Mr. Payne now and laughed quite frankly.

"Perhaps you might," said Mr. Payne to her then in the pleasanter and more lightened spirit of the occasion—"perhaps you might save my life in some other way, if not exactly this. As I remember it, you've already promised me two or three times you'd work out some scheme about this income tax. What have you done?"

"I had one plan—rather good," she told him calmly. "Only ——"

"Only what?" inquired Mr. Payne.

"Absurd! Ridiculous!" exclaimed Mr. Fisher, laughing heartily. "What do you think of that?"

"Only what?" persisted Mr. Payne.

"I saw it wouldn't do—I didn't have the means"

"That's the best I ever heard!" cried Mr. Fisher. "Absolutely! My kitten beating the income tax! The United States Government!"

"Tell me!" urged Mr. Payne of Boston.

"No," she said firmly, closing the conversation quite definitely.

"Well, if you won't do that," said Mr. Payne after a few seconds waiting, "you might take up another subject for us, which your father and I seem unable to agree on"

"What is that?" she inquired.

"I claim," stated Mr. Payne, "that he must take a share of my winnings from my operations when I finally do sell and take my profits."

"Do you make me umpire on that?" demanded Miss Fisher with an obviously sharpening interest. "Will you do exactly what I tell you?"

"Absolutely!" said Mr. Payne of Boston without a moment's reflection.

"Ridiculous! Ridiculous!" said Mr. Fisher.

"Well then ——" said Mr. Payne, going on to state his case—why he should divide his profits with the man who had discovered and pointed out to him the possibilities of hidden profits in Agmo common and had prophesied its sharp and extraordinary rise.

"Child's play!" said Mr. Fisher, turning in his enforced silence to the arrangement of papers on his desk.

"Keep still, please, Billikins," his daughter directed him.

And it was now observed by Mr. Payne that during his narrative, though superficially calm, her whole manner and coloring had undergone a change such as is generally associated with nervous excitement.

"Ridiculous!" her father muttered to himself. "No more idea of business than a kitten!"

"Do you mean that?" inquired Miss Fisher sharply of Mr. Payne at the close of his remarks—"that you really want to give him that much money?"

"It belongs to him," asserted Mr. Payne. "I consider it his absolutely"

"Falderal!" said Mr. Fisher.

"And how many shares do you say you hold now?" inquired Miss Fisher with apparently feminine irrelevance—"that you are still carrying?"

"Three thousand-odd," Mr. Payne told her.

Miss Fisher remained then for several moments in the attitude of one in deep calculation.

"Could you give him the money now?" she asked then.

"I certainly could," he said, promptly abstracting a small check book from his pocket, while Mr. Fisher looked up sharply.

"Very well," his daughter stated, "I'll decide that he must take it."

"You'll do what?" exclaimed Mr. Fisher.

"How much?" inquired Mr. Payne, quickly unfolding his check book.

"Thirty thousand dollars," decided Miss Fisher.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Fisher in the tone of one enjoying a delicious farce. "You're a wonder, kitten!"

"You watch me!" his daughter directed with great calmness.

"You mean to say ——"

"I mean you've got to take it, and he's going to give it to you."

"You're funny, that's all," said Mr. Fisher. "You poor kitten, even your jokes are amusing. Don't you know that he could make out checks until doomsday and I wouldn't take them unless I wanted to, or cash them if I had them?"

"Very well then," said his daughter in a voice outwardly calm, but having all the color and appearance of one making a sudden and very important decision, "I'll take the check myself. Make it out to me," she said to Mr. Payne.

"What?" cried Mr. Fisher very loudly.

"I'll take it myself," his daughter repeated.

Her father stopped for a moment, studying her face and eyes.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" he told her then, drawing back his head with the air of one accustomed to command.

"Who'll prevent me?" she inquired, raising hers still higher. "I'm of age."

"Good for you!" said Mr. Payne, who was now taking his fountain pen from his vest pocket.

"Kitten," said Mr. Fisher, using a somewhat different voice, "you little fool, do you mean to say you'd do this? That you'd take $30,000 from a man to whom you are not related? Do you have any idea ——"

"I certainly do," she said, "if he'll give it to me."

"And he certainly will do so," said Mr. Payne, writing with scrupulous care in the check book in his lap.

"And he isn't giving it to me," said Miss Fisher, going on arguing again. "He told you and I told you it was for you. He considers it yours this minute."

"Exactly," said Mr. Payne, finishing and tearing out the check.

"I won't take it, you know that!" said Mr. Fisher in a voice now both puzzled and alarmed.

"Very well then, I can take it in trust," she said.

"Certainly," said Mr. Payne, blowing on his check in a businesslike way. "She'll see that it gets finally to the proper man"

"I certainly shall," said Miss Fisher. "I shall do exactly that."

Mr. Payne handed her the check.

"Only one thing," she said before she accepted it. "You'll promise me—that this won't make any difference? You'll tell me everything about your business—about what stocks you're going to sell—just as you do now?"

Though outwardly calm, he saw she spoke a little breathlessly, as if she felt she was about to take an important and almost revolutionary step.

"Why, yes, certainly," said Mr. Payne, himself now somewhat puzzled.

And then she took the check.

"Thirty thousand dollars," she said, reading it. "Thank you."

And then, placing it very carefully in her very stylish bag, she left the room.

"Do you mean to say ——" demanded Mr. Fisher looking keenly at Mr. Payne

"I certainly do," said Mr. Payne. "And I'm glad she's taken it. The money's yours. You've earned it—and much more by what you've done for me; initiating me into Wall Street; giving me the results of your financial studies.

"I knew nothing about Wall Street or speculation. I could have accomplished nothing without you"

And in a few moments after he also went out. When he had gone Mr. Fisher remained seated in his massive armchair at the side of the long, bare, miniature director's table in the attitude of a great captain of American business, sitting alone in his great board room, studying out some great financial trouble which he cannot seem to solve.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

KEEP YOUR

THE depreciation your car suffers depends largely upon yourself. If you run it without any attention you sell at a big loss. But with a little time and care you can cut the depreciation in half.

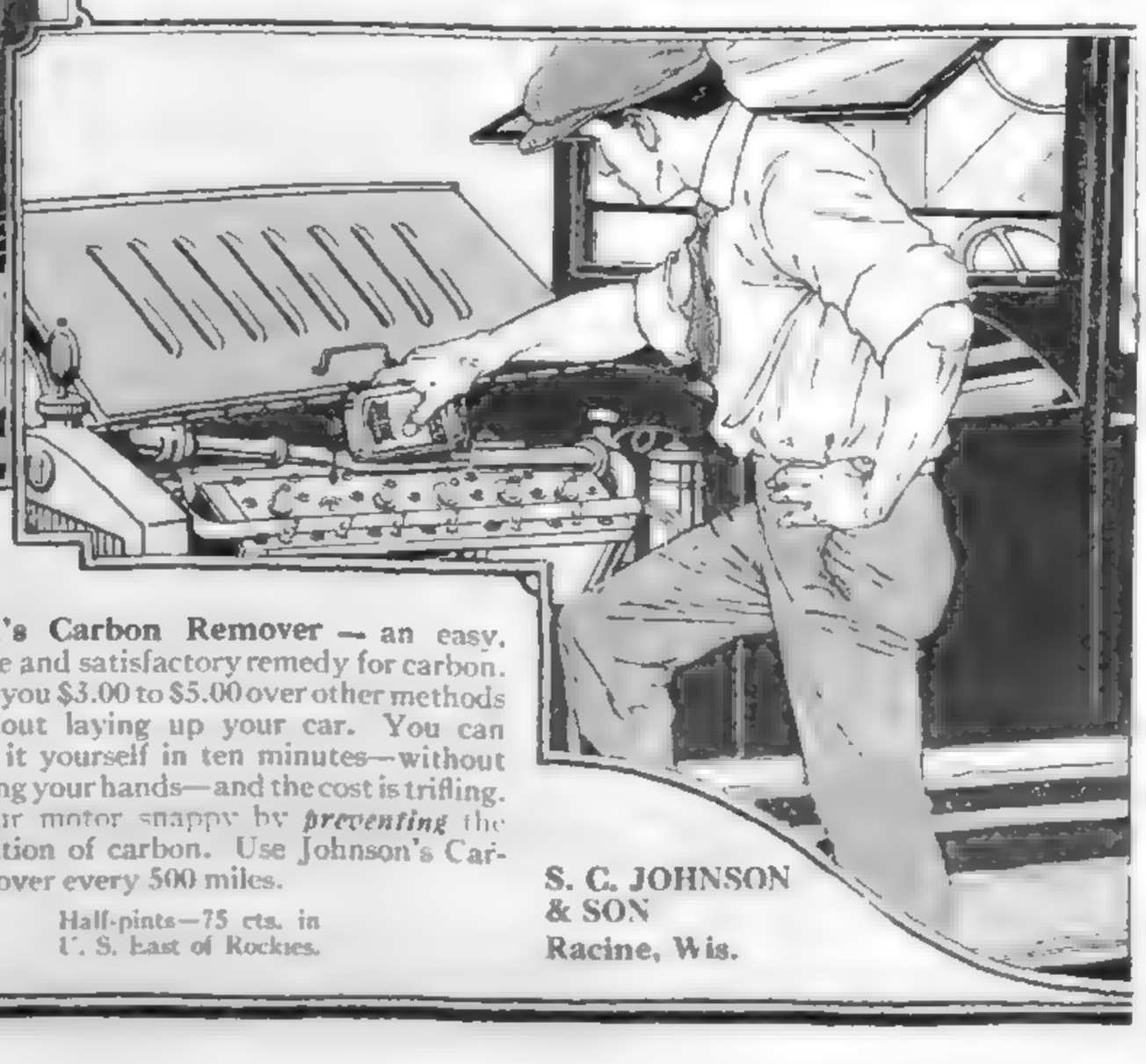
We offer you JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS. No experience is necessary for their use—they can all be applied by the amateur with perfect satisfaction. JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS are of the very highest quality that can be manufactured. You will find cheap makeshifts on the market, but when you insist upon JOHNSON'S you take no chance, for they are fully guaranteed.

Johnson's Auto-Lak—an automobile body varnish that amateurs can use successfully. Goes on easily and quickly without a lap or streak. You can finish your car one day and drive it the next. A pint is ordinarily sufficient for varnishing a roadster. If you are interested drop us a line and we will give you directions for refinishing your car yourself in 24 hours. This includes the entire car, from wheels to top.

Pints—$1.50 in U. S. East of Rockies

JOHNSON'S Car Savers

JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS will prove a big factor in reducing the high cost of motoring. Millions of cans have been used with perfect satisfaction. Representative dealers and jobbers all over the world handle JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS. Don't accept or stock unknown substitutes. Write for our booklet on Keeping Cars Young—it's free.



Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil—penetrates between the spring leaves, thoroughly lubricating them. Simply paint it on with a brush or squirt it on with an oil can. It isn't even necessary to jack up the car. It reduces the liability of spring breakage. Also takes out every squeak—in springs, shackle bolts, body, fenders, top, etc. Just locate the squeak and touch it with Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil.

Half-pints—35 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Carbon Remover—an easy, clean, safe and satisfactory remedy for carbon. Will save you $3.00 to $5.00 over other methods and without laying up your car. You can easily do it yourself in ten minutes—without even soiling your hands—and the cost is trifling. Keep your motor snappy by *preventing* the accumulation of carbon. Use Johnson's Carbon Remover every 500 miles.

Half-pints—75 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
Racine, Wis.

CAR YOUNG

START today to reduce the depreciation of your automobile. An hour or two every month and JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS will prove their value in dollars when you come to sell or turn in your car.

There's a JOHNSON CAR SAVER for every purpose—for removing carbon—for mending leaks in radiators—for renewing old tops—for revarnishing cars—for oiling squeaky springs—for grinding valves—for cleaning body, hood and fenders—for patching tubes and casings—etc. No experience is necessary for their use—they can all be applied by the novice with perfect satisfaction.

JOHNSON'S Car Savers

For years our employees have been our partners and share the profits. Because of this personal interest unusual care and skill enter into the manufacture of JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS—overhead is reduced to the minimum—and we are enabled to sell at a very slight increase over pre-war prices notwithstanding the tremendous advance on all of our raw materials.

Johnson's Black-Lac—a perfect top dressing. One coat imparts a rich black surface just like new. Johnson's Black-Lac is easy to apply—dries in fifteen minutes—is permanent—waterproof and inexpensive. Are your top and side curtains gray, dusty and leaky? One application of Johnson's Black-Lac will make them look like new and it's less than an hour's job. Also splendid for worn metal parts.

Half-pints—75 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Radiator Cement—mends leaky radiators. Comes in liquid form easy to use. All you have to do is remove the radiator cap and pour it in. Johnson's Radiator Cement will ordinarily seal leaks in two to ten minutes. No tool kit complete without a can of this wonderful preparation. It overcomes the inconvenience of laying up one's car. A half-pint is ordinarily sufficient for a Ford or other small radiator.

Half-pints—75 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Cleaner and Wax—are the proper agents to use for cleaning and polishing body, hood and fenders. Use the cleaner first—it will remove spots, stains, tar, etc., preparing the surface for Johnson's Prepared Wax. The Wax imparts a hard, dry, glasslike polish which will not collect or hold the dust—preserves the varnish and protects it from the weather. You can do it yourself in half-an-hour. **Johnson's Cleaner**—45 cts.

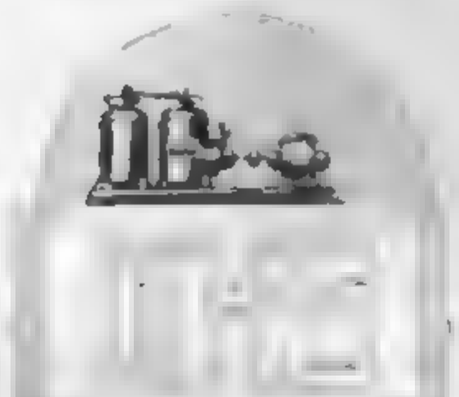
Johnson's Liquid Wax—Half-pints—50 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Canadian Branch
Brantford,
Ontario

It Guards the Family Health

* * *

Isko may be placed on top of your refrigerator, beside it on the floor, or in the basement, as you prefer



Ice and dampness go hand in hand.
For ice melts; the temperature climbs; the air grows moist.
Bacteria thrive; vegetables wilt; food spoils.
Such is refrigeration by ice.

* * * * *

Isko is a constant monitor of health.

Into the food compartments of the refrigerator it pours a flood of crisp, clean cold that keeps food fresh and pure.

The temperature never varies, for it is regulated by an automatic device which prevents fluctuation.

When the temperature is just low enough, Isko stops quietly, of its own accord. When the temperature starts to rise Isko turns on its flood of cold.

And so it goes, night and day, in winter as in summer, in spring as in the fall; guarding the family's health, protecting the stores of food.

Milk and eggs and butter keep perfectly in that scientific chill. Vegetables stay garden-crisp.

There is no dampness, no clogged drainpipe or overflowing drip-pan. Just clean, dry, germless cold, constant and never-changing.

Then there are convenient cubes of pure ice for table use, Isko-made from your own drinking water.

Wouldn't you like an Isko in your home?

It is also made in larger sizes for commercial use.

Our booklet, "Electric Refrigeration," and the name of the Isko dealer nearest you will be supplied on request

THE ISKO COMPANY, *2525 Clybourn Avenue*, CHICAGO, ILL.

ISKO

Electric Refrigeration

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 19)

and open to merchant shipping of all nations—a point that could be secured only by their neutralization on the same lines as the neutralization of the Suez Canal, as an international waterway of prime importance, under the joint guaranty of all the Great Powers. Only such a guaranty assuring the safety of its capital could possibly induce the Porte to renounce its unquestionable right to close the Straits in self-defense, as she quite recently had been compelled to close them for a short time in view of a demonstration made by the Italian fleet during the Turco-Italian War, and undertaken, perhaps, not without some hope of thereby provoking the intervention in the conflict of Russia as the Power most seriously and directly affected by the closing of the Dardanelles to navigation."

Having dealt at length with the question of the, in my opinion, not only highly undesirable but even dangerous character of the influence on our European policy of the Great Slav Idea and of the dreams of our would-be conquerors of Constantinople and the Straits, and having pointed out another objectionable feature of this influence—namely, that it distracted our attention from the only real mission cut out for Russia by destiny—the all-important cultural mission in connection with our Siberian empire and our dominions in Central Asia, I next sought in my memorandum an answer to the query: In what, then, consisted really the task we had to accomplish in the Near East?

"The only possible answer to this query was bound to be that the task we would have to set ourselves could only be determined, not by any fantastic conceptions of the so-called Great Slav cause, but by the real interests of Russia as far as they were involved in Balkan affairs. These interests, in view of the manifestly impending crisis"—this was written in the summer of 1912—"demanded, first, that the work of the liberation of the Balkan populations from the Turkish yoke, as far as it had already been accomplished at the cost of so much Russian blood and treasure, should not be undone but should this time be carried through to the end; and lastly that the Balkan Peninsula should cease to be a storm center and source of grave apprehensions, periodically disturbing the tranquillity of Europe and for us a perennial menace of complications, capable of bringing us into an armed conflict with Austria and consequently of involving us in a general European war.

"It was evident that such a settlement of Balkan affairs could never be reached by agreements about the maintenance of the status quo and the sovereignty of the Sultan, considering that it was this very status quo that was the source of all the trouble and that all the Balkan states had unitedly determined not to tolerate it any longer, nor to sacrifice any longer their vital interests to a principle established by the Great Powers mainly for the purpose of covering up the rivalries which divided them.

"The impending most serious crisis in Balkan affairs acquired a character particularly dangerous not only for Russia but for all Europe, in consequence of the existing system of alliances by which the Great Powers were divided into two camps in principle—whatever may be affirmed to the contrary—hostile one to another. There existed three motives for such hostility, two of them, however, being entirely alien to Russia. They were:

"First, and most important of all because ineradicable, the Franco-German antagonism in connection with the question of Alsace-Lorraine and of revenge for the French defeat in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71;

"Second, the Anglo-German antagonism, born of commercial and industrial competition and of rivalry in ever-growing naval armaments—that is to say, of causes quite susceptible of peaceful adjustment.

"In neither of these sources of hostility could Russia have had any legitimate concern whatever.

"And last, but not least, the Austro-Russian antagonism, growing out of our fancied right of interference in the affairs of the Slav states of the Balkan Peninsula on the basis of the Great Slav Idea, involving our fancied duty of protecting them from Austrian influence.

"The removal of this last cause of international hostility was entirely within our power. In case of our failure to remove it we might expect with certainty that out of the impending Balkan crisis would grow the sanguinary winding up of the European drama, in which we would unavoidably be involved by the inexorable logic of events, in spite of all our love of peace.

"The believers in the saving virtue of the existing system of alliances held that the equilibrium of forces which it had established was the best guaranty of European peace. Putting aside the question of the greater or lesser sincerity of the believers in this doctrine, it remained to verify its applicability to the then existing situation in Europe by the light of the historic developments of the last forty years.

"During the first two decades after the Franco-Prussian War nothing threatened the peace of Europe, either on the part of Germany or on the part of France. The incident of 1875 in connection with the plan of a new invasion of France, whether justly or gratuitously attributed to the German general staff, but in any case abandoned before maturity, had been skillfully exploited as a means of sowing discord between Russia and Germany, had indeed led to a marked coolness between the two chancellors, Gortchakoff and Bismarck, but had not otherwise affected the prevailing peaceful disposition of all Europe.

"It was the epoch when Germany, first alone, then in alliance with Austria-Hungary, and finally with Italy as well, controlled a superiority of forces sufficient to relegate any idea of revenge on the part of France to the domain of unattainable desiderata, of which—as Gambetta was supposed to have said—one might always think but should never speak.

"But then this idea of revenge experienced a revival with the entry of France into an alliance with Russia, having, indeed, furnished the principal motive for its conclusion. At the same time the conflict of interests between the two countries assumed a more pronounced character. Germany considered her chief and vital interest to lie in the maintenance of the integrity of the German Empire, including in its confines Alsace and Lorraine, reconquered from France, which, under Louis XIV, had annexed these originally German provinces. France on her part refused to recognize the Treaty of Frankfort as having definitely fixed the frontier between the two countries, and considered the question of revenge and of the reconquest of the lost provinces as a national ideal which the French nation could not renounce without loss of self-respect. There we had a fundamental conflict whose solution was possible in only one of two ways: Either by the renunciation by one or the other side of its national ideal—which, of course, was not to be thought of, neither side showing any inclination in such a direction, nor even toward some possible compromise—or else by the arbitrament of war.

"But this conflict—the real, basic cause of the perturbed state of Europe—could have remained a chronic one without threatening a proximate clash of arms as long as, owing to the manifest superiority of the forces of one of the sides, a resort to the risk of war was bound to appear unnecessary to the stronger side and undesirable to the weaker. It was, therefore, the establishment of an equilibrium of forces that alone could create the potentiality of a war between the two. The only possible logical deduction from these premises would necessarily be that the equilibrium of forces, established by the conclusion of the Franco-Russian alliance, far from being a safeguard against the danger of its being broken, was the real and standing menace to the world's peace.

"However, even the believers in the doctrine of the equilibrium of forces could not but realize that an equilibrium based on two hostile alliances, one of which, so to speak, encircles the other on two sides and, therefore, represents a standing menace to the latter, could at best serve as a guaranty of peace only so long as the encircled party had not made up its mind to seek an issue from such a situation at the cost of a war, if need be even on two fronts.

"The adherents of the political system which had created this unquestionably perilous situation saw its justification in the supposed necessity for Russia to oppose the tendency to establish her hegemony in Europe which was attributed to Germany. Whatever may be understood by the sufficiently indefinite term 'hegemony'—such a hegemony as that established by the great Napoleon over all Europe except Russia and Great Britain, nowadays practically impossible, could hardly have been meant by that term—the necessity of opposing it could evidently arise for Russia only in case such hegemony threatened any of her vital interests.

"No definite explanation has ever been forthcoming as to what particular interests of Russia, and in what way, could have been threatened by such a hegemony of Germany, if it had been possible to establish it in reality. Russia has no real interests to safeguard in Europe beyond the defense of the integrity of her territory, which no one shows the least disposition to attack. Russia has no call to pledge the lives of her sons and to imperil her prosperity for the defense of the interests, or the satisfaction of the grievances of any other Power.

"Russia, occupying the greater part of the European continent, may be assimilated to a continent by itself, standing between Europe and Asia, self-contained and self-sufficient, like the United States. Russia's only cultural mission is confined to Asia. Her paramount interest is peace with all the world, and the only rational policy for her to pursue must be freedom from entangling alliances of any kind and abstention from participation in any of the rivalries and conflicting policies of the Powers of Central and Western Europe.

"The most superficial observer and the veriest tyro in diplomacy could not have helped noticing the efforts being made by our policy to keep the balance even between France, our ally, and Germany, our potential enemy—a policy which could not possibly satisfy either the one or the other and was bound to deprive us of the confidence of both."

For reasons explained in the preceding chapter I refrained from winding up my memorandum with any conclusions beyond pointing to the alarming character of the events which were then taking place in the Balkan Peninsula and to the failure of European diplomacy to have gauged aright the condition of things there and the psychology of the Balkan peoples, besides expressing at the same time some doubt as to the efficacy of the means by which that same diplomacy expected to localize the war and to prevent collisions between the Great Powers in reliance on the miraculous power of the system of alliances, in spite of its containing in itself the germs of such collisions unavoidable in the more or less remote future.

Having finished in Paris my work on this memorandum some time in October, 1912, I sent it to St. Petersburg and, through the good offices of a kind friend, had a typewritten copy of it prepared and handed to the Prime Minister, Mr. Kokovtseff, with the request to submit it to the Emperor. In the following month of December I went to St. Petersburg to resume my duties as member of the Council of the Empire, and being anxious to learn the fate of my memorandum I called at once upon the Prime Minister. He told me that he had taken it to Spala, a shooting box in Poland, where the Emperor was in temporary residence at the time, and had handed it to His Majesty, that the Emperor had looked at the rather bulky document and had asked to be told in a few words the substance of its contents, and that he, Mr. Kokovtseff, had explained that the fundamental idea of the author of the memorandum concerned the necessity for Russia to come to some agreement with Austria. Thereupon the Emperor had expressed his entire concurrence in this idea, but had remarked that the difficulty in the way of reaching such an agreement was that he was unable to find out what it was exactly that Austria wanted.

The only inference I could draw from what Mr. Kokovtseff had imparted to me of his conversation with the Emperor was that neither the sovereign himself nor the chief of his government thought it worth while to go any deeper into the matter, which I considered to be one of supreme importance and to which I had hoped to draw their most serious attention. This, of course, was sufficiently discouraging, and would have been more so had I not been used to meet with nothing but supercilious indifference at the hands of the men in power whenever I had attempted to express to any one of them my humble opinion on matters of public policy. The only one of all our statesmen in power who ever had condescended to listen to what I had to say had been the late Prince Lobanoff, when, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, he had appointed me to the post of Minister to Serbia, and then perhaps mainly because my ideas on the subject of our Balkan policy entirely coincided with his own.

Altogether my experience with our various governments, imperial as well as "provisional" after the revolution, and lastly "coalition" under Kerensky, has convinced me of the truth of what a distinguished English writer, discussing in his own review the question "Could the war have been prevented?" has to say in regard to conditions in Germany, and what is quite as applicable to our own ruling powers of all parties, namely:

"That infallibility is the besetting sin of men in authority, who, even when surrounded by the ruins they created, have no misgivings concerning their own rôle, no twinges of remorse for the havoc they have wrought and the limitless suffering their insane ambitions and stupendous incapacity have inflicted, not merely on their own people and their own generation, but on countless generations that are unborn."

But I feel bound to mention here an exception to the rule. It so happened that at some official function I met a member of the cabinet, head of a less conspicuous but in its special sphere most efficient department of the government, who engaged me in a conversation on some trivial subject of social gossip and, abruptly dropping this subject, asked me what I thought of the political situation in Europe. I told him that I looked upon it as extremely serious, and was just going to explain as briefly as circumstances would permit some of the reasons why I took such a pessimistic view of the situation when dinner was announced and I could only offer to let him see, if it interested him, something which I had written on the subject and had had submitted to the Emperor.

My offer was eagerly accepted, and the following morning I sent him the manuscript of my secret memorandum. The minister returned it to me a couple of days later with a little note in which he expressed his concurrence with my views on all essential points, reserving a few matters of detail for further discussion with me.

That was the only relation I ever had with the government in regard to a matter of life or death for our country.

I have had occasion in previous chapters of these reminiscences to point out the fundamental defect of the organization of our government as it was before the constitutional reform of 1905—namely the absence of unity, inasmuch as each separate department of the government was functioning quite independently of all the others under the immediate direction of the sovereign. The constitutional reform of 1905, though it created a simulacrum of a cabinet under the headship of a prime minister, had left things very much in the same condition, hallowed by age-long conditions of the autocratic-bureaucratic régime, the more so as by the new organic laws all foreign, military and naval affairs were specially reserved as the exclusive domain of the sovereign.

In this last respect, therefore, even by the constitutional reform nothing was changed in the old order of things. At the time when a momentous and decisive crisis in the life of the nation, pregnant with the direst consequences for its future, was evidently approaching, this condition was one which no patriot could contemplate otherwise than with the most sinister misgivings, especially as the most important department of the government was in the hands of a man who, however honorable as a private individual, could hardly, in moments of self-searching conscientiousness, if capable of such, have failed to realize himself that he was not either by capacity or by experience qualified, any more than the sovereign himself, to direct at a critical time the foreign policy of a great empire. Thus it was to come about that in the hour of destiny when the fate of the world was trembling in the balance the ultimate decision which was to sound the death knell of

(Continued on Page 165)

FAIRBANKS-

Keeping the World's Traffic Moving

THE contribution of Fairbanks-Morse to the development of America's railways has been no small one.

Wherever these steel highways have penetrated, you will find railway equipment manufactured by Fairbanks-Morse helping to keep the world's traffic moving.

Our Sheffield Motor Cars patrol many thousands of miles of track throughout the world. Pumps made by us supply vast quantities of water for railroad use. And Coaling Stations designed, built and equipped by Fairbanks-Morse furnish fuel for locomotives all over America.

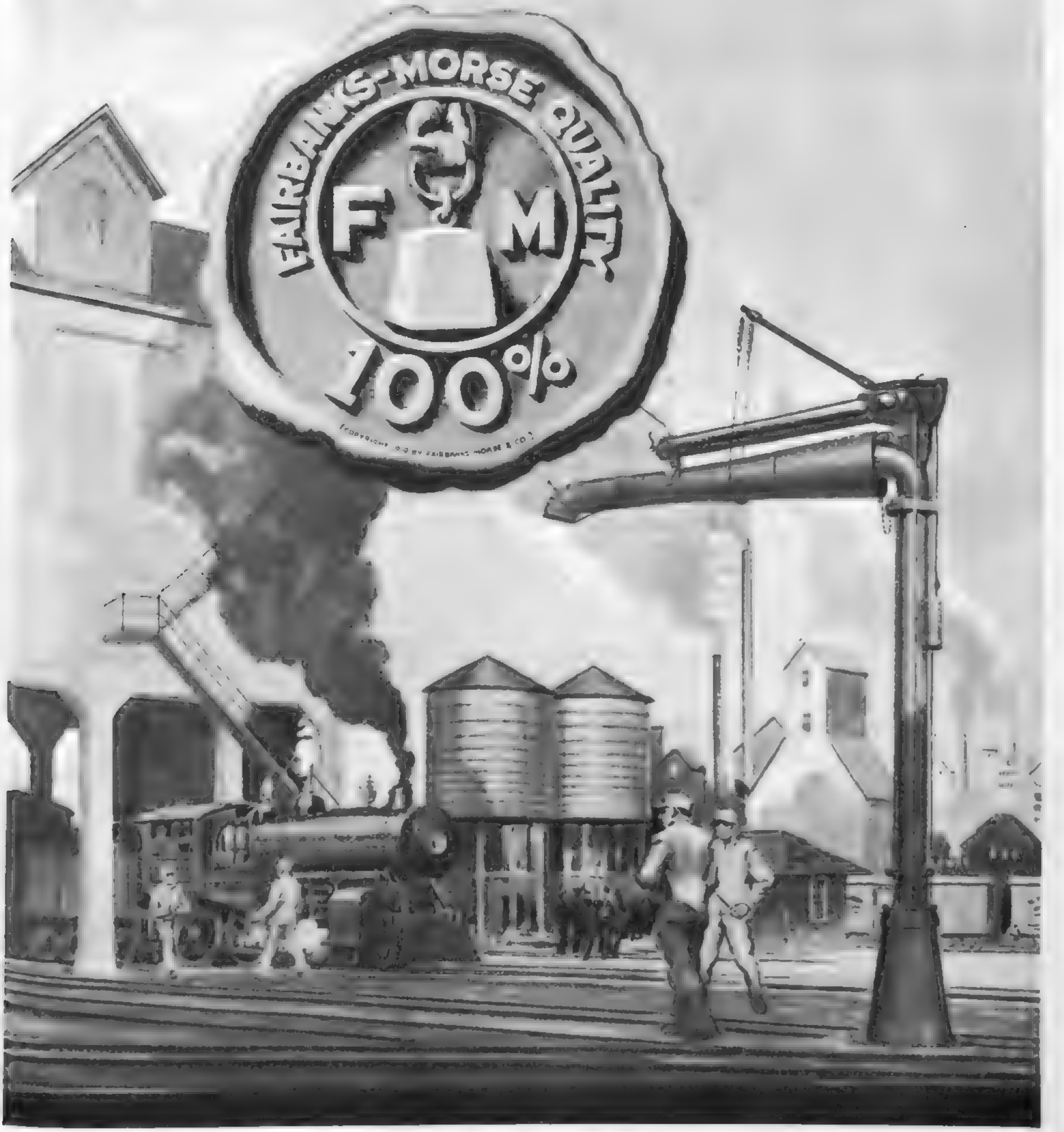
Dependability in products for railroad use is a primary requisite. All Fairbanks-Morse railway equipment is built up to the standard of which the Quality Seal of this organization is the index.

Our products include Fairbanks Scales—oil engines—pumps—electric motors and generators—railway appliances and coaling stations—farm power machinery, such as "Z" engines, lighting plants, water systems.

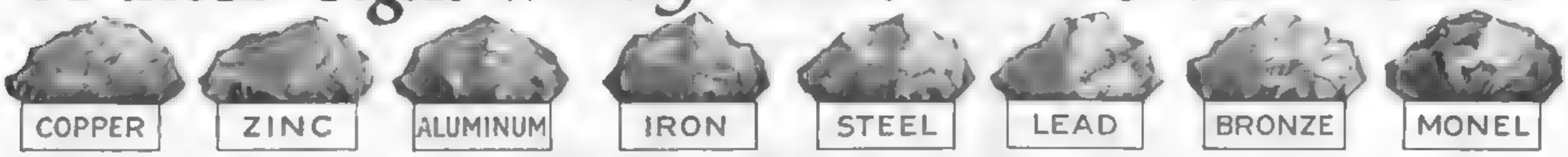
FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS CHICAGO

World wide distribution through our own branches and representatives

-MORSE


FAIRBANKS-MORSE QUALITY
F M
100%
COPYRIGHT 1923 BY FAIRBANKS MORSE & CO.

Of these eight widely used commercial metals-



Acids destroy

COPPER ZINC ALUMINUM

Rust corrodes

IRON STEEL

Heat weakens

LEAD

Steam wears & salt water pits BRONZE

MOnel alone stands up against the many destructive forces that quickly break down the resistance of most commercial service metals. Because it is strong as steel, more corrosion-resisting than copper, more wear-resisting than bronze, an increasing number of manufacturers are using MONEL Metal for products for the most exacting and difficult industrial service as well as for the commonest domestic uses.

Products exposed to Rust—MONEL Metal never rusts—Window Screen is practically everlasting; Marine Equipment is unaffected by salt water; Automobile Fittings always stay bright.

Power Plant Equipment—MONEL Metal withstands the cutting wear of superheated steam—Valve Trim, Turbine Blading, etc., stand up and give more efficient service.

Chemical Apparatus—MONEL Metal defeats the attacks of alkalies and most acids and so is generally employed in manufacturing parts of Bleaching and Scouring Machinery, Dyehouse and like Industrial Chemical Equipment.

Parts subjected to High Heat—MONEL Metal retains its strength under high heat and resists oxidation; flame-exposed parts in Oxy-acetylene Torches, Pyrometers, Spark Plugs, etc., last longer.

The name MONEL is given to a line of metal products produced by The International Nickel Company from a natural nickel alloy—67% nickel, 28% copper and 5% other metals. These products include MONEL blocks, MONEL rods, MONEL castings, MONEL wire, MONEL strip stock, MONEL sheets, etc. MONEL products bear the *Inco* trademark of The International Nickel Company, widely known as the sole producers of *Inco* Nickel—the standard nickel for alloy steels.

INCo

MOnel metal

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, 43 Exchange Place, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The International Nickel Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY — MONEL METAL — NICKEL

(Continued from Page 161)

Russia depended on the self-sufficient incompetence of a minister, the vacillating weakness of his master and their unthinking impulses.

Determined to leave no stone unturned in endeavoring to call the attention of the powers that were to the rocks ahead on the perilous course the ship of state was steering, I had my memorandum printed at the government printing office as a secret document, in fifty numbered copies, which I distributed confidentially among the members of the government, past and present, the highest dignitaries of the empire, and some political personages of the council and of the Duma.

I did not, of course, succeed in eliciting any expressions of opinion from any member of the government, save the one mentioned above, but from almost all the other recipients of my memorandum I received verbal assurances of concurrence in my views. Not one, however, was either willing or able to give me any support by trying to press this supremely important matter on the serious attention of the sovereign and the government.

This apparent indifference to the fate of the country, whose destiny was evidently being made the sport of interests with which the Russian people had no concern, finds its explanation partly in the fatalistic strain in the national character, partly in the total absence of that feeling of personal responsibility for the condition of public affairs which, if it is not, should be the characteristic of the mental attitude of citizens of a free country, but to whose free development centuries of humble submissiveness to autocratic rule could never have given sufficient scope.

There was, however, another reason why any endeavor aiming at the avoidance of a potential, expected and even more or less hoped for rupture with our western neighbors could only meet with some discreet sympathy, but not with openly professed support. Here again I feel compelled to controvert one of the legends industriously spread by the war propaganda, by means of its usual stock in trade—*suppressio veri, suggestio falsi*—namely, the entirely groundless legend about the prevalence at the Russian court and in Russian government circles of German influence.

As regards this question of influence I must define here, once for all, my own standpoint, from which I have never swerved, and which is: That for a great country to suffer itself to be treated, as Turkey used to be, as a battle ground for rival foreign influences is a shame and a disgrace, and that therefore, viewed from this purely Russian standpoint, German influence, if it had had any real existence, would have been degrading, even though its obvious object would have coincided with the true interest of Russia, that of keeping out of a war in which she could have no legitimate end to gain by victory and would stand to lose everything in case of defeat.

As a matter of fact there existed no means by which such German influence could have made itself felt at the Russian court, where a marked anti-German current had set in ever since the beginning of the reign of Alexander III. His consort, the Empress Marie Feodorovna, as a Danish princess, brought to Russia very pronounced anti-German feelings which the Emperor shared and which were, perhaps, aggravated through his hardly concealed antipathy toward the Emperor William II, the characteristics of whose personality were the very opposite of his own. These feelings were inherited by his son and successor, Nicholas II, whose consort, the late Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, though the daughter of a German prince, was also the daughter of an English princess and who certainly was more English than German in her feelings.

The imperial couple, barring some very rare brilliant functions at the Winter Palace during the season, were leading the most retired family life. There really was no court at all in the sense in which this expression is generally used. The few court functionaries who through the duties of their offices were brought into daily contact with the imperial family could hardly be considered to compose a court in that sense. There was not one personage of mark among them, no one who could have exercised any influence on the policy of the state. The times were no more when, as in the eighteenth century, at the court of Russia rival diplomacies—Anglo-Prussian on one side and Austro-French on the other—were contending against each other for the coveted prize, the legions of the despised muzhik, good enough to be utilized as cannon fodder on the battlefields of Europe in their struggles for supremacy.

Nor had the influence which Entente diplomacy was exercising on our policy been acquired by any devious ways of court intrigue. It was simply exploiting for its own purposes the naïve self-sufficiency of the human material in charge of our foreign affairs and their failure to realize that the Russia of our days was still being regarded by western nations very much in the same light as the Russia of the eighteenth century, and that they were being flatteringly treated on a footing of equality as statesmen mainly in order to make better use of them as pawns in the game of European politics—a game against the continued participation in which, at the cost of the lives of millions of their sons, the Russian people were some day to revolt in their own inarticulate, anarchic way.

Not only had Entente diplomacy no occasion to counteract any adverse influence at court or in the government—their constant apprehensiveness lest such influences might make their appearance merely disclosed their consciousness of the fact that their policy was at bottom opposed to the true interests of Russia—but on the contrary all the forces that go to make what is supposed to be public opinion were working in their favor and would have drowned the voice of anyone bold enough to come forward openly and to utter a warning against the grave peril to which the country was being exposed by the pursuit of such a policy, this policy being so popular precisely because of its uncompromisingly anti-German character.

To account for the existence of such a strong anti-German current it will be necessary to revert to the stirring times of the first year of the reign of the Czar Liberator, Alexander II, when Russian society, under the spell of that great epoch of reforms, first awoke to national self-consciousness. The newborn nationalism, however, took at first the form of a most violent anti-Polonism, provoked by the Polish insurrection of 1863 and fostered by the ultra-nationalistic press, headed by the Moscow Gazette under the editorship of the famous Katkoff—a press organ which in those days wielded an influence comparable only to that of the London Times, the "Thunderer" of the days of the Crimean War—who knew how to fan into flame the dormant patriotism of the nation when threatened with foreign intervention, attempted in the shape of collective diplomatic representations in favor of Poland, undertaken under French and English leadership by all European Powers except Prussia and Austria.

The nonparticipation of Prussia in that diplomatic campaign against Russia, her particularly friendly and helpful attitude at the time of the Polish insurrection, her friendly neutrality in the Crimean War, when we had to fight a coalition headed by France and England, and Austria had taken up a threatening position on our flank—all this combined enlisted the sympathy of our society on the side of Prussia in her war with Austria and later with France. The growth of the Slavophile movement, which led to the war with Turkey in 1877–78 for the liberation of Bulgaria, followed by the Congress of Berlin, and the bitterness caused by its deceptive results, which were generally attributed to the lukewarmness of Germany's support, were sufficient to dampen the feelings of Russian society toward Germany. Moreover, during the second half of Alexander II's reign, when reaction had gained the upper hand, he himself being known as a warm and devoted friend of his uncle, the Emperor William I, much of the reactionary tendencies of the time was being attributed by liberal opinion to German influence, just as in Germany, and with as little reason, Russian reactionary influence had been supposed to have been paramount before the revolution of 1848 and after its suppression.

In this way in both countries in certain circles of the Intelligentzia feelings of animosity against each others' ruling classes began to develop. These feelings were being intensified by the growth of Slavophile or Pan-Slavistic tendencies in Russia, and by Pan-Germanism on the other side as the fruit of the unification of the German Empire and the victories of German arms.

(Continued on Page 168)

In all Rees Jacks, and only in the Rees, there is built-in these exclusive features. Just 4 working parts—and the Double Worm Gear Drive.

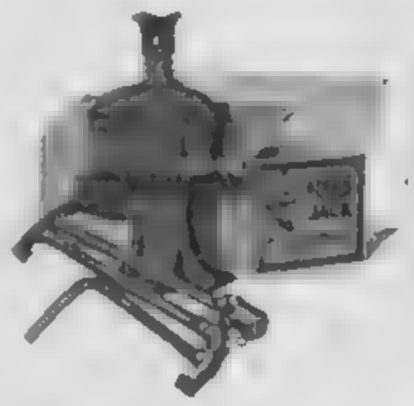
A roadside delay, when you drive out to play over those eighteen holes, emphasizes the need and the usefulness of the get there Rees Jack

NAME *YOUR* JACK

A Tool that's as important as spare tire or emergency brake—whose performance may make or mar the pleasure of your drive—deserves to be known, and critically judged.

Rees Jack welcomes the roughest test, and is at once most favorably known by its ruggedness and power, by its convenient garment-saving, easy long-handle operation.

A number of manufacturers of fine cars have standardized on Rees Jack. If your car is not so equipped for the inevitable emergency, purchase a Rees from your dealer, or write us direct. The Passenger Jack is priced $9.00; west of the Rockies $9.50 prepaid.



At the dealer's, Rees Passenger Car model is found in distinctive orange and black carton. Ask for it. This illustrates how handily Rees Jack, together with its long handle, folded, can be stowed in your tool box.

Exclusive Manufacturer

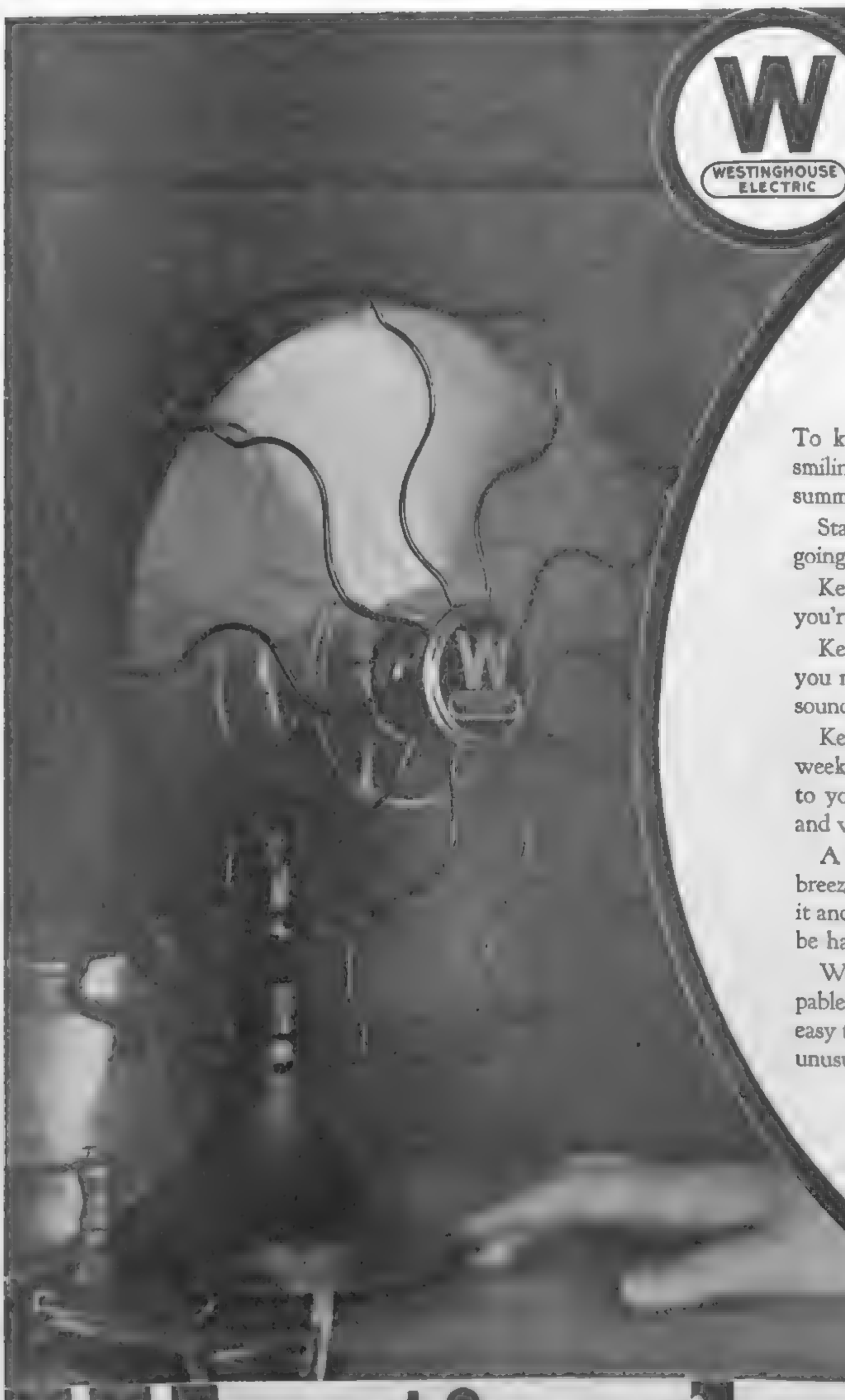
Iron City Products Company

Dept. 15, 7501 Thomas Boulevard
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Manufacturers of Rees Double Worm Gear Drive Jacks for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Railway and Industrial Purposes

REES
DOUBLE WORM GEAR DRIVE
JACK

Trade Mark Registered U. S. Patent Office



Start It Going

To keep cool—to keep well—to keep smiling and full of vitality these hot summer days—

Start a Westinghouse Electric Fan going and keep it blowing.

Keep it blowing during the day while you're cooking, reading or entertaining.

Keep it blowing during the night when you need its refreshing breezes to bring sound, restful sleep.

Keep it blowing steadily week in and week out to protect your health, to add to your comfort and to inject new life and vigor into your work and your play.

A Westinghouse Electric Fan puts a breeze at your service wherever you want it and at a cost for current so small as to be hardly worth considering.

Westinghouse Electric Fans are capable and handsome. They're light and easy to handle. They're dependable and unusually quiet in operation.

You Can Buy One for $11

This moderately-priced and efficient fan is the Westinghouse Whirlwind, with eight-inch blades. At average current rates it will run from 3 to 6 hours for one cent.

Westinghouse

RESIDENCE AND COMMERCIAL FANS

Keep It Blowing

The motor, which is the vital part of any electrically-driven appliance, was designed by engineers who are masters in the production of electric motors.

Any Westinghouse Fan will serve for years untiringly and without attention, save oiling once a season.

Westinghouse Fans are made in various styles and sizes, in both oscillating and non-oscillating types. Because of their advantages, the oscillating type has become more and more popular year by year. Westinghouse Oscillating Fans are exceptionally compact and good-looking, as well as highly efficient.

You will find them on sale by electrical dealers, light and power companies, department and hardware stores. Look for the Westinghouse trademark on the guard of the fan you buy.

WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburg, Pa.

Ask for
Westinghouse Fans

You can buy them where you see the Westinghouse name and trademark in the dealer's window. Prices are necessarily slightly higher in the Far West, South and Canada.

Westinghouse

RESIDENCE AND COMMERCIAL FANS

Eight million men use the Durham-Duplex

Because—

THEY have found more honest-to-goodness comfort in it than in any other razor on earth. Year after year it has been making good by giving them cleaner, closer, cooler shaves. And sharp? O Boy! Sharp, sharper, sharpest.

Durham-Duplex blades are double-edged and *extra* long to give you the greatest shaving mileage. And detachable to give you a fresh edge at a moment's notice. Made from the finest oil-tempered, hollow-ground Swedish steel. No unpleasant smarting or tenderness after the shave. Buy them from your nearest dealer.

The standard set consists of the razor, safety guard and 3 two-edged blades. Packed in a durable, sanitary case of American ivory. One Dollar Complete. *Other sets $2 to $12.*

Additional Blades 50 Cents for a Package of 5

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
Jersey City, New Jersey
FACTORIES
JERSEY CITY, U. S. A. — SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND
PARIS, FRANCE — TORONTO, CANADA
Sales Representatives in all Countries

DURHAM-DUPLEX
A Real Razor-made Safe

(Continued from Page 165)

Gradually the idea of the unavoidable character of the feud between Slavdom and Germanism was beginning to gain ground in the popular mind, or rather, correctly speaking, in the minds of the Intelligentzia—the real people remaining entirely indifferent to similar ideas, which indeed were quite beyond their mental horizon. Meanwhile, however, militant nationalism had been adopted by the reaction, evidently as a device of popularization of the régime with the masses—another demonstration of the noncomprehension by the ruling classes of the real mentality of the people.

At first this extreme nationalism was directed against the Poles as a natural consequence of the suppressed insurrection, and, where efforts of Russification were proving unavailing, German penetration, curiously enough, was being favored as offering better guaranties of loyalty to the government. At the same time efforts at Russification were inaugurated and with more or less consistency pursued against the German element in the Baltic provinces, whose loyalty to the government had never been questioned and had rendered it rather unpopular in liberal circles on this very account.

The ground for the growth of anti-Germanism was therefore well prepared, inasmuch as it had been adopted, except in Poland, as a political weapon both by the bureaucracy and by the opposition. And when the *rapprochement* with republican France took place it was enthusiastically hailed by the Intelligentzia as a manifestation of anti-Germanism no less than as a promise of things to come, of which it had at last become permissible to dream in the expectation of their realization in the more or less remote future. Though the initiative had come beyond question from above, it was also hailed as a popular victory, as a *rapprochement* effected by two peoples above the heads of their rulers.

Across the frontier, to the development of anti-German feelings with us had corresponded a similar tendency of hostility to Russia, mainly confined, as in Russia, to certain circles of the Intelligentzia. In both countries, however, these feelings and their growing intensity were obviously not unwelcome to the military element, always preoccupied with the idea of possible armed conflicts. It would, however, be impossible to exaggerate the fatal importance which this latent Russo-German antagonism, upon reaching an acute stage, acquired in bringing about the actual outbreak of the war and thereby the world catastrophe; nor would it be just to attempt to minimize the monstrously heavy responsibility in this respect resting on the shoulders of the immediately guilty parties on both sides; I say emphatically on both sides, and not by any means on one side alone, as will be shown later on.

The *rapprochement* with France took place at first by an exchange of visits by the respective fleets to Kronstadt and Toulon, and was sealed by an exchange of ministerial declarations, in August, 1891, formulating the following two points:

"In order to define and consecrate the Entente Cordiale which unites them, and desirous of contributing by a common agreement to the maintenance of the peace which forms the object of their sincerest wishes, the two governments declare that they will concert upon every question of a nature to bring the general peace into question.

"For the case where this peace should be in fact endangered, especially if one of the two parties should be menaced by an aggression, the two parties agree to reach an understanding on the measures which the two governments would have immediately and simultaneously to adopt upon the occurrence of this eventuality."

These declarations were completed by the conclusion in the month of August, 1892, of a military convention signed by General Obroutcheff, chief of the Russian general staff, and General of Division de Boisdeffre, of the French general staff—the text of which, subsequently slightly amended in immaterial points, ran as follows:

1. "If France is attacked by Germany, or by Italy supported by Germany, Russia will employ all her available forces to fight Germany. If Russia is attacked by Germany, or by Austria supported by Germany, France will employ all her available forces to fight Germany.

2. "In the event of the forces of the Triple Alliance, or of one of the Powers composing it, being mobilized, France and Russia at the first news of the event and without any preliminary arrangement being necessary shall mobilize immediately and simultaneously the whole of their forces and move them as near as possible to their frontiers.

3. "The available forces to be employed against Germany shall be, on the side of France, 1,200,000 to 1,300,000; on the side of Russia, 700,000 or 800,000 men. These forces shall engage to the full, with all speed, in order that Germany may have to fight on the east and west at once.

4. "The general staffs of the armies of the two countries will confer at all times to prepare and facilitate the execution of the measures contemplated. They will communicate to each other during the time of peace all information relative to the armies of the Triple Alliance which is or will be known to them. Ways and means of corresponding in times of war will be studied and arranged in advance.

5. "France and Russia will not conclude peace separately.

6. "The present convention shall have the same duration as the Triple Alliance.

7. "All the clauses enumerated above shall be kept rigorously secret."

This military convention was approved and declared to be adopted by an exchange of notes between Mr. de Giers, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Russia, and Mr. de Montebello, Ambassador of France, in December, 1893.

Further, on July 28—August 9—1899, an exchange of notes between Count Mouravieff, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Russia, and Mr. Delcassé, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the French Republic, took place, establishing the following:

"The Imperial Government of Russia and the Government of the French Republic, always solicitous for the maintenance of the general peace and of equilibrium among European forces,

"Confirm the diplomatic arrangement formulated in the letter of August 9/21, 1891, of Mr. de Giers, that of August 15/27, 1891, to Baron Mohrenheim, and the letter in reply of Mr. Ribot, likewise bearing the date of August 15/27, 1891.

"They have decided that the project of military convention, which is the complement thereof and which is mentioned in the letter of Mr. de Giers of December 15/27, 1893, and that of Count Mouravieff of December 23—January 4—1894, will remain in force as long as the diplomatic agreement concluded for safeguarding the common and permanent interests of the two countries.

"The most absolute secrecy as to the tenor and even as to the existence of the said arrangements must be scrupulously observed on both sides."

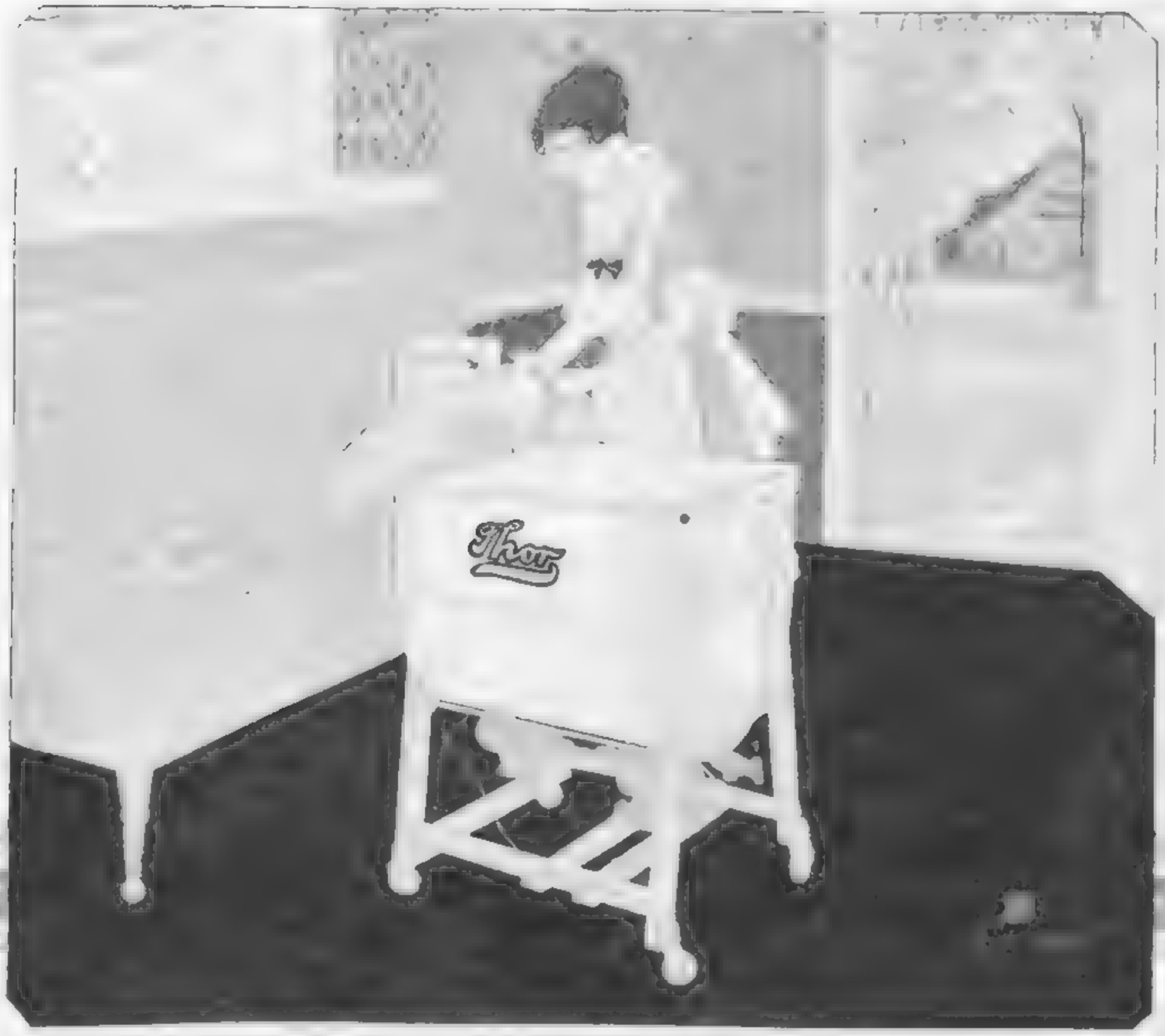
Beyond these secret papers published by the World's Peace Foundation, including two conventions concluded between the Russian and French naval departments concerning exchanges of information, I have not been able to discover any secret document embodying a formal treaty of alliance between Russia and France. I note, however, that Earl Loreburn, in his admirable book How the War Came, on Page 64, writes:

"Whatever the motive, in 1896 Russia contracted a Treaty of Alliance with France"; and then on Page 65 he states that, "this Franco-Russian Treaty of 1896 is one of the most important in all history." Maybe the author here meant to refer to the fact that it was, as far as I can remember, in the summer of 1896 that the Emperor Nicholas, on a visit to the French flagship at Kronstadt, pronounced for the first time the word "alliance" in an official toast to the French Republic, which may have been, so to speak, an official acknowledgment of an alliance already existing or supposed to exist on the basis of the above-quoted documents.

However that may be, in commenting on the significance of this treaty of alliance, Earl Loreburn makes a series of exceedingly pertinent remarks, the truth of which may not be questioned.

First, he writes on the same page, 65, of his book: "Thenceforth the feud between German and Slav was linked up with the feud between German and French." This circumstance was indeed the real crux of the whole situation and rendered the outbreak of an armed conflict between the three races, of whom two were definitely aligned against the third, merely a question of time and opportunity, unless prevented by a wise statesmanship, of which, however, the tradition seems to be lost in

(Concluded on Page 170)



Wringing Out One Tub of Clothes While Washing Another

Thor

Electric Washing Machine

THE Thor Electric Washing Machine does the family washing quickly, easily and at the lowest possible expense. It saves the hire of a washerwoman.

The clothes last longer because they are washed in a smooth cylinder which revolves and reverses, dropping each piece through the suds very gently until it is cleansed thoroughly.

Nearly 500,000 women now use this electric servant. Good electrical dealers everywhere sell the Thor with pride and confidence. They know that for 14 years Hurley has been building a washing machine which is the world's leader.

Call on any Thor dealer. If you wish, he will sell you a machine on easy terms. Or write any city listed below for catalog.

English Distributors: Charles E. Beck & Co., Ltd., 70 New Bond Street, London

Other products of the Hurley Machine Company are the Thor Electric Vacuum Cleaner and the Thor Electric Ironer

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY

Chicago *San Francisco* *New York* *Boston*
St. Louis *Los Angeles* *Kansas City* *Toronto*

The nomination will be made under a Carey Roof

IT is altogether fitting that the Chicago Coliseum where national history will be made is covered with a Carey Roof. Carey Roofings have figured in our national life since Grant was president.

They abound in every State in the Union and on every type of building. They are daily being nominated for the biggest jobs and the most important roofing services.

ROOFINGS

There are Carey Asfaltslate Shingles for residences, and roll roofings, and built up roofs for every conceivable roof surface. Building owners write for booklet S. Dealers write for booklet E.

Headquarters for the Building and Insulating products of

ASPHALT **ASBESTOS** MAGNESIA

A Roof for Every Building

THE PHILIP CAREY COMPANY

Mills Avenue **Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio**

DISTRIBUTORS

Atlanta	R. O. Campbell Coal Co.
Chicago	The Philip Carey Co.
Cincinnati	The Philip Carey Co.
Cincinnati	R. E. Kramer & Co.
Cleveland	The Philip Carey Co.
Dallas	Brown-Marx Building Co.
Denver	H. W. Lawson & Co.
Detroit	The Philip Carey Co.
Houston	The Kirby Lumber Co.
Houston	Peden Iron & Steel Co.
Houston	Pierce Fordyce Oil Association
Jacksonville	Cameron & Barkley Co.
Kansas City	The Philip Carey Co.
Knoxville	W. W. Woodruff Hardware Co.
Louisville	National Supply Co.
Little Rock	Fischer Cement & Roofing Co.
Los Angeles	Warren & Bailey Co.
Louisville	R. B. Tyler Co.
Memphis	Fischer Lime & Cement Co.
Minneapolis	W. S. Nott Co.
Minneapolis	Crowell & Burdick Co.
Montana	Wm. Rogers & Son Hdw. Co.
Nashville	The Lamont Supply Co.
New Haven	Standard Supply & Metal Co.
New York	Robert A. Keasbey Co.
New York Export	The Kenny Co.
New York	The Philip Carey Co.
Philadelphia	Atlantic Roofing Co.
Pittsburgh	The Philip Carey Co.
Portland, Oregon	Pacific Coast Asphalt Co.
Salt Lake City	The Philip Carey Co.
San Francisco	Crocker-Mortis Co.
Seattle	Pacific Coast Asphalt Co.
Spokane	Western Materials Co.
Syracuse	Savage, Smith & Co.
Toledo	New Lancaster Co.
Toledo	Savage, Smith & Co.
Tulsa	The Philip Carey Co.
Tulsa	The Philip Carey Co.
Vancouver	Fraser Brace Co., Ltd.
Washington	The Philip Carey Co.
Wheeling	The Philip Carey Co.

(Concluded from Page 168)

this age of demagogy, propaganda and hysteria. That such a conflict once opened would involve all the other great Powers was a matter of certainty owing to the existing chain of alliances, for, as Earl Loreburn remarks, "They were like Alpine climbers who are roped to one another. If one stumbles fatally, all must perish. . . . To walk alone on the edge of a precipice is dangerous. To be fastened to a comrade who may stumble is still more dangerous."

Earl Loreburn further writes, on Page 69: "From the Franco-Russian Treaty must be dated the rapid increase of armaments. . . . When Germany increased her expenditures on armaments Russia and France did the same, Italy and Austria did the same. A demand for weapons came from the Balkans. Turkey followed suit in a perfunctory way. Great Britain enormously increased her estimates. And if there were showed at any time a disposition in any quarter to diminish this ruinous outlay, there were always the great armament firms with their privately owned newspapers and their unlimited command of money to insist that not concurrent diminution but still further increase was necessary for the preservation of every country in turn.

"Armaments depend on policy. Is it not also sometimes true that policy depends upon armaments?"

In discussing in my above-mentioned memorandum the state of opinion in France regarding the Franco-Russian alliance I had stated that, so far as I could see, opinion was not so unanimous in its favor as was generally supposed, and in support of this contention I had quoted an article which had appeared in the Echo de Paris, one of the leading Parisian newspapers, over the signature of a very distinguished member of the Chamber of Deputies. The basic idea of this article was the following: The Franco-Russian Treaty, in principle and in intention, is directed against Germany; but Russia has not the same reasons as France for hostility to Germany; she is, moreover, united to Germany by traditions of friendship dating back more than a century, and by family ties of the reigning dynasties. The relation of Russia to the treaty, therefore, could not partake of the same character of intensity as that of France.

Having quoted this opinion of the author of the article in question, I recorded my impression that his evident consciousness of the one-sided and hollow unreality of the alliance was shared by many earnest and thinking patriots in France, and that this consciousness was not absent even in the first days of the enthusiasm provoked by the festivities at Kronstadt and at Toulon where the word "peace" was on all lips, but in all hearts was aflame the patriotic hope of the possibility of revenge. The author of the article, however, tries to persuade himself that Russia, after all, is bound to entertain feelings of racial antagonism toward Germany, and that her closer approach to Germany would be impossible, because such a treason to Slavism would provoke in all the Slavic world a shout of indignation from the Adriatic to the Gulf of Finland.

As a counterfoil to this opinion I would quote another, sometime in the summer of 1913 expressed to me by a very distinguished Frenchman, a retired diplomat and patriot but a believer in peace, in the following words: "I have never been able to comprehend why it was that Russia's statesmen had not been able to come to a friendly understanding with Germany, the desirability of which was so plainly indicated by the situation." To this I could only reply that it may have been for the reason that Russia found herself in the same quandary as Ireland, where, it is said, there are no snakes.

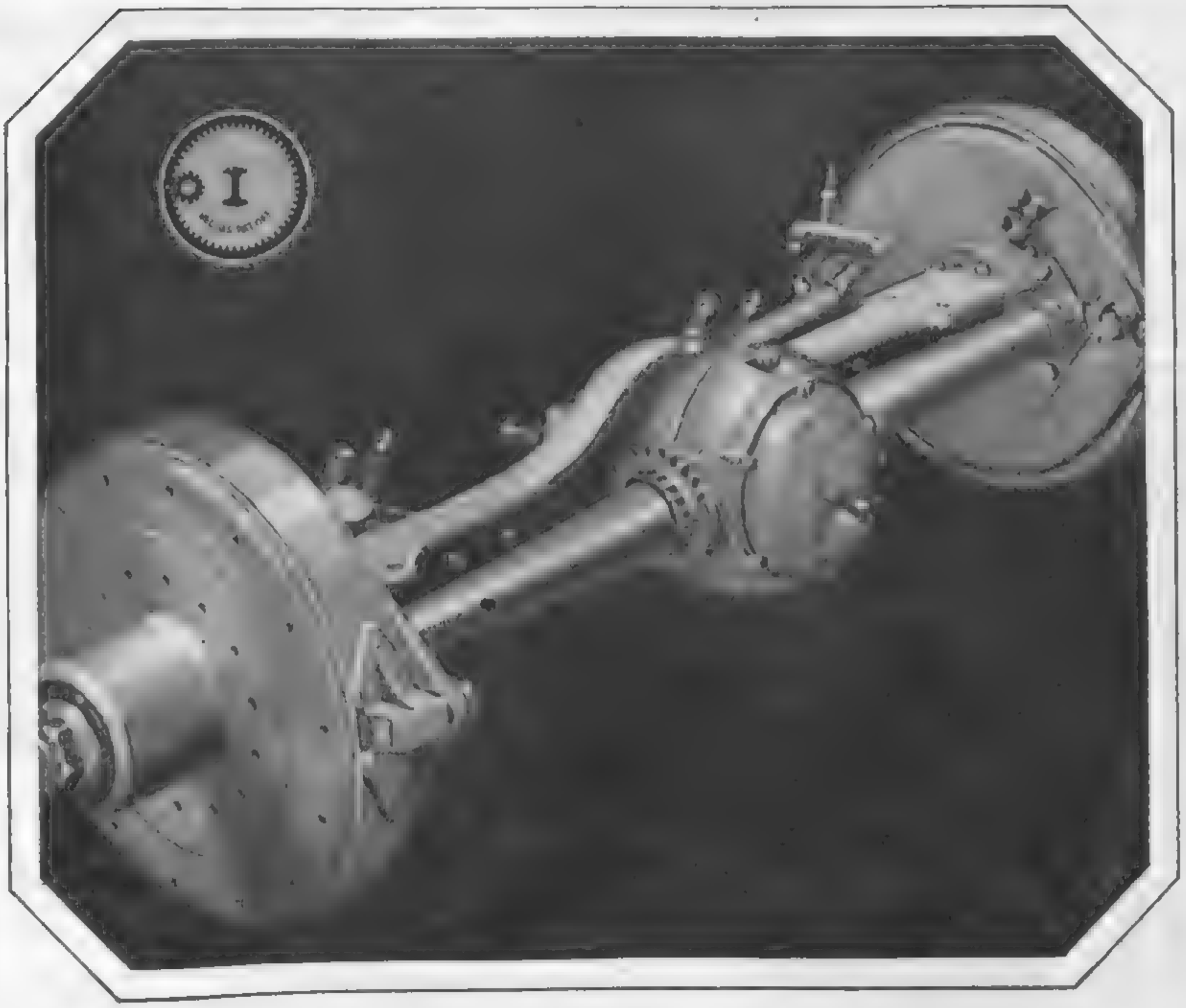
I have often been asking myself how it could have come about that the Emperor Alexander III, who had had the wisdom to cut loose from the alliance of the three emperors, who had viewed with hardly concealed satisfaction the refusal of Germany to renew Bismarck's famous treaty of reassurance, and who had as adviser as prudent a statesman as Mr. de Giers, could have consented to enter into another entangling, and for the matter of that, far more dangerously entangling alliance.

The text of the secret dispatch of Mr. de Giers addressed to our Ambassador at Paris on August 9/21, 1891, formulating the two points of an Entente Cordiale with France, to which I have referred above, may perhaps solve this enigma. This is its opening sentence: "The situation created in Europe by the open renewal of the Triple Alliance and the more or less probable adhesion by Great Britain to the objects which that alliance pursues, caused during the recent stay here of M. Laboulage, between the former Ambassador of France and myself, an exchange of ideas tending to define the attitude which in present junctures and in the presence of certain eventualities might seem best to our respective governments, which, henceforth in complete league, are none the less sincerely desirous of surrounding the maintenance of peace with the most efficacious guaranties."

The apprehension of Great Britain's possible adhesion to the Triple Alliance and the objects it pursued would seem rather astonishing in the light of recent events. But one should not forget that in those days England was the bugbear of continental diplomacy and was considered our archenemy. I mention this merely as a "curiosum" which I discovered in examining these recently published secret documents. I wonder whether the Emperor Alexander in his conscious strength realized that by entering into this entente or alliance, albeit secret, and in tying his hands he was seriously weakening the splendid position his isolation had given him as the arbiter of the peace of the world, and was leaving to his son and successor the heritage of a policy which his weaker hands might not be able to direct.

If any of my readers should wish to go deeper into the question of the origin of the World War I could only recommend to him the perusal of Earl Loreburn's remarkable book How the War Came. It is the masterly summing up of a great judge whose lofty sense of impartiality and right is dealing even justice to all parties concerned. It will destroy many illusions created and fostered by the war propaganda on both sides.

Editor's Note—This is the twentieth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.



The extraordinary performance ability, and the lower operating expense of Torbensen-equipped trucks, explain the growing preference for Torbensen Axles among truck users and truck builders.

TORBENSEN AXLES

LINCOLN ARC WELDER

The Men Who Made Arc Welding Can Make It Pay For You

YESTERDAY a curious experiment! Today a vital process in America's industrial life! That is the brief, dramatic history of arc welding.

Who wrought this transformation?

Lincoln Engineers did it. They found the means to use the electric arc without an impossible waste of current. They converted skeptical engineers and scientists to approval of the new process. It was they who found the practical way to apply it in foundry, forge plant, railroad shop and shipyard.

Electric arc welding—thanks to their efforts—reaches down into the very foundation of every industry using iron and steel. It joins and fabricates in less time, with less labor. It repairs breakage and wear of equipment with great saving of production time. It saves from the scrap heap millions of dollars in slightly defective work. Yet, ten years ago the process was almost unknown.

Lincoln Engineers—the same men who pioneered the electric arc welding process—are at your service when you want to investigate it today.

If you can use arc welding they will tell you. They can show you how to do it in the best way. They can equip you to do it at the lowest possible production cost. This is *guaranteed.*

Lincoln Engineers made arc welding—and they can make it pay for you.

For executives who request it on their firms' letterhead we have a 72 page illustrated book, with hundreds of views of this wonderful process.

Branch Offices
New York City
Buffalo
Syracuse
Baltimore
Pittsburgh
Cincinnati
Chicago

The Lincoln Electric Company
General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, O.

The Lincoln Electric Co., of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal

Branch Offices
Detroit
Columbus
Philadelphia
Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
Minneapolis
Hartford, Conn.

THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

(Continued from Page 9)

unmarried men. Once in a moment of abstraction the marquis happened to spill the salt, and Schuyler noticed with a smile how the old boy slyly sprinkled a little over his shoulder to keep the curse away. Possibly because his mind was free from pressing problems and the approaching volleys of firing squads, Schuyler chatted away cheerfully enough to Lady Diane and watched her with an admiration which seemed to make her quieter than ever.

"You met my daughter in France, I believe?" said the marquis when dinner was over.

"Yes, sir. She had charge of a hospital near the town where we were quartered."

"And—er—I understood you to say a few minutes ago that you had now joined the diplomatic service of your country?"

"Yes, sir—attached to the ambassador's staff in London, and enjoying a fortnight's leave." He gave Diane a smile as though to say: "It took some doing, but I did it—and I did it all for you."

But as for Lady Diane, she made no sign, but sat there—New Year's moonlight upon a restful sea—beautiful, quiet and sad.

"Something on your mind?" Schuyler managed to whisper.

Almost imperceptibly she nodded.

"I think I'll take a few turns on the terrace," she said after a few moments' thought.

Schuyler rose. Together they approached the French windows, which stood open like portals of fate; and together they stepped out over the threshold and into the rose-scented night.

V

THEY went the length of the terrace without speaking, Schuyler possibly hearing the prelude of that immortal music which makes the tongue feel awkward and turns the bold man shy. At last they came to a marble balustrade and stood for nearly a minute looking at the flowers below and the distant stars above. It was there at last that Schuyler spoke.

"I'm awfully sorry, dear, that something's troubling you," he said.

She turned to him, her face troubled, almost tremulous in the moonlight.

"Please don't, Bob," she said.

"Don't what?"

"Please don't call me dear."

"Look here," he said in sudden alarm, "you aren't going to turn me down for that little artillery captain—Sir Toddy What's-His-Name—are you?"

"No," she said. "I'm not going to turn you down for Toddy; and I'm not going to turn Toddy down for you. I'm not going to marry anybody ever—and—and repopulate these islands—and be laughed at all my life!"

Her tears, which for the last few minutes had been near the surface, now openly showed themselves; but even in her grief she stepped away from the young man by her side, and wouldn't allow herself to be comforted.

"What puzzles me is this business of being laughed at all your life," he said. "Who's going to laugh at you?"

"Everybody!"

"Why?"

"Because of that horrible letter in the paper."

He hadn't seen it, so she went and fetched it, and he read it by the light which streamed through one of the windows.

"I don't see why this should bother you," he protested when he had finished it.

"Oh, yes, you do! If you didn't I wouldn't like you."

"It is pretty rocky," he admitted, reading it again.

"And that isn't the worst of it. He's nearly sixty, and he's going to marry again at his age—to one of the awfulest women in London! The Honorable Mrs. Ansley—you'll hear about her soon enough!"

It was probably instinct which told Schuyler that for the time being Lady Diane was utterly disenchanted with love and all the gentle wealth of circumstance which the word implies from the ballads that are hummed in the moonlight to those deep silences in which the stars are sometimes heard to join the music of the spheres.

"I know the way you feel," he said. "We've got to break off your father's engagement—that's all!"

"Oh, if you only knew dad!" she sighed with an air of utter helplessness. "When he sets his mind on a thing I really believe that he's the most obstinate man in England."

With a heavy feeling at her heart she suddenly remembered that this obstinate man had also set his mind upon her own prompt marriage, and as though to confirm her judgment in the marquis' character the majestic form of Wotley was seen approaching.

"His Lordship's compliments, My Lady," said he, "and Sir Todman Mallaby has just arrived."

VI

AFTER the others had gone upstairs that night Schuyler and Sir Todman sat in the library reviewing past campaigns, while Wotley brought a small wheeled wagon with a deckload on it, attended to the windows, drew the blinds and—between whiles—effaced himself with a skill that had something uncanny about it.

"That's a rum go—your entering the American diplomatic service," said Sir Todman. "My regiment's gone to India, but I'm on leave, like you, you know; and just the other day I put in an application to the Foreign Office here. Thought I'd try diplomacy myself. Sick of the army, you know—Basutoland to-day and Afghanistan to-morrow. By Jove, I've knocked round enough! Time to get married now and settle down."

He was rather short and alert, with a mobile expression that promised to resemble Punch's as the years rolled on. And he had such a way of putting himself into whatever he was saying that, whereas a blind man might have thought that he was only speaking, a deaf man could have followed the conversation sufficiently well by watching the changes in Sir Todman's facial pantomime. He and Schuyler had met a number of times in France—at the hospital of which Lady Diane had charge—and though they knew very well that they were rivals, they liked each other in a watchful way, and more than once they had wetted their whistles to that good old sporting toast, "May the best man win!"

"Did you see the marquis' letter in the paper?" asked Schuyler.

Sir Todman made a wry grimace and nodded his head.

"Every silly ass I met to-day was heehawing about it—knowing my interest up here, you know," said he.

"Perhaps you can imagine how Diane feels about it."

"Rather!"

"And on top of that the old boy has got himself engaged—to a Mrs. Ansley, I believe her name is."

"Not the Honorable Mrs. Ansley!" pleaded Toddy.

"That's the lady! Do you know her?"

"Know her?" groaned Toddy. "Who doesn't?"

"Perhaps you can imagine how Diane feels about that too."

"A pickle! A pickle! I never heard of such a precious pickle!"

Up to the point Schuyler had been simply mournful, but now all at once he grew earnest.

"You're right, it's a pickle!" said he. "And somehow or other we've got to get Diane out of it. I'll tell you frankly that neither of us has the ghost of a chance with these things hanging over."

"Naturally not! The dear girl must be horribly mortified. Who wouldn't be?"

"In fact I told her to-night that I would do my best to break off the engagement, but it has only just struck me that this is a thing which must be tackled from both ends. From the impression which I have received from Mrs. Ansley, for instance, I hardly think it would be sufficient merely to get the marquis to withdraw."

"Not likely! She'd have him up for breach as quick as a wink!"

"So this is what I'm going to propose," said Schuyler—"that you and I shall join forces to save Diane from a perfectly unnecessary mother-in-law; one of us to work on the marquis here and the other to tackle Mrs. Ansley."

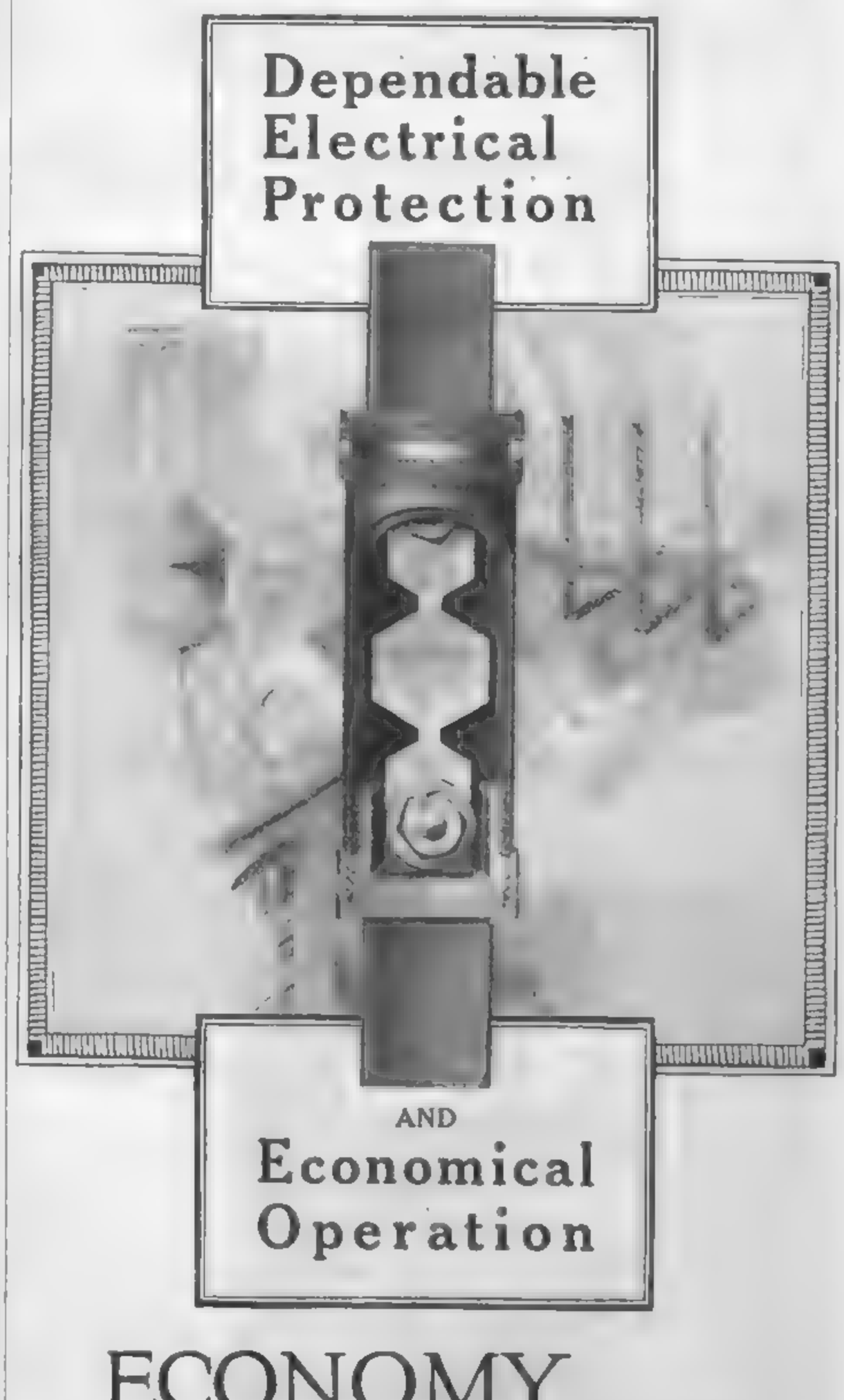
For the next few moments Toddy looked like a diver who was fighting for air.

"Fat chance!" he managed to say at last.

"Damn it all, Toddy," Schuyler broke out, "we've got to take that chance! And besides, it will give us an opportunity to

The Connecting Link Between

Dependable Electrical Protection



AND

Economical Operation

ECONOMY renewable FUSES

Constant inspection at the plant and by the Underwriters' Laboratories insure accurate rating in all Economy Fuses—they afford dependable protection in the circuits of all industries using electrical energy.

Economy "Drop Out" Renewal Links cut annual fuse maintenance costs 80% as compared with the use of "one-time" fuses. Nothing is discarded in a blown Economy Fuse but the inexpensive "Drop Out" Renewal Link.

The fibre cartridge, heavy end caps and the winged washers which lock the fuse and make renewal the work of a few moments only, are virtually indestructible. They are used over and over again.

Be Sure to Specify Economy Fuses

For Sale by All Leading Electrical Jobbers and Dealers

Economy Fuse & Mfg. Company
Chicago - - - - - - U.S.A.

Economy "Drop Out" Renewal Links restore a blown fuse to its original efficiency to be Approved In All Capacities by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Make Shaving Easier

Soften the Beard—Then Lather

Shavaid does instantly what you have tried to accomplish with hot towels and rubbing in of lather. It is a scientific beard softener.

Do not confound Shavaid with lather. Shavaid is applied first—then your favorite lather.

Shavaid, while thoroughly softening the beard, leaves the skin normal. Even after a close shave your face feels cool and comfortable. The old drawn, smarting feeling is gone.

Shavaid comes in a sanitary collapsible tube. Simply squeeze a little out on your fingers and spread it over the dry beard. Then lather your face with soap and brush, as usual. Do not rub the lather in. Just put it on and then shave at once.

Note the cooling, soothing effect of Shavaid. The lather stays moist and creamy on the face. You will be surprised to find how smoothly and easily the blade cuts. Your beard comes off with new ease.

And after shaving with Shavaid, you need no lotion. Shavaid is itself a soothing, healing emollient. Its daily use will keep your skin clear and firm in tone.

B&B

Shavaid

In 50-Cent Tubes—Buy From Your Druggist

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

The DOT Line of Fasteners

"Lift-the-Dot" Fasteners are built for strength, beauty, and safety. When snapped together they lock securely on three sides—never will pull loose accidentally—but open easily and quickly when they are lifted on the side with the dot.

This fastener is proving its worth on luggage, sporting goods, and other articles of canvas and leather just as it has on automobile curtains and tops. The "Lift-the-Dot" Fastener is but one of "The Dot Line" of Fasteners which includes a Fastener for every need. Write for catalog.

CARR FASTENER COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

LIFT the DOT Fasteners

exercise our diplomacy, the old-world methods against the new. I'll put it to you in the form of a challenge if you like. You tackle one end of the problem and I'll tackle the other."

"But, my dear boy, if you only knew the marquis as well as I do! And such a delicate subject too!"

"That's what diplomacy's for, isn't it—to handle delicate subjects?" asked Schuyler.

Sir Todman gazed at his rival with a quizzical look. After all, diplomacy was the old-world game, and if this young American wished to rush in where angels might well fear to tread ——

"You're still game then to give it a try?" he asked.

"Game is my middle name," Schuyler gravely assured him.

"Each of us to pursue his own methods in his own way?"

"That's it exactly!"

They shook hands, while from the shadows of the next room Wotley watched them with mingled hope and despair.

"Just one thing more," said Schuyler. "We must decide which of us is to stay here and tackle His Lordship, and which of us goes to London to see what he can do with Mrs. Ansley."

"Let's toss a penny," said Toddy, "and heaven help the poor blighter who has to tackle the marquis!" thought he.

The penny spun in the air.

"Heads!" cried Schuyler.

With a deft movement of the wrist Sir Todman introduced his monocle to his eye, but the moment he had glanced at the penny he let the lens fall by the simple expedient of raising his brow and leaving the eyeglass friendless.

"Heads it is," sighed he. "You win!"

"Then I'll stay here and tackle the marquis," said Schuyler.

With a large effort Sir Todman concealed his satisfaction.

"My dear, dear aunt! And he calls himself a diplomat!" thought he.

VII

SCHUYLER didn't sleep very well that night. "'A delicate subject!'" he mused. "Toddy's right! I guess it's the darnedest, delicatest subject that was ever introduced to society. Here's an old gentleman who has a reputation for being mulish—old enough to be my father—and a marquis to boot. I've only known him a few hours—he's the father of the girl I want to marry—and now I've got to go up to this old boy and get him to break his engagement to a woman whom I've never even seen!

"Now what do you think of that, Schuy? What do you think of that for a delicate subject—eh, boy?"

But though he groaned and tossed round in his bed as though an invisible wrestler had hold of him and was trying to pin both his shoulders down among the feathers, Schuyler had a vague feeling that every now and then he almost obtained a strangle hold upon his problem—only to have it slip away again as strong as ever.

"I'll get you yet, kid!" he muttered.

But when he woke in the morning he found the problem still perched upon the head of the bed, sized like the ostrich and plumaged like the crow. In fact he had almost reached the stage where a man starts knocking on his forehead with his knuckles—preliminary perhaps to the more dreadful operation of knocking the aforesaid forehead against the nearest wall—when a rap sounded on the door and the cheerful jingle of china and silver was heard from the hall outside.

"Come in!" cried Schuyler.

It was Wotley, as majestic, as irreproachable as ever.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said he, "but I took the liberty of thinking that you would like your breakfast in your room. I might not have thought of it," he hastily added, as though he guessed the young man's thought, "only I saw the maid taking up Lady Diane's."

"All right; bring it in," said Schuyler.

Newker, who had been waiting in the hall, now appeared, slightly staggering under the weight of a small table and breakfast service. He placed it near the window and disappeared with the subtle air of a player in a comedy who having no speaking part of his own knows very well what the others are about to say. Wotley poured the coffee.

"Sugar, sir?"

"Two."

"Thank you, sir."

He dropped them in as carefully as though the operation were the crowning act of empire.

"Sir Todman—I understand, sir—leaves upon the noon train," said he.

At first Schuyler thought that this was servants' gossip, but happening to look at Wotley he caught a vague sense of something deeper than talk behind the butler's remark, and again it might almost be said that the latter seemed to guess the young man's thoughts.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said he, "but I happened to hear your conversation in the library with Sir Todman last night, and I wondered whether I could possibly be of some assistance to you."

"Assistance to me?"

"Yes, sir—in breaking off the marquis' engagement."

"Sounds kind but queer," said Schuyler, considering. "And I don't like to think that you were listening. You've been here a long time probably?"

"All my life, sir."

"And now you would help me, whom you never saw till yesterday, against the marquis, whom you have served all your life?"

"Yes, sir; in this one case only and under the special circumstances as they exist, I would try to render you all the assistance possible."

"Why?"

Wotley told him first about the marquis' ultimatum of the day before.

"That's one reason, sir," he concluded.

"Oh-ho," said Schuyler, staring in round-eyed appreciation; "this grows richer every minute! You say that's one reason?"

"Yes, sir. And Lady Diane—she's another. I was here at the Towers long before she was born. And Mrs. Ansley—she's another; to think that she should ever come here to take the place of the late marchioness, one of the finest ladies that ever lived, sir, and fit to be the queen of any realm."

He lightly touched the scars upon his forehead.

"If you'd like another reason I'll tell you how I got these marks," said he. "It was before the marchioness was married, one day when the hunt met here. Her horse ran away and I happened to stop it, though not until it had got me under its feet. I was unconscious for nearly a week; and though she was a highborn lady and I was nothing but an overgrown page at the time, the first thing I remember was her cool fingers on my forehead and her sweet voice, sir, trying to pull me back to consciousness."

With a flash of understanding Schuyler knew that he had struck a deeper note than any he had expected.

"All right, Wotley," he said, reaching for the salt. "From this time forward you and I are old comrades in arms. How does that suit you?"

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Wotley, "I think you'll find the herrings sufficiently salt."

Salt! The word stirred a memory in Schuyler's mind. Then suddenly he saw before him a picture of the marquis at the dinner table the night before accidentally spilling the salt and slyly sprinkling a little over his shoulder to keep the curse away.

"Wotley!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir?"

"Is the marquis superstitious?"

"Yes, sir. I think it runs in the family ever since the days of the Tall Ghost."

"The days of the what?"

"The Tall Ghost, sir."

Schuyler pushed his breakfast away and lit a cigarette instead.

"You may fire when you are ready, Wotley," he said. "I think we're on the track at last."

VIII

THAT noon at Manville Towers the pièce de résistance for luncheon was a certain savory dish which contributed largely to the fame, if not to the fortune, of Mr. Charles Lamb—to wit, roast pig. It was a beautiful little porker, about as large as a nice-aized goose; and as it lay upon its platter on the warming shelf, crisp and crackling as to skin, tender and toothsome as to flesh, exuding an aroma of sweet herbs and scented gravy, the servants round the kitchen went about their tasks with yearning eyes and hopeful "Little Marys" and mouths that were inclined to drool a little at the corners unless they were kept under constant supervision and control.

Upon this scene came Wotley to make sure that all was ready—Wotley, who in

(Continued on Page 177)

GARFORD

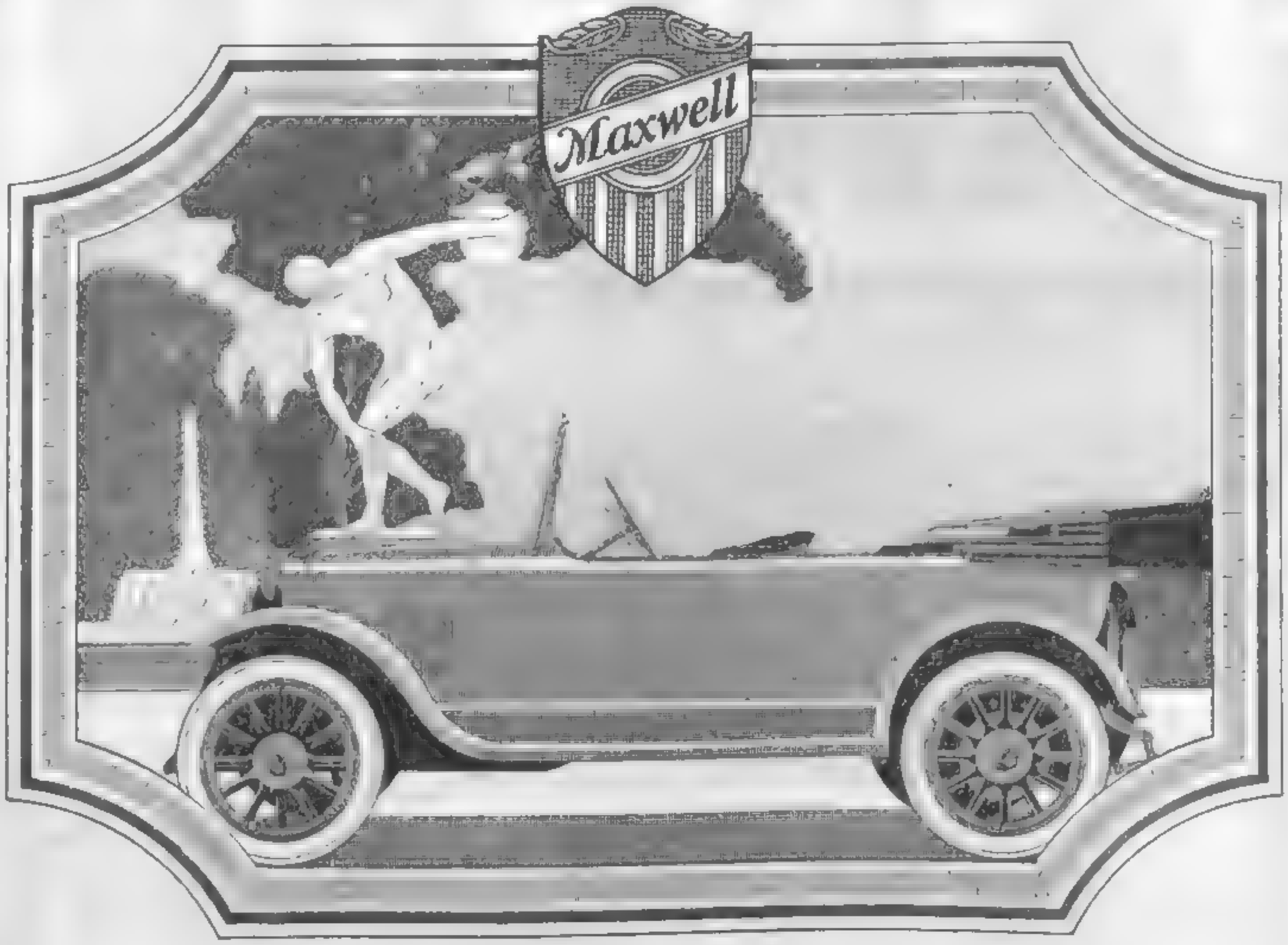
The Garford Definite System of Service to individual truck owners has been fundamental in the accomplishment of Garford *Low Cost Ton-Mile.*

Garford

Lima, Ohio

Periodically during each year Garford expert service men go from our factory to every Garford owner. They thoroughly inspect each truck, ride with the driver on the job, and make minor adjustments. Written reports of these inspections are sent to factory for analysis, and recommendations are made direct to owners by our Maintenance Department.

TRUCKS



Special Steels Eliminate Useless Weight in a

MAXWELL

The reason the Maxwell engine is so responsive and yet thrifty, the reason the tires roll into big mileage is due largely to one fact: A Maxwell is burdened with no useless weight.

Special steels make this so. They are made to Maxwell's own formulae. No other steels in any car are just like them.

These special steels are of great strength and make possible the ideal Maxwell construction of brute strength with light weight.

Obviously, they are high priced metals. *They equal, pound for pound, the steels in any car built.*

The wisdom of their use in the Maxwell becomes evident when one observes the rapid growth in public favor of this remarkable car.

Consider that nearly 400,000 of them are now in use; that 100,000 more will be added to this total in 1920.

MAXWELL MOTOR CO., INC., DETROIT
MAXWELL MOTOR CO. *of* CANADA, LTD.
WINDSOR, ONTARIO
MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION
Export Division, 1808 Broadway, New York

(Continued from Page 174)

reality was preparing a feast to which the Fates might well have been invited. He came as impressive as ever to the eye, but nervous enough within; and as he looked at the pig upon the platter it was the new cook's misfortune to smile at him—as here and there perhaps a woman might be found to smile at a man who, she knows, will lose both pension and legacy unless he is married within the next few months.

It may have been the butler's nervousness or it may have been his determination as previously expressed to Newker that he proposed to keep all upstarts in their places; or it may indeed have been that in her smile Wotley instinctively recognized that arch influence against the dignity and happiness of mankind which first appeared in the Garden of Eden while Adam was in the midst of a deep sleep. Whatever the cause, Wotley looked at the porker, and he looked at the cook, and there was something in his look which made the kitchen go quiet as a hush will sometimes fall upon the world just before a great storm.

"What do you call this?" he asked.

"Why, that's roast pig, to be sure, Mr. Wotley," said the cook, nervously trying to continue her smile but finding it hard work.

"Roast pig? A strange-looking hobject for roast pig! Where's his ears?"

"Why, Mr. Wotley! 'Is ears are on 'is 'ead, sir!"

"His ears are on his head!" Mutely Wotley called high heaven to witness. "You mean to tell me, Larkins, that you have lived all these years and no one has ever told you that in a gentleman's house roast pig's ears should be cut off and placed one on each side of the dish as a garnishment? His ears are on his head!"

He made a terrible gesture, like King Lear exclaiming "My God! That I should have lived to see this day!" and after grandly performing the necessary operation himself he grandly went upstairs to announce that luncheon was ready.

At Manville Towers luncheon differed from dinner only in the general absence of soup and fish and in the mode of serving. With the exception of the item above mentioned the table was already laid; with potatoes, peas, cold lamb, sliced tongue, pigeon pie, lemon cake, apple tart and sundries; with the cruet stand inexorably placed in the center and the silver sugar dredge by its side. Wotley gave one final glance and took his station by the dining-room door, like a dignified old field marshal about to review his troops.

The marquis was the first to pass him; then a superannuated aunt who had been tamed by his lordship before he was fairly out of short trousers; then Lady Diane; and finally Schuyler, with whom the butler exchanged a significant look. Wotley brought up the rear and helped Newker arrange the chairs. This done, he carried the roast pig to the table, removed the cover and handed the latter to Newker. Whereupon Newker took up the burden of waiting, while Wotley went to his position behind the marquis' chair, there to stay till all were served, when he and Newker would retire.

"Ah, roast pig! Very good!" said the marquis, and pleasurably unfolded his napkin.

Newker moved the cruet stand to make more room for the platter, and by doing so he bared the center of the tablecloth and disclosed a large, deep crease in the form of a diamond. The marquis' eyes were on it in a moment.

"Look here! Look here!" he exclaimed, his voice dropping to an earnest—almost to a solemn—note. "Diamond in the center of the cloth! Surest possible sign of a death in the family!"

He carved the roast pig, evidently busy with his thoughts, and when he finally started on his own plateful another disconcerting thing happened. He was helping himself to salt when the whole top of his shaker came off and the salt flew out, over his plate, over the cloth, over his knees and over the floor.

The Marquis of Manville didn't eat much lunch, and when at last he retired to his study he had the look of a thoughtful old Roman who would fain consult the oracle and have the future told to him by mice or magic, Vulcan's flash or the flight of homing birds.

IX

THAT afternoon Lady Diane took Schuyler out among the roses. "I'm going to tie up the vines," she said, "and I need someone to hold the string."

"If it would only make you smile," he told her, "I would hold a bale of barbed wire."

She did smile at that, and in her eyes Schuyler thought he saw those depths of tenderness for which he had vainly looked the day before.

"I had a talk with Toddy before he went," she said, "and somehow I feel more hopeful. But tell me—how do you think you are going to manage dad? Was it you who arranged the shaker so that the top came off?"

"Ah, that's it!" said he.

"What is?"

"That is!"

She gave him a look then that wasn't quite so tender.

"Seriously speaking," he quickly added, "would you really like to help me?"

"It depends," she mumbled, very busy indeed tying up a vine, a piece of string in her mouth.

"I don't want much—only to know if you can tell me the history of the Tall Ghost of Manville Towers."

She cast him another sort of look then—one of those looks which woman has cast at man since time immemorial. There is no other glance in the world quite like it. You can always tell when you get it, and you can always make up your mind that it hasn't left much unguessed.

It seems that the Tall Ghost had only appeared three times.

"The first Marquis of Manville who saw him," said Diane, still busy with her roses, "was a wonderful gambler. At least that's what they say, you know. They say he was going up to London the next morning and the ghost was sent to warn him. And still according to the story, the marquis went to London, lost more than a hundred thousand pounds and was never seen again."

"Do you know, I can believe all that but the ghost."

Diane started on another vine.

"The next time the Tall Ghost appeared, they say, was nearly a hundred years later. The marquis was going to join a party of friends on their sailing yacht. The day before he was to sail the ghost came to warn him, and he didn't go. And on that very voyage the yacht was lost and not a soul was saved."

"Do you believe it—about the ghost coming to warn him, I mean?"

"I can only tell you the stories that have been told to me," she answered, half smiling, half serious, and evidently just a little bit proud of the family apparition. "The last time the Tall Ghost appeared was to warn my great-grandfather. He was about to marry a very poor but a very beautiful girl who was much younger than himself, and he paid no attention to the ghost when it came and walked beneath his windows on the night before the wedding. Two years later the marchioness ran off with an old lover—took the jewels and everything else that she could lay her hands on—and the poor marquis hardly lived a month after it—he loved her so. He died of a broken heart, they say."

"One thing sure," said Schuyler thoughtfully, "I can begin to see how a family ghost might be a handy thing to have round the house."

"There!" said Diane, tying her last vine. "That's done! I'm going down to the village now in the little car to mail some letters." That was all she said aloud, but her eyes mutely added, "Want to come?"

"You bet I do!" said he.

Manville Towers is situated on a large flat-topped hill, the slopes of which are covered with woods; and leading down to the village is a rather steep, winding road in the condition which racing experts generally classify as "track fast."

"Of course if we meet anything just round one of these curves," said Diane as they flew down the hill, "it will make it terribly exciting. But I'd rather go fast and take a chance; wouldn't you?"

"That's the old marquis who was a gambler," thought Schuyler, and holding on as best he could he looked at the bright color which had mantled to her cheeks, the wide-open sparkle of her eye, the softening tendrils of hair which blew and rippled round her neck and temples. "Some girl! Some queen!" thought he.

After she had mailed her letters they went on past the village mile after mile until at last they came to the sea. She ran the car to the top of a hill which overlooked the channel, and jumping out she let the clean wind blow round her and breathlessly counted the ships in the view.

Chock Talks

I made Touraine Bars to *eat*—

I knew they would sell.

You proved it and did it quick.

And you proved that you have a perfect right to know how many almonds and what kind of chocolate you should get for your money.

HARRY B. DUANE, *President*

New York Boston Chicago Philadelphia Cleveland

NUNN BUSH

"Faithful to the Last"

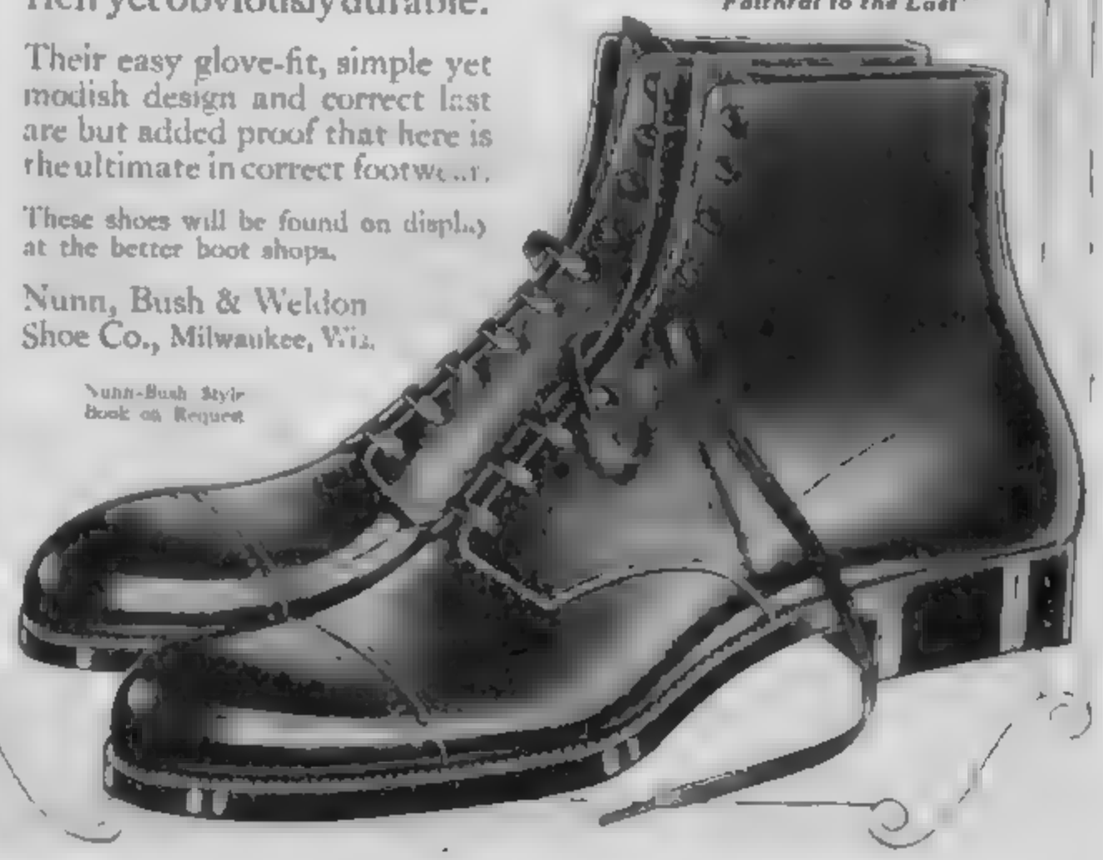
EVERY line of these shoes bespeaks the master boot maker. They are at once graceful and rich yet obviously durable.

Their easy glove-fit, simple yet modish design and correct last are but added proof that here is the ultimate in correct footwear.

These shoes will be found on display at the better boot shops.

Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Nunn-Bush Style Book on Request



Today, his work speeds forward and there is contentment in his face. For early this morning this very busy man sent out for a—

DIXON'S ELDORADO

"the master drawing pencil"

PENCILWISE ADVICE

Select DIXON'S ELDORADO the next time you buy pencils. Meantime write for pencil book "Pencilwise" and learn how you can choose *exactly* the right lead for your particular work.

Made in 17 Leads — one for every need or preference

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY

PENCIL DEPT. 8-J JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Canadian Distributors: A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto

NEW DEPARTURE

Ball Bearings

For everything that revolves

THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO. BRISTOL, CONN.

"That's the old marquis who loved the sea," thought Schuyler, letting his fancy run again.

And just then Diane half turned and smiled at him with that tenderness which had been growing upon her since first they started out to tie the roses.

"And that's the old marquis who married for love," thought Schuyler.

And thinking it over later that was the one he liked the best of all.

*

IT WAS Wotley who mentioned the black cat, but it was certainly Schuyler who made the most of it. "Begging your pardon, sir," said Wotley, "but down in the kitchen Hernest has a large black kitten, nearly full grown and as tame as ever I saw one."

He coughed behind his hand and looked like a majestic old conspirator about to suggest a very clever thing. "How would it be if we smuggled it under His Lordship's bed," he whispered, "and counted on it 'owling in the night?"

Schuyler was standing at the library window watching the marquis, who was evidently out for a walk.

"Off to mail his daily letter to the Honorable Mrs. Ansley," whispered Wotley again, looking over Schuyler's shoulder.

"And he doesn't like black cats?"

"He is extra superstitious about them, sir. I have known him to start for London on business of considerable importance and come back in less than ten minutes' time because the carriage had happened to meet a black cat in the road."

"Wotley," said Schuyler, both hands earnestly placed upon the butler's shoulders, "your speech is more precious than gold—yea, than much fine gold. If you can find me a few strong plants of catnip that can be transplanted with a little care something tells me that the Marquis of Manville is going to meet a black cat tomorrow when he fareth forth to mail his daily billet-doux."

Whatever it was that told Schuyler, it seemed to have inside information. The next day when the marquis started swinging off for the post office he got as far as the path that led through the woods, and there he stopped. Just ahead of him a black cat was rolling in the middle of the walk. It was a very black cat, with large green eyes—two items that were disconcerting enough in themselves. But the thing that made the marquis' waistcoat flutter more than anything else was the animal's total unconcern at his presence.

"Like a warning!" he muttered, and his thoughts returning to the diamond in the cloth and the salt that he had spilled, he made a detour round the rolling cat and slowly continued his walk to the village.

That was on a Wednesday. On Thursday the cat was in his path again, more than half a mile from where he had seen it the day before; and on Friday he came across it for the third time, almost at the edge of the village. Upon this last appearance the cat faced him and made incoherent motions with its front feet.

The marquis hurriedly returned to the Towers, and in the evening when Wotley went to the study to make sure that all was right he saw the ash of a bulky letter in an otherwise empty grate.

XI

THAT night it was the marquis' turn not to sleep very well. No matter how free from superstition a man may be, when he is waylaid three days in succession by a black cat it is enough to start him thinking of the supernatural; and you must remember that the marquis wasn't exactly free from superstition to begin with.

"Funny! Funny!" he kept thinking. "Black! Black! Not a white hair on him—not a whisker! Oh, there's something hanging over—can't be otherwise with so many warnings! I—I wonder if it's because of my getting married again? I surely had a letter for Dorothea in my pocket every time I saw the cat!"

With a feeling that wasn't far from fear his thoughts turned to the diamond in the cloth, the surest sign of a coming demise that was ever vouchsafed to those who believe in signs and portents.

"I—I wonder," he uneasily added, "if it's going to be too much for me—too much—too much—too much for me?"

For a long troubled minute his thoughts turned to England's most pressing problem, and the fate which he had suggested for all unmarried men.

"Perhaps if I had put an age limit on the business I would have shown more discretion. After all I'm not very far from sixty—not very far from sixty."

From the village he heard the clock strike twelve, and the last reverberation of the bell had hardly died away when a low uneasy moan rose from underneath his window.

"What—what—what?" muttered the marquis to himself. "Some poor devil lying there hurt?"

And going to the window he looked down upon a sight which immediately drove all other thoughts from his mind.

Vaguely silhouetted against the darkness of the night was a tall white figure giving off a phosphorescent glow. As the marquis looked, his prominent eyes more prominent than ever, this figure slowly approached the house, still moaning.

Slowly then it stopped, and in the middle of the open lawn it slowly disappeared from view.

"The Tall Ghost!" gasped the marquis. "Seven feet high if it's an inch! Unless—unless it's some devilish hoax; and I've always promised myself to make sure of that—if the ghost ever bothered me."

He was still staring at the empty lawn when the figure mysteriously appeared again at the place where he had first seen it, and made its second mournful advance toward the house. If you had been walking by its side you might have noticed that, though the front of its robe and the front of its false head had been treated with luminous paint, the back of the apparition was of a grass-green color, so that when it turned its back to the house it simply melted into the darkness and disappeared from view.

Nor is that all that you would have observed if you had been walking by the side of this ghostly visitor, invisible yourself, but seeing and hearing all things. If you had been looking up at the marquis' windows, for instance, you would have seen one of the casements gently pushed up from the bottom and the business end of a double-barreled shotgun silently emerging through the opening. The next moment a burst of flame shot out of the gun, quickly followed by another, and the accompanying roar was such that a pair of cannon might well have envied it.

"Missed me—the old son of a gun!" muttered the ghost with a sigh of utter thankfulness. "I'll give him something now that will hold him for a while!"

Whereupon, working quickly before the gun could be loaded again, the ghost dreadfully removed its head from its body, lifted it high in the air, and then after even more dreadfully tucking its head under its arm it speedily dissolved from view.

A minute later, when Wotley let Schuyler in at the front door, his robe and paraphernalia wrapped in a bundle, they heard light footsteps pattering along the hall above.

"That's Lady Diane, sir, going to 'Is Lordship's room," whispered Wotley. "She must have heard the shots."

Unobserved, they stole to Schuyler's room and hid the ghostly properties in the wardrobe.

"Lucky for me that the marquis isn't a good shot," said Schuyler, who was still panting a little.

"Oh, one of the best in England, sir!"

"Yes? When he missed me twice at twenty yards?"

Wotley coughed behind his hand.

"I'll tell you how that happened, sir. He keeps his favorite shotgun in his bedroom, always with a couple of shells in it. So this afternoon while he was downstairs I extracted the shot from the two shells and filled them with wads of tissue paper."

Schuyler looked at the majestic figure that was gravely telling him this.

"Wotley," he said at last.

"Yes, sir?"

"I wish you'd tell me something."

"Yes, sir. If I can, sir."

"How is it that you are the butler of Manville Towers instead of being the Prime Minister of England?"

Wotley bowed, and on his forehead the row of scars turned slightly white, as though they were the prints of invisible fingers.

"I understand, sir," said he, "that in America a young man of the 'umblest birth has exactly the same chance for education and advancement as though he belonged to the highest families."

"That's right! He has!"

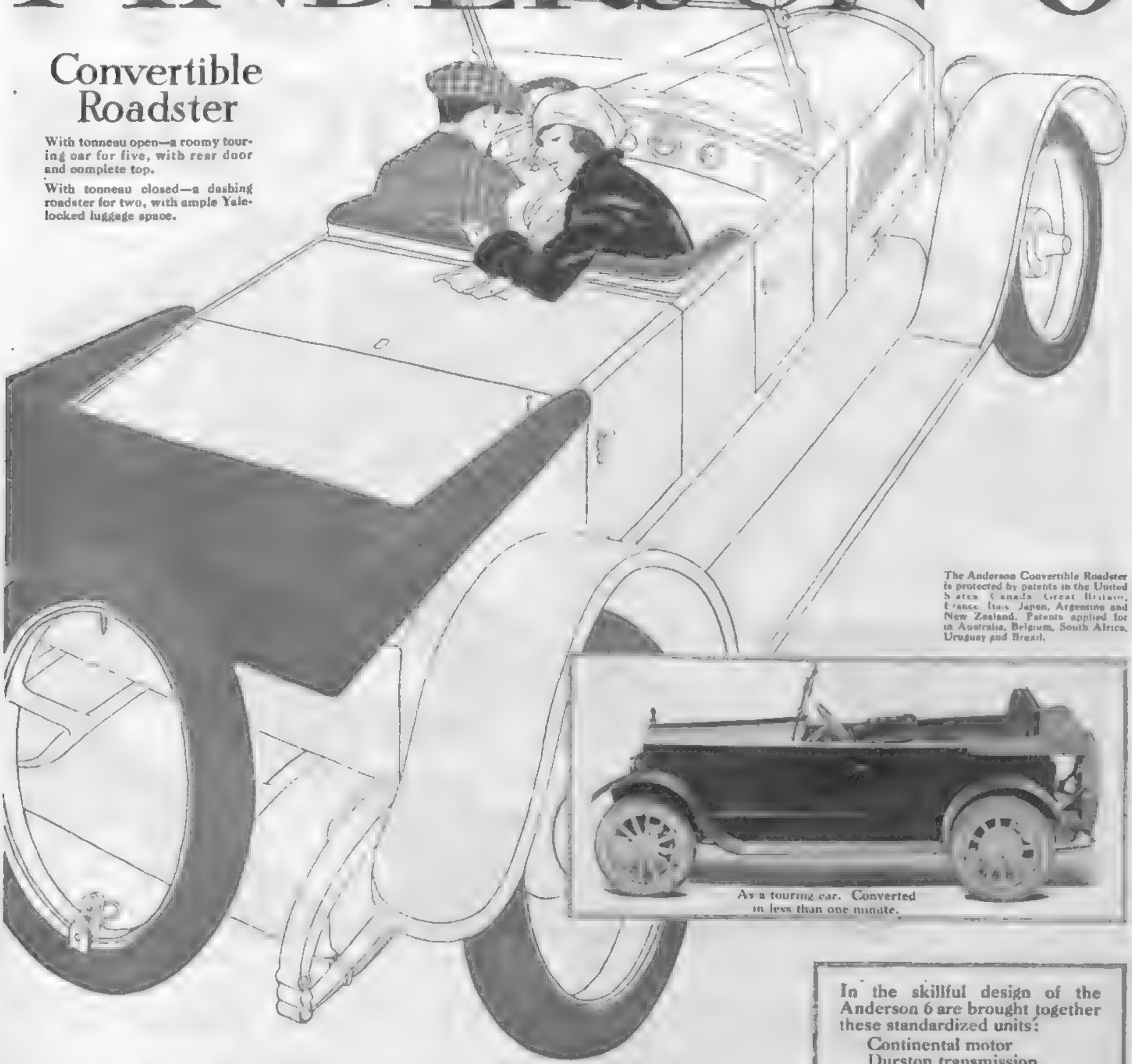
(Concluded on Page 181)

ANDERSON 6

Convertible Roadster

With tonneau open—a roomy touring car for five, with rear door and complete top.

With tonneau closed—a dashing roadster for two, with ample Yale-locked luggage space.



The Anderson Convertible Roadster is protected by patents in the United States Canada Great Britain, France Italy Japan, Argentine and New Zealand. Patents applied for in Australia, Belgium, South Africa, Uruguay and Brazil.

As a touring car. Converted in less than one minute.

THIRTY-THREE years of experience in building fine coaches and carriages has been applied to the creation of the six different styles of Anderson bodies. They are custom built. They make it possible to obtain on a medium priced car the quality of body which has long distinguished the highest priced motor cars. Anderson designers and craftsmen have been trained for years in the tradition of fine body building. We own our own lumber lands of oak and ash. Twenty-one distinct hand painting and rubbing processes produce the unusually smooth and lasting finish. Soft cushionsof real leather, extra long springs and ample wheel base give complete comfort.

Besides the convertible roadster ($2,195) there are the smart four-passenger sport touring model ($2,175), five-passenger ($2,145) and seven-passenger touring models ($2,195), a coupé ($3,200), and a sedan ($3,200), all prices f. o. b. Rock Hill, S. C., war tax extra; subject to change. Write for catalog.

THE ANDERSON MOTOR CO., ROCK HILL, SOUTH CAROLINA

In the skillful design of the Anderson 6 are brought together these standardized units:

- Continental motor
- Durston transmission
- Borg and Beck clutch
- Thermoid universal joints
- Hotchkiss type drive
- Salisbury rear axle
- Rayfield carburetor
- Remy ignition, starting and lighting
- Timken, Hyatt, New Departure and Bower bearings
- Willard storage battery
- Stewart vacuum tank
- Fedders radiator
- Kellogg transmission-driven tire pump
- Boyce moto-meter

DISSTON SAWS AND TOOLS

Every Home Needs Some of These Tools

With *good* tools, any man can do practically all the repair work around the house.

There's a lot of fun in doing your own work—in sawing a tough, knotty board with a saw so keen and well-balanced that it bites its way through with little effort!

Even driving home a screw gives pleasure, providing the screw driver has a handle that will not turn on itself or slip—one that fits the palm.

Get Disston tools of Disston-Made Steel. Do your own work and enjoy it. Estimate the amount you save on each job. The total, in a short time, will be more than enough to pay for a complete Disston outfit.

Disston Tools are sold by good dealers everywhere

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Inc., *General Offices:* Philadelphia, U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 178)

"Every morning and every night, sir, the young men of America should thank God for their opportunities."

For a moment a gleam of grandeur swept over him; just that one flash and he was the perfect butler again. He looked round the room to make sure that all was in order, and his eyes fell upon Schuyler's shoes.

"A little bit damp from the grass, sir," said he. "If you'd like to take them off now I'll clean them myself, so no one will ever know, and have them up to your door again directly."

XII

SCHUYLER was down early the next morning. It may have been for the same reason that the evildoer is said to be drawn to the scene of his crime or it may have been for the more practical reason of making sure that in the excitement of the moment he had left no evidence behind him on the lawn beneath the marquis' window. But whatever it was, he was down early, and found Wotley and Newker in the lower hall opening the doors and windows.

"Good morning, sir," said Wotley, his countenance as impassive as ever. "You are nearly the first one down."

He glanced at Schuyler's shoes, which shone like two black suns, and where an ordinary man might have smiled in a knowing manner the butler of Manville Towers merely coughed behind his hand.

"Lady Diane has just gone out, sir," said he, "to get some flowers for the dining room, I believe."

Schuyler found her among the roses, and caught such a smile from the depths of her eyes that every lark in the world suddenly started to sing.

"I'm getting these for dad's room," she said. "He isn't feeling very well this morning"

"I'm sorry," said Schuyler.

"Oh, it's nothing serious," she assured him, "but I hardly think that he'll be down to-day."

He helped her cut the next rose—that is to say, he held it while she snipped the stem, and then he gently laid it with the others in the curve of her arm. Naturally this brought them close together, and if you had been there as she looked at him you would never have thought of comparing her to January moonlight on a restful sea.

"Did you hear anything last night?" she whispered.

"I thought I did."

"You thought you did! And what did you think it sounded like?"

"Sounded like shooting, didn't it?"

Instead of answering his question she told him something.

"As soon as I've had my breakfast," she told him, "I'm going to run the little car down to the village."

"Can I go with you?"

"If you're good. I'm going to mail a letter—for dad; not a very long one, but awfully interesting. He wrote it last night, and he let me read it, too, before he sealed it."

They gathered another rose.

"Can you guess who the letter's for?" she whispered again as he laid the flower with the others.

"To the editor of the Times?"

"Bob! No!" she beamed. "It's to the Honorable Mrs. Ansley!"

"Asking to be excused?"

"Yes, just that! He asks to be released from his engagement. And he says he's going to get the old servants back, and write another letter to the Times saying that, of course, his first letter about firing squads was nothing but a joke; and oh, Bob, I think you're just the dearest, cleverest dear that ever lived!"

Instinctively they both made sure that the arbor shielded them from sight of the house, and still perhaps from instinct she lifted the flowers until they nearly hid the lower part of her face.

"Will you please call me that again?" asked Schuyler, his heart shaking his voice a little.

"No," she said in a happy, muffled voice, "but if I didn't have these roses in my arms ——"

Ultimately the roses stopped nothing.

XIII

"NOW if Toddy's only done his part," thought Schuyler as soon as he could return to consecutive thinking. He felt a bit guilty about Toddy.

"Of course nothing was said about it," he mused, "but it might be argued that after the course was cleared we both ought to have started at scratch. I must write him and let him know how things are going on." But he needn't have worried. Toddy turned up the next afternoon, coming with the air of a man who has someone on his trail.

"Just a flying visit," he told Schuyler. "Got your jolly little note. Awfully good news, I'm sure."

Still with the strange manner of having someone after him, he glanced over his shoulder and then drew two letters from his pocket, addressed and written in a dashing hand which somehow reminded Schuyler of a galloping horse.

"Beastly thing to do, you know," he hurriedly continued, "but the only possible way I could manage it. These letters are from Mrs. Ansley, of course, addressed to me—and both written yesterday. Don't read them, old chap, but seal them up in a strong envelope and put them in a very safe place. She'll never be able to sue the old boy for breach or anything else as long as you have these letters."

"Toddy, you're a quick worker," said Schuyler. "Do you know it?"

"Too bally quick!" groaned Toddy. "Didn't give a chap time to think, you know. For one thing, Diane would never forgive me for doing it, and I never thought of that until it was too late. Not that it makes much difference," he groaned again. "In fact before I fairly knew what was happening I found that I was in rather tremendously deep; and as soon as Mrs. Ansley finds that she has lost the marquis I know precious well that she'll be after me hot foot; yes, and hot-tempered, too, if I know anything about the lady!"

For a moment he looked like Mister Punch in that final scene where retribution begins to pursue him.

"Well, good-by, old man," said he, holding out his hand.

"You don't mean to say you're leaving!"

"Yes, yes! Off to India to-morrow to join my regiment."

"But I thought you were joining the diplomatic service instead."

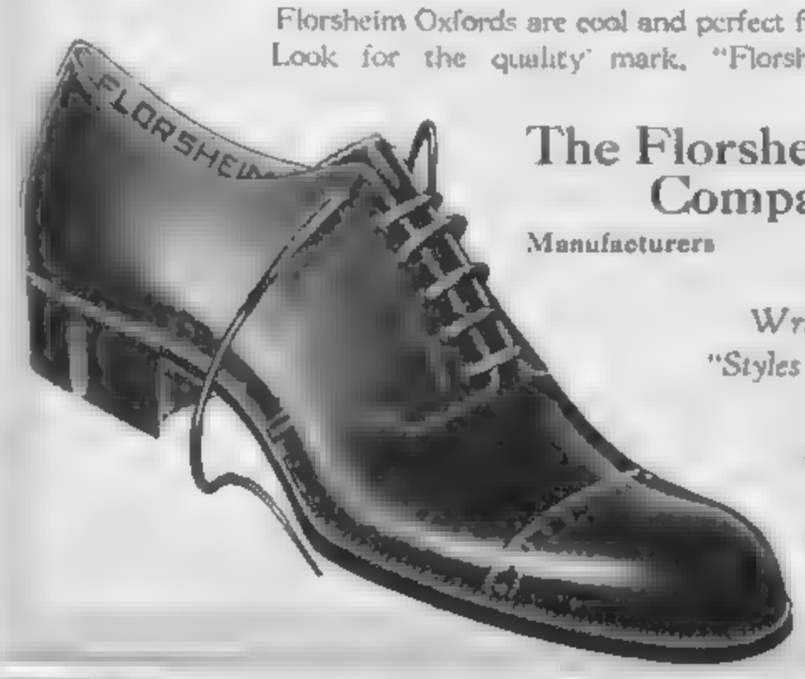
"No, no! I thought so once myself, but I'm afraid the diplomatic life's a bit too swift for me. But take my advice, old man—you stick to it. You are fitted for it. It evidently comes natural to you. You will shine—you will positively shine as a diplomat!"

"What makes you think so?"

"What makes me think so? My word! The way you knew enough to tackle the marquis—and leave Mrs. Ansley to me!"

ECONOMY in shoes consists in getting the most for your money. How to do this is the question. Low priced shoes may prove more costly than the most expensive. You are safer than ever with Florsheims. Fit, style, comfort are added to endurance. No shoe could be better. No shoe like it could be sold for less.

Florsheim Oxfords are cool and perfect fitting
Look for the quality mark, "Florsheim."

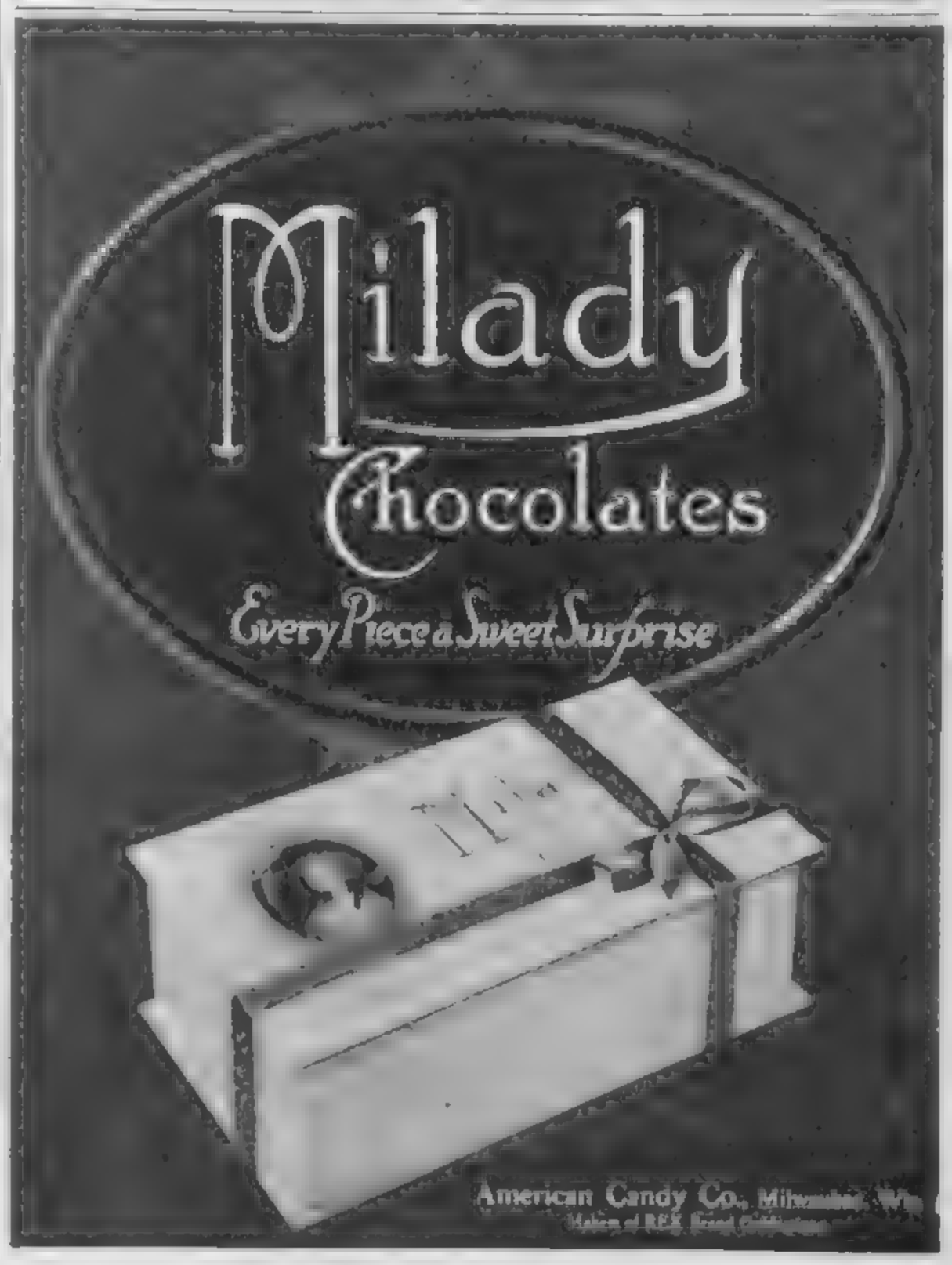


The Florsheim Shoe Company

Manufacturers Chicago

Write for book "Styles of the Times"

The Moreland Style M-49



No piston ring is better than its Fit

The most perfect piston ring can assure but one thing—a tight joint where the open ends of the ring meet. Unless the joints between ring and piston and between ring and cylinder walls are lapped tight, your ring will leak.

CLOVER Grinding and Lapping Compound has for twelve years been used universally for fitting rings to pistons and lapping rings into cylinders. You can get Clover in the handy green Duplex can at most automobile accessory and hardware stores.

BULLETIN NO. 80 illustrates and describes the Fitting and Lapping of Piston Rings; the Lapping of Scored Cylinders, etc.

BULLETIN NO. 75 gives step-by-step directions on grinding valves.

These free bulletins, prepared by a famous automobile engineer, contain facts every car owner should know.

CLOVER MFG. COMPANY, NORWALK, CONN.—CHICAGO—SAN FRANCISCO

CLOVER MFG. CO., 105 Main St., Norwalk, Conn
Please send me free bulletins and samples of Clover Compound.

Car owner
Garage
Distributor

Name_____

Address_____

CLOVER GRINDING & LAPPING COMPOUND

Oh! That Cooling Breeze!

On days that are sweltering—when the air is like the heat of an oven and your office or room is so stuffy you almost smother—that's the time Polar Cub will change your misery to joy.

Get this busy little fan today. Hour after hour he will send out his cooling breeze. In office and home you can work in comfort, eat in comfort, sleep in comfort.

And all it costs is $7.50 (Canada $10.50), complete with 7 feet of cord and plug. Polar Cub has a handsomely finished motor, is adjustable to any angle, and has two speeds—for a light or strong breeze. Uses but one cent's worth of power in six hours.

Most hardware and electrical dealers sell Polar Cub. If your dealer hasn't this individual fan write us and we'll tell you where to get it.

The A. C. Gilbert Co., 320 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.
In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto.

Polar Cub Electric Fan $7.50

PICKING PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

(Continued from Page 23)

irritant, not only to the Wood crowd but to the big bosses as well. And he secured some delegates.

Then came Hoover. The general understanding among the big bosses of the Republicans had been that Hoover was under high consideration in eminent Democratic quarters—namely, the White House—as a suitable candidate for the Democratic Party, and that understanding was reënforced by the undoubted fact that if the high considerer of the White House passed the word at the proper time that word would make the nomination of Hoover reasonably certain. The big Republican bosses were thinking of Hoover as a Democratic possibility rather than as a Republican contingency when Hoover announced that if he took any nomination he would take a Republican nomination. Hoover undoubtedly had his own reasons for making that announcement, and in all probability those reasons are good ones, but as a matter of politics it seemed to the observant politicians of the country a good deal like a ball player who had reached first base in a closely fought ball game stealing second base when there was a runner on it. He didn't have to do it, and if he had remained on his own base he would have been far more in the game.

The Three-Horned Dilemma

Now the old-line bosses were not getting anywhere with their candidates. So there they were, facing the three-horned dilemma of Wood, Johnson and Hoover. If they didn't take Wood they might be forced to take Johnson, and they didn't want Johnson any more than they wanted Wood; nor did they want Hoover.

Wherefore they were compelled to look at it this way: If we take Wood and if he wins, we win with him so far as the party wins, and we shall have our party in power. Johnson we like even less than Wood, and we might try to defeat Wood with Johnson before the convention, in the hope of being able to defeat Johnson with one of our own men at the convention; but the danger in that is that if we exploit Johnson now to defeat Wood we may not be able to hold Johnson off at the convention.

Furthermore, there isn't much use in trying to land an out-and-out conservative, and it is apparent that a strong element in the party, if it is behind Wood, as alleged, has settled on Wood as conservative enough for them, which leaves the fight to the quasi-conservative Wood against the radical Johnson, and neither one of them is really conservative enough for us.

As to Hoover, it is admitted that Hoover has a great popularity among the people, but his popularity with us is nil. Likely as not we could beat both Wood and Johnson by taking up Hoover, but where would that leave us if we did take up Hoover? Outside, no doubt. We'd better wait on this until we see how the California primaries result, when Hoover and Johnson will fight it out for the delegates from that state. Meantime, what one of our fellows can we center on?

Opposition to Wood

That is the question that this discussion led to every time there was a conference. No one knows better than the big bosses that the first axiom of politics is that you cannot beat some one with no one. Every time the Republican bosses protested against Wood those behind Wood are reported to have asked for another candidate, and the Republican bosses had no alternative. They had no one to suggest. Their program, so far as that was concerned, was entirely destructive. It had no constructive feature. They did say, however, and are saying in mid-April, that they undoubtedly will be able to find one as soon as the situation clarifies. This was the sentiment of the biggest bosses. The impression Wood had made on some of the smaller bosses, principally because of the insistence of those behind Wood, had led to an opinion that the pins were all up for Wood, and this opinion was shared by many of political power in the Republican Party. They didn't like Wood and did not want him, but there seemed no other place to go. But pending the real decision of the real bosses the smaller fry sparred for time.

The big bosses, the real ones, not unmindful of Wood's strength and showing, determined to wait and not commit themselves, much to the disturbance of not only the smaller fry but of the Wood backers and managers. What seemed to be a reasonable certainty became a problematical situation. The real bosses were not inclined to let it go without making a try to get even a better representative for themselves than Wood seemed to be. They could swing to Wood at any time. There was no hurry, and they felt that they could arrange matters so Wood will not go into the convention with an overwhelming strength.

Besides, there were a number of angles that needed consideration, and prayerful consideration at that. For example, how can the real bosses be certain, if they do

(Continued on Page 185)

Senator Johnson of California

The Smile Car-*Plus*

If, by dint of honest, joy-giving performance, the original American Balanced Six won the right to be known universally as the Smile Car, then surely this Greater American is the Smile Car—*Plus.*

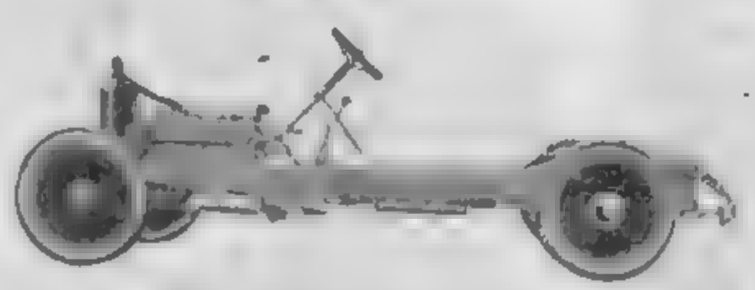
Balanced in its construction to a degree unknown even in earlier American models, this Greater American establishes a wholly new standard among cars of light weight.

It holds the road as no other car does.

Having its weight *evenly* distributed this finely balanced six carries you over rough stretches without jolt or jar. There is no slip—no sideway when you take sharp turns. It fairly *hugs* the roadbed.

You owe it to yourself to become acquainted with this Greater Smile Car.

AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION
Factory and General Offices: Plainfield, N. J.
AMRRICAN SOUTHERN MOTORS CORPORATION, Greensboro, N. C.



Herschell-Spillman "6-60" Motor
developing 60 H. P. at 2200 R. P. M.

Wheelbase 127 inches

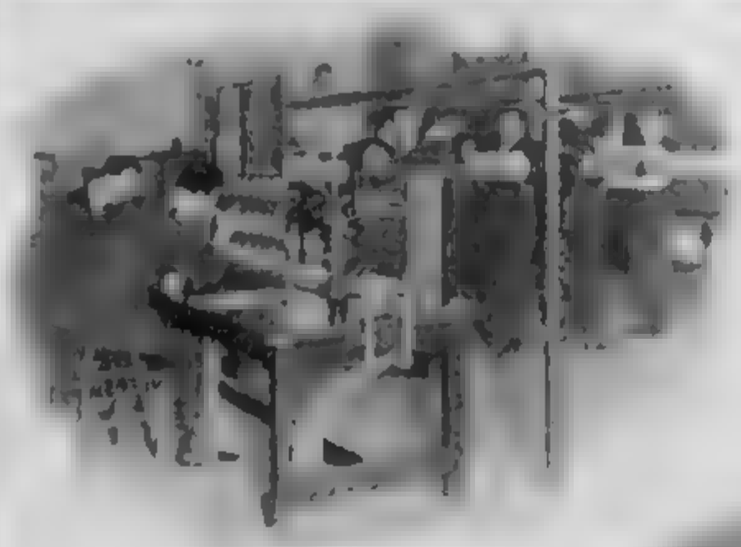
5-Passenger Touring Car	3-Passenger Roadster
7-Passenger Touring Car	7-Passenger Sedan

Cord Tires on All Models

The Balanced Six AMERICAN *Miles & Smiles*

"85% Magnesia
STEAM PIPE AND BOILER COVERING

-Saves coal
-adds heat



Two Scenes in Massachusetts Institute of Technology

How M. I. T. students learn the heat-saving value of "85% Magnesia"

Some of the Twenty Miles of steam power and heating pipes, in M. I. T., covered with "85% Magnesia."

"If it's Good Enough for 'Tech', it's Good Enough for Me."

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology is acknowledged to be the world's greatest technical school.

Every item of mechanical equipment naturally was chosen as an example of the highest possible efficiency.

That is why, when its boilers and its 20 miles of steam pipes were to be insulated, the choice was made of "85% MAGNESIA" Pipe and Boiler coverings. This magnificent institution not only uses "85% Magnesia", but teaches its students how to understand its superlative heat-saving qualities.

"85% Magnesia" pipe and boiler coverings have for over thirty years been recognized by the scientific engineer and architect as the *highest attainable standard* of coal and heat saving insulation.

That is why, wherever heat or power must be conserved, "85% Magnesia" Pipe and Boiler coverings are recognized as the most efficient, economic and durable.

In *your own* power or heating plant, on whatever scale, or in your own home, "85% Magnesia" applied to your boilers and steam pipes will save enough coal to pay its own cost every few months.

The Rest of the Story

Send for new treatise "Defend your Steam," which describes the triumphs, fields and uses of "85% Magnesia" Pipe and Boiler Cover[illegible] with Underwriters' Labels.

E[illegible] Standard Specifications for [illegible] "85% Magnesia"

"85% Magnesia" products are used by the member companies of [illegible] and the name "85% Magnesia" is registered in the United States Patent Office. Use of "85% Magnesia" [illegible] Trade Mark is permitted only to those who are [illegible] "85% Magnesia" products which are [illegible] to be 85% pure and which [illegible] heat-saving value and durability.

MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION *of* AMERICA
721 Bulletin Bldg. Philadelphia, Pa.

Executive Committee, Wm. A. Mecan, *Chairman*
George D. Crabbs — The Philip Carey Co. — Cincinnati, Ohio
Alvin M. Ehret — Ehret Magnesia Mfg. Co. — Valley Forge, Pa.
J. R. Swift — The Franklin Mfg. Co. — Franklin, Pa.
R. V. Matteson, Jr. — Keasbey & Matteson Co. — Ambler, Pa.

Copyright 1920 by M. A. of A. Permission to reprint by application.

(Continued from Page 182)

work their own will on the convention and select a suitable conservative, that the radical element in the Republican Party will not bolt, name a radical candidate and thus bring about a situation analogous to that in 1912 when Roosevelt ran as a Progressive against Taft and made the election of Wilson a certainty? They cannot be certain, for there is a great element of progressivism, or radicalism, in the Republican Party, and those men sometimes do things themselves, instead of allowing the bosses to do things for them, as the conservatives do. The Democrats, of course, are eagerly hoping that just this situation will arise, and the danger of it is what gives the big Republican bosses their greatest pause.

The gist of it is that the smaller and more numerous fry are inclined to think, at this writing, that the easiest way out of it is with Wood, but the big bosses have lifted a restraining hand and said: "Not yet." To hear is to obey with the smaller fry, and the "Not yet" command is in force.

There is an active canvass going on. In addition to Wood, Hoover and Johnson, there are Harding, Lowden, Sproul, Poindexter, Butler, Sutherland, Coolidge and some others. No decision is made. The big bosses are playing a waiting game, using every energy to prevent any candidate from going to Chicago with a sufficient number of delegates to control the convention. They have a good footing. Many uninstructed delegations have been provided for and more will be arranged. They can easily throw out any and all of the colored brethren from the South, for example, if the colored brethren show up with obnoxious badges pinned on them. There are other things they can do, and they may try them all, the big idea being to get their own man. In due time they will have a plan and a man.

The White House Signal Tower

The Democratic bosses have their troubles. They have started out on half a dozen or more roads, each leading, as they hoped, to the nomination of their own sort of man; and each road has been blocked to them by a Wilsonian impasse. The mysterious but still commanding figure of the President himself has not appeared to say "You shall not pass," but the essence of the command is there none the less. The Democratic bosses get the feel of the cold injunction though it is not phrased for them in the precise diction of the President. Every time they start anything they are halted by the vast uncertainty as to how far they can go; in fact, they can go nowhere until they know where the President himself is going. All termini of roads leading to the Democratic nomination for President are in the White House, and all switches, lights, blocks and semaphores are controlled there. It may be, and is, true that the operation of these switches, lights, blocks and semaphores has been discontinued, and that the roads are inoperative thereby, but that does not mean that the control levers are not situate within reach of the President, and does mean that any procession that starts up any road can get nowhere until this White House machinery begins to function politically.

Ever since the President was reëlected, in 1916, the men who have had aspirations to succeed him—the Democratic aspirants—have been tortured by the query: "Does the President intend to seek a third term?" Not knowing, each aspirant has been compelled to mark time. Each aspirant is still marking time really, albeit some of them are goose-stepping, but getting nowhere in particular. However, the bosses are working while awaiting specific knowledge of presidential intentions. They know well enough that their plans will amount to nothing in face of a presidential proclamation either for himself or another, but the ruling spirit prevails. They are getting ready for eventualities on the chance that they may be able to operate.

Though the President has said nothing, up to the time of writing, as to his own plans and intentions or preferences, he has made one noncommittal utterance, and that was just previous to the Georgia primaries when he sent word to McAdoo and Palmer, in identical and carefully chosen phrase, that he had no objection to their becoming candidates for the Democratic nomination; that such projects were entirely agreeable to him. That was all. And that, as can be seen, means anything you choose to make it mean. It can be translated into an indirect statement that the President has no intention of being a candidate for a third term, and welcomes McAdoo and Palmer as contestants, or it can be interpreted to mean that the President may run himself, but has no objection to having McAdoo and Palmer try conclusions with him, or it may mean neither, or both.

Democratic Misgivings

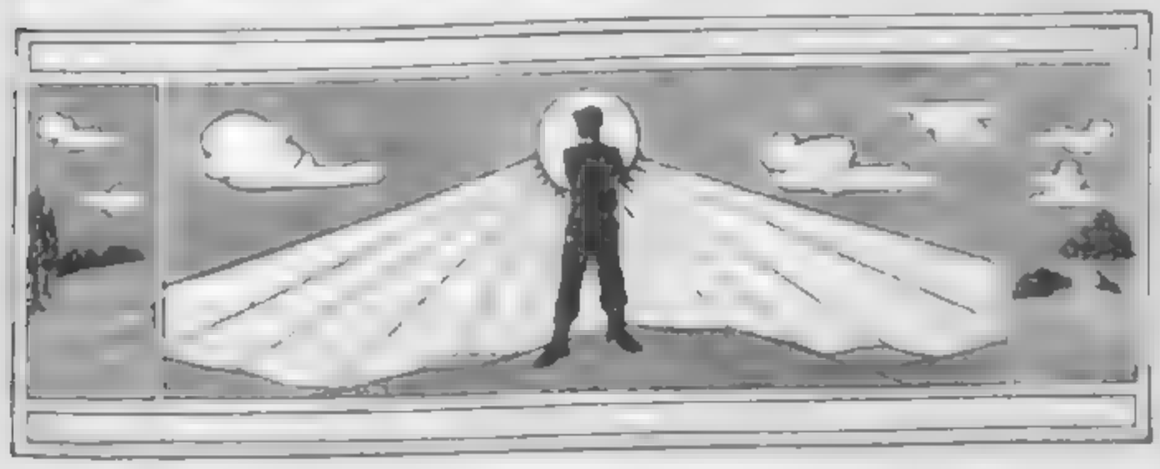
Hence the Democratic bosses futilely plan and purvey, and the Democratic candidates stall round, all waiting the word.

There is a wide impression that this may not be a good year for the Democratic Party, not only among Republicans but in the minds of many Democrats. A ruction at Chicago that will split the Republicans is the daily prayer of every Democratic leader, coupled with the hope that an extremely undesirable may be named by the Republicans in case there is no great ruction. But this is rainbow stuff. So far as they are able, without knowledge of presidential intentions or preferences, the Democratic bosses are attempting to function in ordinary and obvious course. They are considering candidates and trying to fix things for themselves in case they are allowed by the President to fix anything. Far be it from them, of course, to intimate that the President is the real boss—the superboss—but they know it just the same; leader, rather, for it is not fitting to say that a President is a boss.

After much backing and filling various Democrats timorously came out into the open. The current report was, and it was bulwarked with what seemed excellent authority, that at the proper time the Democrats would be instructed by the President to name Hoover as their candidate. Now the Democratic bosses have no desire to name Hoover. They do not want Hoover, but when the Hoover business was on they knew very well that Hoover had more strength with the people than all their candidates rolled into one. The Democratic bosses were partially relieved when Hoover made his Republican preference—partially, but not entirely, for they were well satisfied that the Republican bosses did not want Hoover, either, and might not take him.

But there was a feeling, and still is, that if the Republicans did not take Hoover perhaps the Democrats might take him, after all, incited by whatever cause and reason there might be, whether White House, or Hoover's strength, or what not. You would not think it, but political bosses are proud persons—that is, they never do a humiliating thing unless they have to. Their idea of a humiliating thing is to nominate a man who has expressed a preference for the opposite party. However, though they are proud they are not arrogant. A political boss will do almost anything to win, pride or no pride.

So, at this time, not only one great cloud hangs over them, but two. They are afraid of a presidential decision not in consonance with their plans and hopes, and they are afraid they may have to nominate Hoover, and, gosh, how they dread it!



NAGEL
AMMETER

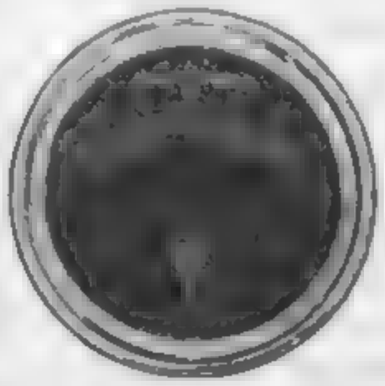
DON'T let your batteries run down through neglect.

Keep an eye on them through your Nagel on your dash.

See that the generator is properly replacing—without overcharging—the current used by starter, lights and horn.

The Nagel will tell. Watch it.

In use on more than 1,250,000 motor cars.



The Nagel Ammeter is standard equipment on Austin, Auburn, Anderson, American, Briggs, [illegible] Hudson, Kissel, [illegible] Mitchell, Moore, [illegible] Overland, [illegible] passenger cars, and Atlas, Collier, [illegible] Gramm-Bernstein, Garford, G.M.C., [illegible] Dughie, Nash, Nelson, Olds, Republic and Stewart motor trucks. Also endorsed by use by the makers of the Auto-Lite, Bijur, C. A. Vanderbilt, London, England, and Remy Starting and Lighting Systems

THE W.G. NAGEL ELECTRIC CO
TOLEDO, OHIO

MODERN
BELTS

When you go without a vest have the satisfaction of knowing that your belt is above reproach. It will be if it's a MODERN. Made from choicest leather, hand tailored like a custom garment, expertly finished—the utmost belt value.

With plain or various styles of MODERN Initial Buckles in all kinds of leather belts. MODERN Initial Buckles have [illegible] At leading stores. Interesting booklet free. Write us.

Largest Manufacturers of Belts Exclusively

MODERN BELT CO

241 West Van Buren Street, Chicago

A Timely Message
To Motor Car Owners

THE demand for Anchor Tops has increased so rapidly that it has been impossible for us to keep pace with it.

Anchor Top coach builders must be trained. The supply of quality materials is still limited. Hence our output must be restricted, for we will not alter our standard of quality.

We therefore suggest that you place your order now for your Anchor Top to insure seasonable delivery.

Write for descriptive literature. Please mention the name and model of your car.

ANCHOR TOP & BODY COMPANY
Coach Builders for 30 Years
344 South Street :: Cincinnati, Ohio

Twenty Models of Anchor Tops for
BUICK ESSEX
OVERLAND
DODGE
CHEVROLET
WILLYS-KNIGHT

Also Builders of Limousines and Landaulet Bodies for Ford, Maxwell, Overland 4 and Chevrolet Chassis

Anchor Tops

Keeps the driver dry

You leave hydroplaning to the "flying boats" when Garco is on your brake drums.

For Garco keeps you out of the damp places. It has plenty of strength in reserve for the unexpected.

Good materials; honest, know-how workmanship are in every strand of the Garco fabric.

The reliable supply shop has Garco.

General Asbestos & Rubber Co.
Charleston, S. C.
NEW YORK CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

GARCO ASBESTOS BRAKE LINING

PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated [illegible] EVIDENCE OF [illegible] EPTION BLANK [illegible] model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.
Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

PATENT-SENSE
"The Book for Inventors & Mfrs"
By Return Mail FREE Write
LACEY & LACEY, Dept. W Washington, D.C.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD?

1920 ART PLAN BOOKS—"Modern Bungalows," containing plans and photos, interior and exterior, of [illegible] new and large and small bungalows. Modern Homes. Both [illegible] tion and beauty, many 2-story and [illegible] and inexpensive to build. Either book postpaid $1, both $1.50. Send today; newest and best home ideas in America.
AURELIUS SWANSON CO., Building Department
1004 State National Bk. Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Old Town Canoes

Get [illegible] from a placid stream to the choppy waters of a [illegible] lake. Old Town [illegible] are [illegible] and rugged [illegible]. Every [illegible] "Old Town" is [illegible] for many years of faithful service. Write for catalog. 3000 canoes in stock.
OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
957 Middle St.
Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

Save Your Feet
From That Tired, Aching, Broken-Down Feeling

[illegible]

JUNG'S ARCH XXX BRACE

THE GEO. H. JUNG CO.
400 Jung Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

This two-clouded situation apart, they have in prospect McAdoo; Palmer; Cox, of Ohio; Owen, of Oklahoma; Meredith, the new Secretary of Agriculture, of Iowa; various other cabinet and similar hopefuls, or possibles, including Ambassador Davis and Governor Cornwell, both of West Virginia. And among those present is William Jennings Bryan.

Of these, including those mentioned and those unmentioned, the three farthest out in front, so far as discussion and consideration are concerned, are the first three mentioned—McAdoo, Palmer and Cox. Palmer is an actively receptive candidate, subject to what the White House says ultimately, and McAdoo is a receptively active candidate. Cox is both. Palmer is running as an anti-profiteer, anti-red, and anti-unrest proponent. McAdoo is reputed to have the backing of the railroad employees. And Cox has a political record for him of three victories in his own normally Republican state, and official ability. All these men, and all others save Mr. Bryan, are dependent on word from the White House. If there is no word they can go ahead and fight it out. If there is word they must abide by it.

All except Mr. Bryan. He is the greatest individual force in the game. Mr. Bryan is charged on the one hand with trying to usurp the leadership of the party, take it away from the President; and on the other hand with trying to nominate himself. He has indorsed two men: Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, and Secretary Meredith; but the bosses say that amounts to nothing, and that Mr. Bryan's real indorsement is for himself. So in their view he really has three candidates.

An Irreconcilable Dry

The Bryan-Hitchcock fight at the primaries will have a bearing on the important wet-or-dry decision that the Democrats may make at San Francisco. There is a large element in the Democratic Party that wants a wet plank, or at least a moist one in the Democratic platform, arguing that the wet-or-dry question is of greater popular appeal and concern than any other, and that a wet plank would bring to the support of the Democratic candidate a great number of wet Republican votes. Mr. Bryan is an irreconcilable dry. He may be counted to fight to the last gasp against any wet pronouncement by the Democrats and for a ringing dry indorsement. An interesting side light on this wet-or-dry clamor came recently when a Democratic national committeeman, who felt it was the best politics to be neutral on the matter, ignore it in the state platform and let the fight go to San Francisco, was compelled to put a dry plank in his state platform. His delegates would not have it otherwise, and he didn't want to say anything in favor of the wet contention. All he desired to do was to say nothing at all.

Normally, if the fight shall center on wet or dry at San Francisco, and that shall be the paramount issue, Palmer will be regarded as the dry sort of candidate and Cox as the moist sort. That is the way their records stand. However, with Mr. Bryan there, and the example of the state convention just cited in view, it seems a certainty that the wets will be put to it to gain their point.

Nebulous Situations

The Democratic situation is nebulous, intangible, inchoate. Until the White House speaks the rest of the outfit can only whisper. If the White House remains silent the bosses have their plans laid, and will do their best for themselves. The producing bosses have taken cognizance of the situation and are ready to come across at the proper time. The Democratic convention will not be held until June twenty-eighth, and there still is ample time for much to happen, all based on the contingency of whether the White House becomes articulate politically or remains wrapped in mysterious and ominous silence.

Meantime, the people who have the decision have made no decision. They have allowed things to drift along in the same old way. There is no doubt that in their honest minds seventy-five per cent of the voters of this country think and know that what this country needs is a business man for President, a real American business man, and that it will be a calamity to this country to go into the next four years under the executive control of a politician. Nor is there any doubt that, if the demand had been made, a real business man would be the choice of both parties. The demand, until this time, has not been clearly made.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IS fully protected by copyright. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

June 5, 1920

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

The Diplomatic Corps—*George Weston* . . . 8
The Boy Flag—*Thomas Beer* . . . 12
Various Relations—*Roland Pertwee* . . . 16
Hortense the Helpful—*Boice DuBois* . . . 20
The Unconquered—*Courtney Ryley Cooper* . . . 30

SERIALS

Hidden Profits—*George Kibbe Turner* . . . 5
Gwen's Tongue—*Charles Brackett* . . . 24
The Man From Ashaluna—*Henry Payson Dowst* . . . 26

ARTICLES

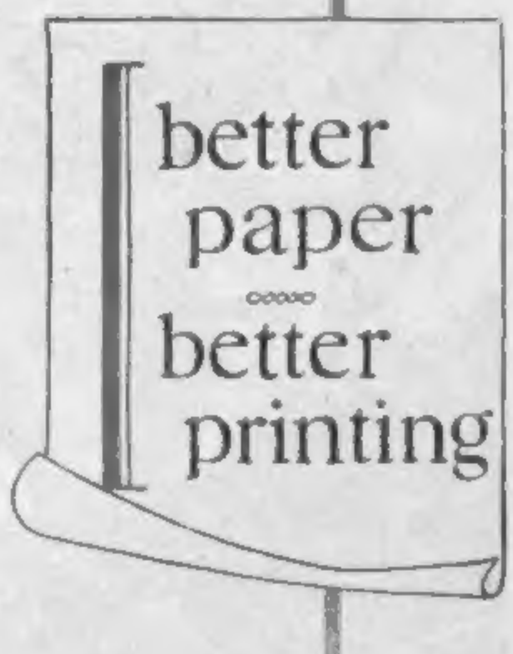
"Miste-er Chairma-an!"—*Irvin S. Cobb* . . . 3
The Exile on the Island—*Elmer Jay Comer* . . . 10
The Ruhr Aflame—*Will Irwin* . . . 14
Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life—*Baron Rosen* . . . 18
Picking Presidential Candidates—*Samuel G. Blythe* . . . 22
Unionism That Unites—*L. E. McKenzie* . . . 40
Launching Icebergs—*Enos A. Mills* . . . 44

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials . . . 28
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons* . . . 35
Out-of-Doors . . . 64
Small-Town Stuff—*Robert Quillen* . . . 70
Sense and Nonsense . . . 90

A Request for Change of Address must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

YOUR Customer *wants to like your work*



SOME salesmen seem to act on the theory that their customers are men who like to find fault with the goods they buy.

That is known as "Salesmen's Defeatism."

The fact is that most men when they place an order do so with the fondest hope that they will like the goods when they are delivered.

Every buyer of catalog printing wants his catalog to turn out well.

Instead of sitting in his office waiting for a chance to tell a printing salesman that his register is off, or to tell the paper salesman that his pictures have not been properly reproduced, he is almost praying for a chance to say, "That's fine!"

A piece of really good printing is a delicate thing to produce.

The printing must be good and the paper must be right for the purpose. When this combination of skill and material has produced a worthy job of printing, doubt as to its reception by the customer is indefensible.

S. D. Warren Company has worked for years to make the service of paper manufacture more useful to the printer and his customer.

The standardization of the various grades of Warren Papers was an inevitable step toward improving the service of paper. The welcome that this standardization of printing surface received from master printers was natural, because Better Paper means Better Printing.

Any large catalog printer to-day will be glad to show you not only specimens of his own work on the Warren Standard Papers, but he will also have books and booklets that we have ourselves prepared, giving detailed suggestions for securing Better Printing by the use of Better Paper.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

The Warren Standard Printing Papers are

Warren's Cameo
Dull coated for artistic half-tone printing

Warren's Lustro
The highest refinement of surface in glossy-coated paper

Warren's Cumberland Coated Book
A recognized standard glossy-coated paper

Warren's Library Text
English finish for medium screen half-tones

Warren's Cumberland Super Book
Super-calendered paper of standard, uniform quality

Warren's Artogravure
Developed especially for offset printing

Warren's Silkote
Semi-dull surface noted for practical printing qualities

Warren's Warrentown Coated Book
Glossy surface for fine half-tone process color work

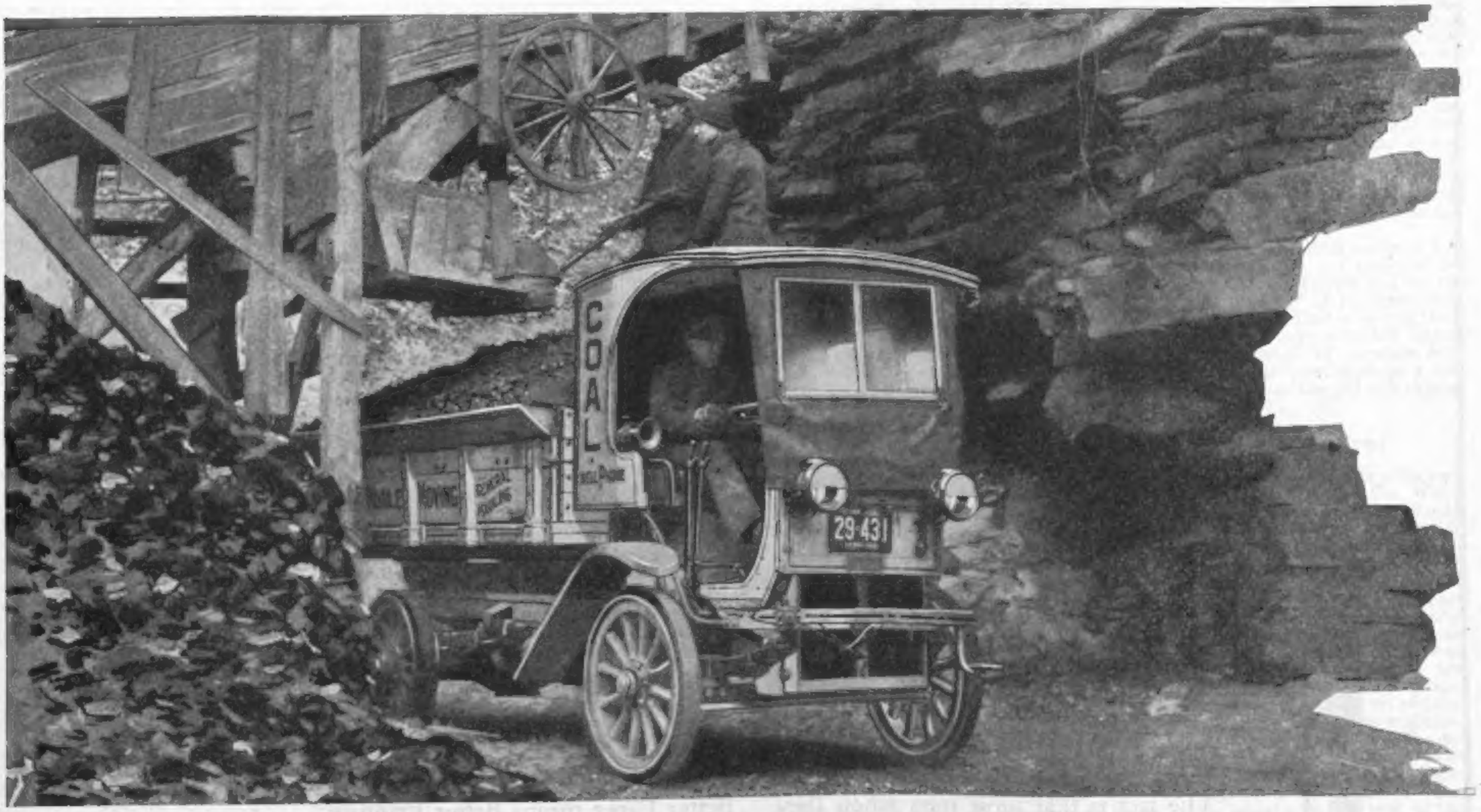
Warren's Cumberland Machine Book
A dependable hand-sorted machine finish paper

Warren's Olde Style
A watermarked antique finish for type and line illustration

Warren's Printone
Semi-coated. Better than super, cheaper than coated

Warren's India
For thin editions

Warren's
STANDARD
Printing Papers



The Short Wheelbase Proves Its Value

Loading in cramped coal mines, dumping from the end of a narrow pier, delivering coal direct to the bins inside a big plant, these Autocars are daily proving the value of their short wheelbase construction. Under these exacting conditions they have developed within a few months a profitable hauling business for H. F. Mudler, of Hays Borough, Pa.

In June, 1919, he bought his first Autocar. By December, this Autocar had earned enough to pay for itself and buy a second. A third Autocar was added in March, and a fourth in April.

The short wheelbase handiness of these Autocars has eliminated wheelbarrow handling and has done away with traffic obstruction that previously caused complaint.

Chassis (1½-2 Ton)
$2300, 97-inch Wheelbase
$2400, 120-inch Wheelbase

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa., Established 1897
The Autocar Sales and Service Company

New York	Boston	Philadelphia	Chicago	Pittsburgh	San Francisco
Brooklyn	Providence	Allentown	St. Louis	Los Angeles	Oakland
Bronx	Worcester	Wilmington	Baltimore	San Diego	Stockton
Newark	New Haven	Atlantic City	Washington	Fresno	Sacramento
	Springfield		Atlanta		San José

Represented by these Factory Branches, with Dealers in other cities

Autocar

Wherever there's a Road

First Class Fountains

Are anxious to let you know that they serve

Real Lemonade

SAY, "I want an 'old-fashioned' lemonade" the next time you visit a first-class soda fountain.

You'll get the same delicious, cooling, refreshing beverage that you have at home—made with fresh lemons and pure sugar, not with syrup or extract.

It's the Aristocrat of Soft Drinks, a drink that's both *good* and good *for* you. Imitations never are as good, and every good store knows it. Where you find *real lemonade* you are apt to find the best in *other* lines of goods.

Remember that in forming your buying habits. By such signs you can often judge an entire store.

Delicious—Effective

The Most Popular Drink for Years

Real lemonade is delicious. And it is *cooling*, not merely "a cold drink." Few other drinks, if any, have the same effect. Ask your physician if he knows of another "hot-day" beverage that is so good for children or grown-ups.

From time unknown, fresh lemonade has been the stand-by drink in millions of good homes.

That immense popularity never would have come to a drink that lacked lemonade's delicious flavor and healthfulness.

Order fresh lemonade the next time you are hot or tired. See how good the good stores make it. See how it refreshes and revives.

The best lemonade is made with California lemons, which are practically seedless, juicy, tart.

A reliable kind for all drinks, and for use at home for salad dressings, garnishes, and to serve with hot or cold tea, is

"Sunkist New Day Drinks"

53 Recipes—Sent FREE

We will send on request "New-Day Drinks," a book containing 53 recipes for delicious beverages, new and attractive fruit-juice cocktails, punches, fizzes, etc., made with *lemon* and *orange* juice. The recipes are by Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. Here are excellent hot-weather drinks—ideal for entertaining. Ask for your *free* copy now. See address below.

Drink Dispensers—
Store Owners—

THERE ARE BIG OPPORTUNITIES in the use of EFFICIENT MACHINES for quick and profitable dispensing of real lemonade and fresh orange juice drinks from soda fountains, general stores, amusement places, etc. We have made a study of all types of machines and will secure information and data for you on the best type to fit your needs. Also some figures on profits. Makes no difference whether you now sell drinks or not—write us about new profits.

CALIFORNIA
Sunkist
Uniformly Good Lemons

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,000 Growers,
Section 15, Los Angeles, California

Also Distributors of Sunkist Oranges and Sunkist Marmalade

Williams' Talc is made by the manufacturers of Williams' Shaving Soaps, Matinee Violets *and* Jersey Cream *Toilet Soaps, Toilet Waters, Dental Cream, etc.*

There can be no <u>better</u> talc than Williams'

WITH those who appreciate a sense of wholesome comfort it becomes a habit to use Williams' Talc several times a day. They prefer Williams' because they know its soft and cooling touch, which is as soothing as the caress of a summer breeze. After a hard day's work, after the bath, after exercise or exposure to sun, wind or salt water, after shaving, in the boudoir, in the dressing room at the country club, after dancing, at bedtime—the discreet use of Williams' Talc restores that delightful feeling of complete ease.

And the patented hinged top prevents waste and preserves the delicate flower-like fragrance of the powder.

The patented hinged top—opened or closed by a touch of the thumb—never sticks open and never sticks shut

Williams' TALC POWDER

Send 4c in stamps for miniature size can of Williams' Talc with any of these delightful perfumes—Violet, Carnation, Rose, English Lilac, (or Baby Talc, which is practically unscented).

THE
J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
DEPT. A
GLASTONBURY, CONN.